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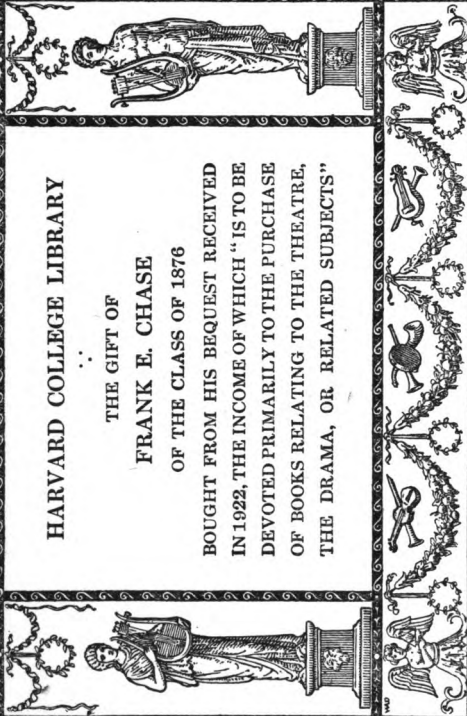
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*MR. QUICK in the Character of ALDERMAN SMUGLER.
 Ashamed of! O Lord Sir, I'm an honest old Woman,
 that never was ashamed of any thing.*

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:

OR, A
TRIP TO THE JUBILEE:
A COMEDY,

As written by Mr. FARQUHAR,

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Sive favore tui, sive hanc ego carmine famam;

Jure tibi grati, candide lector, ago.

Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII.

P R E F A C E

TO THE READER.

AN affected modesty is very often the greatest vanity, and authors are sometimes prouder of their blushes than of the praises that occasioned them. I shall not, therefore, like a foolish virgin, fly to be pursued, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the beauties of this play, especially those of the third night, which, not to be proud of, were the height of impudence: who is ashamed to value himself upon such favours, undervalues those who conferred them.

As I freely submit to the criticisms of the judicious, so I cannot allow this an ill play, since the town has allowed it such success. When they have pardoned my faults, it were very ill manners to condemn their indulgence. Some may think (my acquaintance in town being too slender to make a party for the play) that the success must be derived from the pure merits of the cause. I am of another opinion; I have not been long enough in town to raise enemies against me; and the English are still kind to strangers. I am below the envy of great wits, and above the malice of little ones. I have not displeased the ladies, nor offended the clergy; both which are now pleased to say, that a comedy may be diverting without smut and profaneness.

Next to those advantages, the beauties of action gave the greatest life to the play, of which the town is so sensible, that all will join with me in commendation of the actors, and allow (without detracting from the merit of others) that the Theatre-Royal affords an excellent and complete set of comedians. Mr. Wilks's performance has set him so far above competition in the part of Wild-air, that none can pretend to envy the praise due to his merit. That he made the part, will appear from hence,

A *

that

that whenever the stage has the misfortune to lose him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee for a Misnomer: I must tell them, that perhaps there are greater trips in the play; and when I find that more exact plays have had better success, I will talk with the critics about decorums, &c. However, if I ever commit another fault of this nature, I will endeavour to make it more excusable.



P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury
 As wits, cits, beaux, and women for their jury.
 Our spark's half dead to think what medley's come,
 With blended judgments to pronounce his doom.
 'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
 Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
 His neighbour i'th' great wig may take for wit.
 Some authors court the few, the wise if any;
 Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
 Who go with much like ends to church and play,
 Not to observe what priests or poets say,
 No! no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
 The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
 No smut, no lewd-tongu'd beau, no double entendre.
 'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
 But then so far from beau——why, he talks sense!
 Like coin oft carry'd out, but——seldom brought from thence.
 There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
 Your elbow-shaking fool, that lives by wits,
 That's only witty i'th', just as he lives, by fits.
 Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
 Hunts, in the face, a dinner all the day,
 At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.
 And now the modish 'prentice he implores,
 Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
 Employs it on a brace of——honourable whores:
 While their good bulky mother pleas'd, sits by,
 Bawd regent of the bubble gallery.
 Next to our mounted friends, we humbly move,
 Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
 And never fail to pay us with your love.
 Ah, friends! poor Dorset garden house is gone;
 Our merry meetings there are all undone:
 Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
 That strong dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our heads,
 Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's told him,
 He'll hear, perhaps, of rope will one day hold him:

A 3

At

*At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.*

*Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play,
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say,
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Harry Wildair,
Beau Clincher,
Colonel Standard,
Alderman Smaggler,
Clincher junior,
Vizard,
Dicky,
Tom Errand,

Drury-Lane.
Mr. Dodd.
Mr. King.
Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Weston.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Waldron.
Mr. Griffith.

WOMEN.

Angelica,
Lady Darling,
Parly,
Lady Lurewell,

Miss Hopkins.
Mrs. Cross.
Mrs. Love.
Mrs. Baddeley.

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

* * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I. SCENE, the Park.

Enter Vizard with a letter, his Servants following.

VIZARD.

ANGELICA send it back unopened ! say you ?
Serv. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The pride of these virtuous women is more insufferable than the immodesty of prostitutes—After all my encouragement, to slight me thus !

Serv. She said, Sir, that imagining your morals sincere, she gave you access to her conversation ; but that your late behaviour in her company has convinced her, that your love and religion are both hypocrisy, and that she believes your letter like yourself, fair on the outside, and foul within ; so sent it back unopened.

Viz. ' May obstinacy guard her beauty till wrinkles bury it ; then may desire prevail to make her curse that untimely pride her disappointed age repents.'—I'll be revenged the very first opportunity—Saw you the old Lady Darling, her mother ?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleased to say much in your commendation.

Viz. That's my cue—An esteem grafted in old age is hardly rooted out ; years stiffen their opinions with their bodies, and old zeal is only to be cozened by young hypo-

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hypocrisy. [*Aside.*] Run to the Lady Lurewell's, and know of her maid, whether her Ladyship will be at home this evening. Her beauty is sufficient cure for Angelica's scorn.

[*Exit Servant.* Vizard pulls out a book, reads, and walks about.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a pattern for the young men o'th' times; at his meditation so early; some book of pious ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This Hobbes is an excellent fellow! [*Aside.*] Oh; uncle Smuggler! To find you at this end o'th' town is a miracle.

Smug. I have seen a miracle this morning indeed, cousin Vizard.

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A man at his devotion so near the court—I'm very glad, boy, that you keep your sanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very air of this park is heathenish, and every man's breath I meet scents of atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great concern must bring you to this un sanctified end of the town.

Smug. A very un sanctified concern truly, cousin.

Viz. What is it?

Smug. A law-suit, boy—Shall I tell you?—My ship the Swan is newly arrived from St. Sebastian, laden with Portugal wines: now the impudent rogue of a tide-waiter has the face to affirm it is French wines in Spanish casks, and has indicted me upon the statute—Oh, conscience! conscience! these tide-waiters and surveyors plague us more with their French wines, than the war did with French privateers—Ay, there's another plague of the nation—

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red coat and feather.

Viz. Colonel Standard, I'm your humble servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because—I'm disbanded.

Viz. How! Broke?

Stan. This very morning, in Hyde-Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men, that looked like lions yesterday,

day, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside them.

Smug. Tal, al, deral. [*Singing.*] I'll have a bonfire this night as high as the monument.

Stand. A bonfire! Thou dry, withered, ill-nature; had not those brave fellows' swords defended you, your house had been a bonfire ere this about your ears.—— Did we not venture our lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your lives, Sir?—Venture your lives! I'm sure we ventured our money, and that's life and soul to me.——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your wives shall, old Afton. There are five and thirty strapping officers gone this morning to live upon free quarter in the city.

Smug. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! I shall have a son within these nine months born with a leading staff in his hand.——Sir, you are——

Stand. What, Sir.

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all——I see my lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*]

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow money of you; if you're my friend, meet me this evening at the Rummer; I'll pay my foy, drink a health to my king, prosperity to my country, and away for Hungary to-morrow morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! A soldier stay here, to look like an old pair of colours in Westminster Hall, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met yesterday a broken lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a dinner, but begged eighteen-pence of me to buy a new scabbard for his sword.

Viz. Oh, but you have good friends, Colonel!

Stand. Oh, very good friends! My father's a lord, and my elder brother a beau; mighty good friends indeed!

Viz. But your country may perhaps want your sword again.

Stand.

Stand. Nay, for that matter, let but a single drum beat up for volunteers between Ludgate and Charing-Cross, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the walls of Buda.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your fortune at home—Make your addresses to the fair; you're a man of honour and courage.

Stand. Ay, my courage is like to do me wonderous service with the fair. This pretty cross cut over my eye will attract a duchess—I warrant 'twill be a mighty grace to my ogling—Had I used the stratagem of a certain brother colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty face for the women, he always turned his back upon the enemy.—He was a man of honour for the ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the loves of Mars and Venus will never fail; you must get a mistress.

Stand. Pr'ythee, no more on't—You have awakened a thought, from which, and the kingdom, I would have stolen away at once.—To be plain, I have a mistress.

Viz. And she's cruel?

Stand. No.

Viz. Her parents prevent your happiness?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no fortune?

Stand. A large one. Beauty to tempt all mankind, and virtue to beat off their assaults. Oh, Vizard! such a creature!

Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the stage singing, with Footmen after him.

Hey-day! Who the devil have we here?

Viz. The joy of the play-house, and life of the park; Sir Harry Wildair, newly come from Paris.

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he make a campaign in Flanders some three or four years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Dost think bravery and gaiety are inconsistent? He's a gentleman of most happy circumstances, born to a plentiful estate; has had a genteel and easy

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

11

easy education, free from the rigidity of teachers, and pedantry of schools. His florid constitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor stinted in its pleasures, has rendered him entertaining to others, and easy to himself. Turning all passion into gaiety of humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoice with his friends, than be hated by any ; as you shall see.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, Vizard!

Viz. Sir Harry!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the Rubrick so long? I thought thy hypocrisy had been wedded to a pulpit-cushion long ago.—Sir, if I mistake not your face, your name is Standard.

Stand. Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant.

Wild. Come, gentlemen, the news, the news o'th' town, for I'm just arrived.

Viz. Why, in the city-end o'th' town we're playing the knave, to get estates.

Stand. And in the court-end playing the fool, in spending them.

Wild. Just so in Paris. I'm glad we're grown so modish.

Viz. We are so reformed, that gallantry is taken for vice.

Stand. And hypocrisy for religion.

Wild. *A-la-mode de Paris* again.

Viz. Not one whore between Ludgate and Aldgate.

Stand. But ten times more cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an oath in the city.

Stand. That's a mistake ; for my major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a merchant's wife in her bed-chamber.

Wild. Pshaw! this is trifling ; tell me news, gentlemen. What lord has lately broke his fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his heart at New-Market, for the loss of a race? What wife has been lately suing in Doctors-Commons for alimony ; or, what daughter run away with her father's valet? What beau gave the noblest ball at the Bath, or had the finest coach in the ring? I want news, gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no news at all.

Viz.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some news of your travels.

Wild. With all my heart.—You must know then, I went over to Amsterdam in a Dutch ship: I there had a Dutch whore for five stivers. I went from thence to Landen, where I was heartily drubbed in the battle with the but-end of a Swiss musket. I thence went to Paris, where I had half a dozen intrigues, bought half a dozen new suits, fought a couple of duels, and here I am again *in statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you designed to make the tour of Italy; what brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the world, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a woman.

Stand. What! quit the pleasures of travel for a woman!

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a woman! I had rather see her *ruelle* than the palace of Lewis le Grand. There's more glory in her smile, than in the jubilee at Rome; and I would rather kiss her hand, than the Pope's toe.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the beauty and virtue of your mistress; and Sir Harry here has been no less eloquent in the praise of his. Now will I lay you both ten guineas a-piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the stakes.—But, gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolved? For I know not where my mistress may be found; she left Paris about a month before me, and I had an account——

Stand. How, Sir! left Paris about a month before you?

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an account that she lodged somewhere in St. James's.

Viz. How! somewhere in St. James's, say you?

Wild. Ay, Sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Stand. Her name, pray, Sir Harry.

Viz. Ay, ay, her name; perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her name! Ay,——she has the softest, whitest hand that e'er was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet——

Stand.

Stand. But her name, Sir.

Wild. Then her neck and breast ; — her breasts do
'so heave, so heave.'

[Singing.

Viz. But her name, Sir ; her quality.

Wild. Then her shape, Colonel !

Stand. But her name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her eyes, Vizard !

Stand. Pshaw, Sir Harry, her name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's called the Lady
—— But then her foot, gentlemen ; she dances to a
miracle. Vizard, you have certainly lost your wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly lost your senses ; we
shall never discover the picture, unless you subscribe the
name.

Wild. Then her name is Lurewell.

Stand. 'Sdeath, my mistress.

[Aside.

Viz. My mistress, by Jupiter.

[Aside.

Wild. Do you know her, gentlemen ?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Can't tell where she lodges ? Tell me, dear
Colonel.

Stand. Your humble servant, Sir. [Exit Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel ; I'll follow you, and will
know. [Runs out.

Viz. The Lady Lurewell, his mistress ! He loves her :
But she loves me. — But he's a baronet, and I plain Vi-
zard ; he has a coach and six, and I walk on foot ; I
was bred in London, and he in Paris. — That very
circumstance has murdered me — Then some stratagem
must be laid to divert his pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Pr'ythee, Dick, what makes the Colonel so out
of humour ?

Viz. Because he's out of pay, I suppose.

Wild. 'Slife, that's true ; I was beginning to mistrust
some rivalry in the case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel
can fight, Sir Harry.

Wild. Fight ! Pshaw ! but he can't dance, ha ! We
contend for a woman, Vizard ! 'Slife, man, if ladies were
to be gained by sword and pistol only, what the devil
should all we beaux do ?

B

Viz.

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Afide.*] But would not you, Sir Harry, fight for this woman you so much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her—that's true;—but then I love honest Sir Harry Wildair better. The Lady Lurewell is divinely charming—right—but then a thrust i'th' guts, or a Middlesex jury, is as ugly as the devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir Harry, 'twere a dangerous cast for a beau baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering boobies, who would hang you, purely because you're a gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but, on t'other hand, I have money enough to bribe the rogues with: so upon mature deliberation, I would fight for her.—But no more of her. Pr'ythee, Vizard, can't you recommend a friend to a pretty mistress by the bye, till I can find my own? You have store I'm sure; you cunning poaching dogs make surer game, than we that hunt open and fair. Pr'ythee now, good Vizard.

Viz. Let me consider a little.—Now love and revenge inspire my politics. [*Afide.*]

[*Pauses whilst Sir Harry walks singing.*]

Wild. Pshaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new mistress, as a drawer is piercing a new pipe.

Viz. I design a new pipe for you and wholesome wine; you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Wild. Ha! say'st thou, dear Vizard?

Viz. A girl of sixteen, Sir Harry.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her name, Vizard.

Viz. Her name! yes—she has the softest whitest hand that e'er was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet—

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, man?

Viz. Find her!—but then her foot, Sir Harry; she dances to a miracle.

Wild. Pr'ythee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this lady is the greatest beauty in town; her name's Angelica: she that passes for her mother is a private bawd, and called the

Lady

Lady Darling ; she goes for a baronet's lady, (no disparagement to your honour, Sir Harry) I assure you.

Wild. Pshaw, hang my honour ; but what street, what house ?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir Harry ; you must have my passport for your admittance, and you'll find my recommendation in a line or two will procure you very civil entertainment ; I suppose twenty or thirty pieces handsomely placed, will gain the point ; ' I'll ensure her sound.'

Wild. Thou dearest friend to a man in necessity.—Here, firrah, order my coach about to St. James's ; I'll walk across the park. [To his Servant.

Enter Clincher, senior.

Clinch. Here, firrah, order my coach about to St. James's, I'll walk across the park too—Mr. Vizard, your most devoted—Sir, [*To Wildair.*] I admire the mode of your shoulder-knot ; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an air of travel in it : your sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign mien. Gentlemen, my brother is just arrived in town ; so that, being upon the wing to kiss his hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt departure of, gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble servant.

[Exit.

Wild. Pr'ythee dost know him ?

Viz. Know him ! why it is Clincher, who was apprentice to my uncle Smuggler, the merchant in the city.

Wild. What makes him so gay ?

Viz. Why he's in mourning.

Wild. In mourning !

Viz. Yes, for his father. The kind old man in Hertfordshire t'other day broke his neck a fox hunting ; the son upon the news has broke his indentures ; whipped from behind the counter into the side-box, ' forswears ' merchandize, where he must live by cheating, and ' usurps gentility, where he may die by raking. He ' keeps his coach and liveries, brace of geldings, leash ' of mistresses,' talks of nothing but wines, intrigues, plays, fashions, and going to the jubilee.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha ! how many pounds of pulvil must the fellow use in sweetening himself from the smell of
B 2 hops

hops and tobacco? Faugh—I'my conscience methought, like Olivia's lover, he stunk of Thames-Street. But now for Angelica, that's her name: we'll to the prince's chocolate house, where you shall write my pass-port. *Allons.*
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell, and her Maid Parly.

Lure. Parly, my pocket book—let me see—Madrid, Venice, Paris, London!—Ay, London! They may talk what they will of the hot countries, but I find love most fruitful under this climate—In a month's space have I gained—let me see, *imprimis*, Colonel Standard.

Par. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all soldiers should be managed; he shall serve me till I gain my ends, then I'll disband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him;
I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do;
Would his whole deluding sex admir'd me,
Thus would I slight them all,
My virgin and unwary innocence
Was wrong'd by faithless man;
But now, glance eyes, plot brain, dissemble face,
Lie tongue, 'and be a second Eve to' tempt, seduce, and
Plague the treacherous kind.—

Let me survey my captives.—

The Colonel leads the van; next Mr. Vizard,
He courts me out of the practice of piety,
Therefore is a hypocrite;
Then Clincher, he adores me with orangerie,
And is consequently a fool;

Then my old merchant, alderman Smuggler,
He's a compound of both;—out of which medley of
lovers, if I don't make good diversion——What d'ye
think, Parly?

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in
your service, if you teach me all those tricks that you
use to your lovers.

Lure. You're a fool, child; observe this, that though
a woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, back-bite, be
proud,

proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main chance, she's still virtuous; that's a maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded though, Madam, but that you really loved Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.

Lure. Of all the lovers I ever had, he was my greatest plague, for I could never make him uneasy: I left him involved in a duel upon my account: I long to know whether the fop be killed or not.

Enter Standard.

Oh, lord! no sooner talk of killing, but the soldier is conjured up. You're upon hard duty, Colonel, to serve your king, your country, and a mistress too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in war, Madam, we can be relieved in our duty; but in love, who would take our post, is our enemy; emulation in glory is transporting, but rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the prize in the field, should boast the same success in the bed-chamber; and, I think, considering the weakness of our sex, we should make those our companions who can be our champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hoped the honour of defending you from all injuries, through a title to your lovely person, but now my love must attend my fortune. My commission, Madam, was my passport to the fair; adding a nobleness to my passion, it stamp'd a value on my love; 'twas once the life of honour, but now its winding-sheet, and with it must my love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. Parly.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous fellow! he stinks of poverty already.

[*Aside.*

Lure. His misfortune troubles me, 'because it may prevent my designs.

[*Aside.*]

Stand. I'll chuse, Madam, rather to destroy my passion by absence abroad, than have it starved at home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an opinion of my affection, as to imagine it founded upon your fortune. And to convince you of your mistake, here I vow by all that's sacred, I own the same affection now as before. Let it suffice, my fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a charge to her

B 3

I love!

I love ! The man that sells himself for gold, is the worst of prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other creature but a man, I could love him. [*Afide.*]

Stand. This only last request I make, that no title recommend a fool, no office introduce a knave, nor coat a coward, to my place in your affections ; so farewell my country, and adieu my love. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Now the devil take thee for being so honourable : here, Parly ; call him back, I shall lose half my diversion else. Now for a trial of skill.

Re-enter Colonel.

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. When do you take your journey ?

Stand. To-morrow morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So suddenly ! which way are you designed to travel ?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray, Sir, tell me ; pray, Sir ; I intreat you ; why are you so obstinate ?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam ?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What !

Lure. Because, I, I——

Stand. Because ! What, Madam ?—Pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design to follow you. [*Crying.*]

Stand. Follow me ! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before. ' But such love from such a creature might, ' swell the vanity of the proudest prince.' Follow me ! By heavens thou shalt not. What ! expose thee to the hazards of a camp—Rather I'll stay, and here bear the contempt of fools, ' and worst of fortune.'

Lure. You need not, shall not ; my estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy estate ! No, I'll turn a knave, and purchase one myself ; I'll cringe to the proud man I undermine, and fawn on him that I would bite to death ; I'll tip my tongue with flattery, and smooth my face with smiles ; I'll turn pimp, informer, office-broker, nay, coward, to be great ; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lie, swear, jilt, any thing, but

but I'll reward thy love, and recompense thy noble passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha! Rather kiss her hand, than the Pope's toe, ha, ha, ha!

Lure. What Sir Harry, Colonel! What Sir Harry!

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam.

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only called you his mistress, and pretending to be extravagant in your commendation, would vainly insinuate the praise of his own judgment and good fortune in a choice.

Lure. How easily is the vanity of fops tickled by our sex!

Stand. Why, your sex is the vanity of 'fops.

Lure. On my conscience, I believe so. This gentleman, because he danced well, I pitched on for a partner at a ball in Paris, and ever since he has so persecuted me with letters, songs, dances, serenading, flattery, foppery, and noise, that I was forced to fly the kingdom—And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish letters, songs and verses, and you yourself shall carry them; 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther impertinence; for of all men he's my aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare project! How shall I bait him like Actæon with his own dogs.—Well, Mrs. Party, it is ordered by act of parliament, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. Party.—

Par. 'Tis provided by the same act, that you send no more messages by me, good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more letters, unless you can pay the postage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take example by your lady, be honourable.

Par. A-lack-a-day, Sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty

haughty for us to imitate our betters in their honour, as in their finery; leave honour to nobility that can support it: we poor folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your honour should be cashiered with your leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest curses of poverty, to be the jest of chambermaids!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the packet, Colonel; the whole magazine of love's artillery. *[Gives him the packet.]*

Stand. Which since I have gained, I will turn upon the enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the news of my victory this evening. Poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.]

Lure. To the right about as you were; march, Colonel! ha, ha, ha!

' Vain man, who boasts of study'd parts and wiles !
 ' Nature in us, your deepest art beguiles,
 ' Stamping deep cunning in our frowns and smiles. }
 ' You toil for art, your intellects you trace;
 ' Woman, without a thought, bears policy in her face.'

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

CLINCHER reads.

" Dear brother,

I Will see you presently; I have sent this lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the fashions of the town; I am your affectionate brother, *CLINCHER.*"

Very well, and what's your name, Sir?

Dick. My name is Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Very well; a pretty name! And what can you do, Mr. Dicky?

Dicky.

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a wig, and pick up a whore.

Clin. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! a whore! Why, are there many whores in this town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha! many whores! there's a question, indeed! Why, Sir, there are above five hundred surgeons in town—Hark'e, Sir; do you see that woman there, in the velvet scarf, and red knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir; what then?

Dick. Why, she shall be at your service in three minutes, as I'm a pimp.

Clin. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! Why, she's a gentlewoman.

Dick. A gentlewoman! Why, so are all the whores in town, Sir.

Enter Clincher senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to London.

Clin. jun. I thought, brother, you owed so much to the memory of my father, as to wear mourning for his death.

Clin. sen. Why, so I do, fool; I wear this, because I have the estate, and you wear that, because you have not the estate. You have cause to mourn indeed, brother. Well, brother, I'm glad to see you; fare you well.

[Going.]

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, brother—Where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a country booby to ask impertinent questions!—Hark'e, Sir; is not my father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young, powdered, extravagant English heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why, then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the Jubilee, Sir.

Clin. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clin. sen. Jubilee! Why, the Jubilee is—Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the Jubilee is the same thing as our Lord Mayor's day in the city; there will be pageants, and squibs, and raree-shows, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, brother?

Clin. sen.

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a month at Amsterdam to study poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, brother, you travel through Muscovy, to learn fashions; don't you, brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Pr'ythee, Robin, don't call me brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! why so?

Clin. sen. Because people will imagine you have a spite at me—But have you seen your cousin Angelica yet, and her mother, the Lady Darling?

Clin. jun. No; my dancing-master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, brother?

Clin. sen. Pshaw! that's easy; 'tis only two scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant. I'll tell you more when I come from the Jubilee. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Lady Darling's House.

Enter Wildair with a letter.

Wild. Like light and heat, incorporate we lay;
We bleis'd the night, and curs'd the coming day.
Well, if this paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my game
—Humph!—The prettiest *bourdel* I have seen; a very
stately genteel one——

Footmen cross the Stage.

Hey-day! equipage, too! Now for a bawd by the curtesy, and a whore with a coat of arms——'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the house!

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this must be the bawd, by her bulk.

Darl. Your business, pray, Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no business here.

Wild. This letter, Madam, will inform you farther—
Mr. Vizard sent it, with his humble service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her cousin, too! that's right procurefs again. [*Aside.*]

Darl. [*Reads.*] “Madam——Earnest inclination to
serve——Sir Harry———Madam——Court my cousin
——Gentleman——fortune——

Your Ladyship's most humble servant, VIZARD.”

Sir,

Sir, your fortune and quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me is the recommendation of so sober and pious a young gentleman as my cousin Vizard.

Wild. A right sanctified bawd o' my word! [*Aside.*]

Darl. Sir Harry, your conversation with Mr. Vizard argues you a gentleman, free from the loose and vicious carriage of the town; I'll therefore call my daughter.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious bawd of Babylon—She dresses up a sin so religiously, that the Devil would hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray, daughter, use him civilly; such matches don't offer every day.

[*Exit Darl.*]

Wild. Oh, all ye powers of love! an angel! 'Sdeath, what money have I got in my pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty guineas—and, by Jupiter, she's worth a hundred.

An. 'Tis he! the very same! and his person as agreeable as his character of good humour—Pray Heaven, his silence proceed from respect!

Wild. How innocent she looks! How would that modesty adorn virtue, when it makes even vice look so charming!—By Heaven, there's such a commanding innocence in her looks, that I dare not ask the question!

An. Now, all the charms of real love and feigned indifference assist me to engage his heart; for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam—I, I—Zoons, I cannot speak to her! But she's a whore, and I will—Madam, in short, I, I—Oh, hypocrisy, hypocrisy, what a charming sin art thou!

An. He is caught; now to secure my conquest—I thought, Sir, you had business to communicate.

Wild. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it!—Yes, Madam, I have a little business to communicate. Don't you love singing-birds, Madam?

An. That's an odd question for a lover—Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why, then, Madam, here is a nest of the prettiest goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

An.

An. Twenty young ones ! What then, Sir ?

Wild. Why, then, Madam, there are—twenty young ones——'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

An. He's mad, sure !——Sir Harry, when you have learned more wit and manners, you shall be welcome here again. [Exit.]

Wild. Wit and manners ! 'Egad, now, I conceive there is a great deal of wit and manners in twenty guineas—I'm sure 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at present. What shall I do ?

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

What the devil's here ? Another cousin, I warrant ye !—Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen guineas instantly ? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours, upon my honour.

Clin. jun. These London sparks are plaguy impudent ! This fellow, by his wig and assurance, can be no less than a courtier.

Dick. He's rather a courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I han't above five guineas about me.

Wild. What business have you here then, Sir ? For, to my knowledge, twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient ! For what, Sir ?

Wild. What, Sir ! Why, for that, Sir ; what the devil should it be, Sir ? I know your business, notwithstanding all your gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My business ! Why, my cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your cousin does live here, and Vizard's cousin, and every body's cousin——Hark'e, Sir, I shall return immediately ; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your throat, rascal. [Exit.]

Clin. jun. Why, the man's mad, sure !

Dick. Mad, Sir ! Ay——Why, he's a beau.

Clinch jun. A beau ! What's that ? Are all madmen beaus ?

Dick. No, Sir ; but most beaus are madmen. But now for your cousin. Remember your three scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant. [Exeunt, as into the House.]

Enter Wildair, Colonel following.

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry !

Wild. I'm in haste, Colonel ; besides, if you're in no better

better humour than when I parted with you in the park this morning, your company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour. Can nothing move your gall, Sir Harry?

Wild. Nothing but impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What impossibilities?

Wild. The resurrection of my father to disinherit me, or an act of parliament against wenching. A man of eight thousand pounds *per annum* to be vexed! No, no; anger and spleen are companions for younger brothers.

Stand. Suppose one called you a son of a whore behind your back.

Wild. Why, then would I call him rascal behind his back; so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a mistress.

Wild. Why, then I would get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the woman you love, that would surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel; my love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a pitch of gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your opinion, Sir; if the Lady Lurewell (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your discharge by me,

Wild. Pshaw! that's another impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a solecism in Nature. Why she's a rib of me, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of guineas.

Stand. Now that I have raised you to the highest pinnacle of vanity, will I give you so mortifying a fall, as shall dash your hopes to pieces.—I pray your honour to peruse these papers. [*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the muster-roll of your regiment, Colonel?

C

Stand.

Stand. No, no, 'tis a list of your forces in your last love campaign; and, for your comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Pr'ythee, good metaphorical Colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; these are the Sibyl's leaves that will unfold your destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false deed to cheat me of my estate, what care I—[*Opening the packet.*] Humph! my hand! To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell—What the devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these spirits?

Stand. A certain familiar of your acquaintance, Sir. Read, read.

Wild. [*Reading.*]—“Madam, my passion—so natural—your beauty contending—Force of charms—Mankind—Eternal admirer, Wildair!” I ne'er was ashamed of my name before.

Stand. What, Sir Harry Wildair out of humour! ha, ha, ha! Poor Sir Harry! More glory in her smile than in the Jubilee at Rome, ha, ha, ha! But then her foot, Sir Harry, she dances to a miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fie, Sir Harry, a man of your parts write letters not worth keeping! What sayest thou, my dear knight errant? ha, ha, ha! you may seek adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*Sings.*] No, no, let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some tune, Sir; blown up with false music, that's all.

Wild. Now, why should I be angry that a woman is a woman? Since inconstancy and falshood are grounded in their natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your nature; for she's a rib of you, Sir Harry.

Wild. Here's a copy of verses too: I must turn poet in the devil's name—Stay—'Sdeath, what's here? This is her hand—Oh, the charming characters!—[*Reading.*] “My dear Wildair.”—That's I, 'egad!—“This huff-bluff Colonel”—that's he—“is the rarest fool in nature,”—the devil he is!—“and as such have I used him.”—with all my heart, faith—“I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in St. James's, near the Holy lamb. Lurewell.”

Colonel, I am your most humble servant.

Stand.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet; I han't delivered half my message.

Wild. Upon my faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your spleen; out with it; I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, 'egad, ha, ha, ha!

[*Laugh and point at one another.*]

Stand. Ay, with all my heart, ha, ha! Well, well; that's forced, Sir Harry.

Wild. I was never better pleased in all my life, by Jupiter.

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis prudence to hide your concern, when there's no help for it. But, to be serious, now; the lady has sent you back all your papers there—I was so just as not to look upon them.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther pretensions for your own sake. So, honest, good-natured Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! poor Colonel! Oh, the delight of an ingenious mistress! what a life and briskness it adds to an amour, 'like the loves of mighty Jove, still suing in 'different shapes.' A legerdemain mistress, who, *presto!* *pass!* and she's vanish'd; then *hey!* in an instant in your arms again.

[*Goings.*]

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir Harry—What news from the island of love?

Wild. Faith, we made but a broken voyage by your chart; but now I am bound for another port: I told you the Colonel was my rival.

Viz. The Colonel! curs'd misfortune! another!

[*Aside.*]

Wild. But the civilest in the world; he brought me word where my mistress lodges. The story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What, have you given over all thoughts of Angelica?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time. But now for the Lady Lurewell. Wit and beauty calls.

That mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
 Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloy.
 Her little amorous frauds all truths excel,
 And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well. [Exit.

Viz. The Colonel my rival too!—How shall I manage?
 There is but one way——him and the Knight will I set
 a tilting, where one cuts t'other's throat, and the sur-
 vivor's hang'd; so there will be two rivals pretty decently
 disposed of. Since honour may oblige them to play the
 fool, why should not necessity engage me to play the
 knave? [Exit.

SCENE, Lurewell's Lodgings.

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Has my servant brought me the money from
 my merchant?

Par. No, Madam; he met Alderman Smuggler at
 Charing-Cross, who has promised to wait on you himself
 immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd that this old rogue should pretend to
 love me, and at the same time cheat me of my money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of
 your estate; for you say the writings are in his hands.

Lure. But what satisfaction can I get of him?—Oh,
 here he comes!

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your servant; have you brought me any
 money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with
 paying the taxes, raising the customs, losses at sea abroad,
 and maintaining our wives at home, the Bank is reduced
 very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these evasions won't serve your
 turn; I must have money, Sir—I hope you don't de-
 sign to cheat me?

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say:
 I'm an alderman, Madam—Cheat you, Madam! I have
 been an honest citizen these five and thirty years.

Lure. An honest citizen! Bear witness, Parly—I shall
 trap him in more lies presently. Come, Sir, tho' I am a
 woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, Madam? You'll go to law, with
 ye?

ye? I can maintain a suit of law, be it right or wrong, these forty years, I am sure of that, thanks to the honest practice of the courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your reputation, and so ruin your credit.

Smug. Blast my reputation! he, he, he! Why, I'm a religious man, Madam; I have been very instrumental in the reformation of manners. Ruin my credit! Ah, poor woman! There is but one way, Madam—you have a sweet leering eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the reformation! How?

Smug. I whipp'd all the whores, cut and long-tail, out of the parish—Ah, that leering eye!—Then I voted for pulling down the playhouse—Ah, that ogle, that ogle!—Then my own pious example—Ah, that lip, that lip!

Lure. Here's a religious rogue for you, now!—As I hope to be saved, I have a good mind to beat the old monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty guineas, (a great deal of money, as times go) and——

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah, that hand, that hand! that pretty, soft, white—I have brought it, you see; but the condition of the obligation is such, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty soft hand, that—you understand me; you understand; I'm sure you do, you little rogue——

Lure. Here's a villain, now, so covetous, that he 'won't wench upon his own cost, but' would bribe me with my own money. I'll be revenged. [*Aside.*]—Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush—what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam. [*Puts a piece of money in his mouth.*] Busa and guinea, busa and guinea, busa and guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty winning ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha!

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he! my little cocket? And when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to secure both

our honours; you must therefore be disguised, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pshaw! no matter; I am an old fornicator; I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little rogue, why, I'm disguised as I am; our sanctity is all outside, all hypocrisy.

Lure. No man is seen to come into this house after night-fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in woman's cloaths.

Smug. With all my heart—I have a suit on-purpose, my little cocket; I love to be disguised; I-cod, I make a very handsome woman, I-cod, I do.

Enter Servant, who whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh, Mr. Alderman! shall I beg you to walk in to the next room? Here are some strangers coming up.

Smug. Buss and guinea first—Ah, my little cocket!

[*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. My life, my soul, my all that Heaven can give!

Lure. Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry—I see you got my directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The sight of you, Madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lure. I have a thousand questions to ask you, Sir Harry. How d'ye like France?

Wild. Ah! *c'est le plus beau país du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. Madam, *vous voyez que je vous suis par-tout.*

Lure. Oh, *Monseigneur, je vous suis fort obligée*—But, where's the court now?

Wild. At Marli, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count La Valier?

Wild. His body's in the church of Nôtre Dame; I don't know where his soul is.

Lure. What disease did he die of?

Wild. A duel, Madam; I was his doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild.

Wild. As most doctors do; I kill'd him.

Lure. *En cavalier*, my dear knight-errant—Well, and how, and how: what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *beau monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah, Sir Harry, I've been almost ruined, pestered to death here, by the incessant attacks of a mighty colonel; he has besieged me 'as close as our army did 'Namur.'

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender, tho'.

Lure. No, no; but was forced to capitulate. But since you are come to raise the siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh——

Wild. And love, and kiss—*Montrez moi votre chambre.*

Lure. *Attends, attends, un peu*—I remember, Sir Harry, you promised me, in Paris, never to ask that impertinent question again.

Wild. Pshaw, Madam! that was above two months ago; besides, Madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lure. Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *la marriage est un grand mal*——But I will marry you.

Lure. Your word, Sir, is not to be relied on: if a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Wild. My honour in dealings of business! Why, Madam, I never had any business all my life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why, the merchant, Sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of some indirect and dishonourable dealings.

Wild. Who, old Smuggler?

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him, I find.

Wild. I have some reason, I think; why, the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pounds within these three years.

Lure.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

Lure. 'Tis your business, then, to acquit yourself publicly; for he spreads the scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit myself publicly!—Here, firrah, my coach; I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange; 'he shall run the gauntlet through a thousand brush'd beavers, and formal cravats.'

Lure. Why, he is in the house now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this house?

Lure. Ay, in the next room.

Wild. Then, firrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in my house?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam! no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. Here, Mrs. Parly, shew me the gentleman. *[Exit with Parly.]*

Lure. Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pester'd next term with bloodsheds, batteries, costs and damages, solicitors and attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good humour, I'll never let him alone again. *[Exit.]*

P

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Oh, this damn'd tide-waiter! A ship and cargo worth five thousand pounds! Why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Smug. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a man in the King's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman. *[Bowing very low.]*

Smug. Oh, lord, Sir, you travellers have the most obliging ways with you!

Wild. There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman—

Smug.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, necessity—But, upon my word, Sir, I am very short of money at present; but——

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir; I'm above an obligation that way: but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating—Here, take this cudgel.

Smug. A beating, Sir Harry! ha, ha, ha! I beat a knight baronet! an alderman turn cudgel-player!—Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Upon my word, Sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. Pshaw, pshaw! you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis sure as fate—So, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. [Strikes him.]

Smug. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, Sir!—What d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, Sir.

Smug. Oh, I can take any thing in jest! but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir; [Strikes him.] not in the least, indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good, Sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that ever I knew.

Wild. [Strikes.] I heartily beg your pardon with all my heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman. But, seriously, now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [Strikes him.]

Smug. Oh, lord, Sir, you'll break my bones! Are you mad, Sir? Murder, felony, manslaughter!

[Wild. knocks him down.]

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to it, upon my honour, Sir: nothing can be more averse to my inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the Alderman.

[Striking him all this while; Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his pocket-book on the floor; Lurewell enters, and takes it up.]

Lure,

Lure. The old rogue's pocket-book ; this may be of use. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord ! Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Smug. Oh, dear Madam, I was beaten in jest, 'till I am murdered in good earnest !

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, Senior—*Frappez, Frappez !*

Smug. Oh, for Charity's sake, Madam, rescue a poor citizen !

Lure. Oh, you barbarous man !—Hold, hold !. *Frappez, plus rudement ! Frappez !*—I wonder you are not ashamed. [*Holding Wild.*] A poor, reverend, honest elder—[*Helps Smug. up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this condition, poor man !—Now, the devil take you, Sir Harry—for not beating him harder—Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends.

[*Here Sir Harry takes snuff.*]

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place—Sir, how durst you use me thus ?

Wild. Sir ?

Smug. Sir, I say, that I will have satisfaction.

Wild. With all my heart. [*Throws snuff into his eyes.*]

Smug. Oh, murder, blindness, fire ! Oh, Madam, Madam, get me some water ! Water, fire, fire, water !

[*Exit with Lurewell.*]

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion ! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,

And settling public quiet, lose their own ;

Let soldiers drudge and fight for pay or fame,

For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same ;

Let scholars vex their brains with mood and tense,

And, mad with strength of reason, fools commence,

Losing their wits in searching after sense ;

Their *summum bonum* they must toil to gain,

And seeking pleasure, spend their life in pain.

I make the most of life, no hour mis-spend.

Pleasure's the mean, and pleasure is my end.

No spleen, no trouble shall my time destroy ;

Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Street.**Enter Standard and Vizard.*

STANDARD.

I Bring him word where she lodged! I the civilest rival in the world! 'Tis impossible!

Viz. I shall urge it no farther, Sir. I only thought, Sir, that my character in the world might add authority to my words, without so many repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear Vizard. Our belief struggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the disadvantage of what we love; 'tis so great an abuse to our judgment, that it makes the faults of our choice our own failing. But what said Sir Harry?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laughed heartily, flew away with all the raptures of a bridegroom, repeating these lines:

A mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloy.

Stand. A mistress ne'er can pall! By all my wrongs, he whores her, and I am made their property!—Vengeance!—Vizard, you must carry a note for me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What, a challenge! I hope you don't design to fight?

Stand. What, wear the livery of my king, and pocket an affront! 'Twere an abuse to his Sacred Majesty: a soldier's sword, Vizard, should start of itself to redress its master's wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such message between friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a servant here; what shall I do?

Viz. There's Tom Errand, the porter, that plies at the Blue Posts, one who knows Sir Harry and his haunts very well; you may send a note by him.

Stand. Here, you, friend.

Viz. I have now some business, and must take my leave; I would advise you, nevertheless, against this affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of friends, to prevent

prevent us. He that disappoints a man of an honourable revenge, may love him foolishly like a wife, but never value him as a friend.

Viz. Nay, the devil take him that parts you, say I.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Porter, running.

Er. Did your honour call porter?

Stand. Is your name Tom Errand?

Er. People call me so, an't like your worship.

Stand. D'ye know Sir Harry Wildair?

Er. Ay, very well, Sir; he's one of my best masters; many a round half-crown have I had of his worship; he's newly come home from France, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next coffee-house, and wait for me.— Oh, woman, woman, how bless'd is man when favoured by your smiles, and how accurs'd when all those smiles are found but wanton baits to sooth us to destruction!

' Thus our chief joys with base allays are curs'd,

' And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.'

[*Ex.*]

Enter Wildair and Clincher senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir! having some business of importance to communicate to you, I would beg your attention to a trifling affair that I would impart to your understanding.

Wild. What is your trifling business of importance, pray, sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray, Sir, are the roads deep between this and Paris?

Wild. Why that question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because I design to go to the Jubilee, Sir; I understand that you are a traveller, Sir; there is an air of travel in the tie of your cravat, Sir; there is indeed, Sir—I suppose, Sir, you bought this lace in Flanders.

Wild. No, Sir, this lace was made in Norway.

Clin. sen. Norway, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the shavings of deal-boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, faith—Lace made of the shavings of deal-boards!—Egad, Sir, you travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad,

abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a cravat of the very same lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what preparations have you made for your journey?

Clin. sen. A case of pocket-pistols for the bravoes—and a swimming-girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. Oh, lord! Sir, I'll tell you—Suppose us in Rome, now; away goes I to some ball—for I'll be a mighty beau. Then, as I said, I go to some ball, or some bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know—then comes a fine Italian *bona roba*, and plucks me by the sleeve; Signior Angle, Signior Angle—She's a very fine lady, observe that—Signior Angle, says she—Signora, says I, and trips after her to the corner of a street, suppose it Ruffel-street, here, or any other street; then, you know, I must invite her to the tavern; I can do no less—There up comes her bravo; the Italian grows saucy, and I give him an English dowse o' the face: I can box, Sir, box tightly; I was a 'prentice, Sir—But, then, Sir, he whips out his ffiletto, and I whips out my bull-dog—flaps him through, trips down stairs, turns the corner of Ruffel-street again, and whips me into the Ambassador's train, and there I'm safe as a beau behind the scenes.

Wild. Is your pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. sen. Only a brace of bullets, that's all, Sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very fine pistol, truly; pray, let me see it.

Clin. sen. With all my heart, Sir.

Wild. Hark'e, Mr. Jubilee, can you digest a brace of bullets?

Clin. sen. Oh, by no means in the world, Sir!

Wild. I'll try the strength of your stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead man. [*Presenting the pistol to his breast.*]

Clin. sen. Consider, dear Sir, I am going to the Jubilee; when I come home again, I am a dead man at your service.

Wild. Oh, very well, Sir! but take heed you are not so choleric for the future.

Clin. sen. Choleric, Sir! Oons! I design to shoot seven Italians in a week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any man for treading upon my corns! and there will be a
D devilish

devilish throng of people there; they say that all the princes of Italy will be there.

Wild. And all the fops and fidlers in Europe—But the use of your swimming-girdle, pray, Sir?

Clin. sen. Oh, lord, Sir, that's easy! Suppose the ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish people are busy at their prayers, I whip on my swimming-girdle, clap a month's provision in my pocket, and sails me away, like an egg in a duck's belly—And hark'e, Sir, I have a new project in my head: where d'ye think my swimming girdle shall carry me upon this occasion? 'Tis a new project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. sen. To Civita Vecchia, faith and troth, and so save the charges of my passage. Well, Sir, you must pardon me now; I'm going to see my mistress. *[Exit.]*

Wild. This fellow's an accomplished ass before he goes abroad. Well, this Angelica has got into my heart, and I can't get her out of my head. I must pay her t'other visit. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, Lady Darling's House.

Enter Angelica.

An. Unhappy state of woman! whose chief virtue is but ceremony, and our much boasted modesty but a slavish restraint. The strict confinement on our words, makes our thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward fame, destroys our inward quiet. 'Tis hard that love should be denied the privilege of hatred; that scandal and detraction should be so much indulged, yet sacred love and truth debarred our conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher jun. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my daughter, cousin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three scrapes.

Clin. jun. *[Saluting Angelica.]* One, two, three, your humble servant. Was not that right, Dicky?

Dick. Ay, faith, Sir; but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your pardon, Dicky; I know my distance. Would you have me speak to a lady at the first sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means; the first aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good jest, to make her laugh heartily—By Jupiter Ammon I'll go give her a kiss.

[Goes towards her.]

Enter

Enter Wildair, interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose; I told you so before; your pitiful five guineas will never do. You may go; I'll outbid you.

Clin. jun. What the devil, the madman's here again!

Darl. Bless me, cousin! what d'ye mean? Affront a gentleman of his quality in my house!

Clin. jun. Quality!—Why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your madmen, and your beaux, and your quality—they're all alike, I believe.

Dar. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next room.

[Ex. Darl. leading Clin. Dicky following.]

An. Sir, if your conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I would advise you to make your visit as short as you can.

Wild. The offences of my last visit, Madam, bore their punishment in the commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive pardon, as your Ladyship can be till I sue for it.

An. Sir Harry, I did not well understand the offence, and must therefore proportion it to the greatness of your apology; if you would, therefore, have me think it light, take no great pains in an excuse.

Wild. How sweet must the lips be that guard that tongue! Then, Madam, no more of past offences; let us prepare for joys to come. Let this seal my pardon; *[Kisses her hand.]* and this *[Again.]* initiate me to farther happiness.

An. Hold, Sir—one question, Sir Harry, and, pray, answer plainly—D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does fire ascend? Do hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love gold, or great men flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

An. This shews your gallantry, Sir, but not your love.

Wild. View your own charms, Madam, then judge my passion; your beauty ravishes my eye, your voice my ear, and your touch has thrill'd my melting soul.

An. If your words be real, 'tis in your power to raise an equal flame in me.

Wild. Nay, then, I seize——

An. Hold, Sir; 'tis also possible to make me detest and

D 2

scorn

scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect anger, because you know your frowns are becoming.

An. Sir Harry, you being the best judge of your own designs, can best understand whether my anger should be real or dissembled; think what strict modesty should bear, then judge of my resentment.

Wild. Strict modesty should bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe, the strictest modesty may bear fifty guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

An. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? if you go to that. I think now fifty guineas is a fine offer for your strict modesty, as you call it.

An. 'Tis more charitable, Sir Harry, to charge the impertinence of a man of your figure on his defect in understanding, than on his want of manners.—I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

An. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a lady of—strict modesty, if you will have it so.

An. I shall never hereafter trust common report, which represented you, Sir, a man of honour, wit, and breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [*Exit*]

Wild. [*Solus.*] Now I find that the strict pretences which the ladies of pleasure make to strict modesty, is the reason why those of quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what success?

Wild. Success! 'Tis a shame for you young fellows in town here, to let the wenches grow so saucy. I offered her fifty guineas, and she was in her airs presently, and flew away in a huff. I could have had a brace of countesses in Paris for half the money, and *je vous remercie* into the bargain.

Viz. Gone in her airs, say you! And did not you follow her?

Wild.

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her bed-chamber, man; she went on purpose. You a man of gallantry, and not understand that a lady's best pleased when she puts on her airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talked to me of strict modesty, and stuff.

Viz. Certainly. Most women magnify their modesty, for the same reason that cowards boast their courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next assault, encourage your spirits with brisk Burgundy; if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuse for your rudeness. I'll go in, and make your peace for what's past. Oh, I had almost forgot—Colonel Standard wants to speak with you about some business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the piazza of Covent-Garden, about an hour hence; I promised to see him; and there you may meet him, to have your throat cut. [*Aside.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul play with the lady, Vizard. [*Exit.*]

Viz. No fair play, I can assure you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Street before Lurewell's Lodgings; Clincher, *sen.* and Lurewell coquetting in the Balcony.

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is reason in disputes of love! That daring reason which so oft pretends to question works of high omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest passions, and yields implicit faith to foolish love, paying blind zeal to faithless women's eyes. I've heard her falsehood with such pressing proofs, that I no longer should distrust it. Yet still my love would baffle demonstration, and make impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha? That fool too! What, stoop so low as that animal!—'Tis true, women once fallen, like cowards in despair, will stick at nothing; there's no medium in their actions. They must be bright as angels, or black as fiends. But now for my revenge, I'll kick her cully before her face, call her whore, curse the whole sex, and leave her.

[*Goes in.*
Lure-

D. 3

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

Lurewell comes down with Clincher. The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.

Lure. Oh, lord, Sir, it is my husband! What will become of you?

Clinch. Ah, your husband! Oh, I shall be murdered: what shall I do! Where shall I run! I'll creep into an oven; I'll climb up the chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;—I wish to the lord I were at the Jubilee now.

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Clinch. Think! not I; I never could think to any purpose in my life.

Lure. What do you want, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I saw him come in here this morning; and did imagine he might be here still, if he is not gone.

Lure. A lucky hit! Here, friend, change clothes with this gentleman, quickly, strip.

Clinch. Ay, ay, quickly, strip: I'll give you half a crown to boot. Come here; so. [*They change clothes.*]

Lure. Now slip you [*To Clinch.*] down stairs, and wait at the door till my husband be gone; and get you in there [*To the Porter.*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand in the next room.*]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir, are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the confidence to approach me after so base a trick?

Stand. Oh, Madam, all your artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you caution enough against troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's company when I sent his letters back by you; yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodged, and expose me again to his impertinent courtship!

Stand. I expose you to his courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my life you'll deny it now. Come, come, Sir; a pitiful lie is as scandalous to a red coat as an oath to a black. 'Did not Sir Harry himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodged?'

Stand. You're all lies: first, your heart is false; your eyes are double; one look belies another; and then your tongue does contradict them all—Madam, I see a little devil just now hammering out a lie in your Pericranium.

Lure.

Lure. As I hope for mercy, he's in the right on't.
 [*Aside.*] 'Hold, Sir, you have got the play-house cant
 ' upon your tongue; and think, that wit may privilege
 ' your railing: but I must tell you, Sir, that what is
 ' satire upon the stage, is ill manners here.'

Stand. 'What is feigned upon the stage, is here in reality real falsehood. Yes, yes, Madam,'—I exposed you to the courtship of your fool Clincher, too; I hope your female wiles will impose that upon me——also——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such person.

Stand. Oh, woman in perfection! not know him? 'Slife, Madam, can my eyes, my piercing jealous eyes, be so deluded? Nay, Madam, my nose could not mistake him; for I smelt the fop by his *pulvisio* from the balcony down to the street.

Lure. The balcony! Ha, ha, ha! the balcony; I'll be hanged but he has mistaken Sir Harry Wildair's footman with a new French livery, for a beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a cully! Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no, you could not see him; you're dreaming, Colonel. Will you believe your eyes, now that I have rubbed them open?—Here, you friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Clothes.

Stand. This is illusion all; my eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your acknowledgment for your rude behaviour?—Oh, what a curse is it to love as I do!—'But don't presume too far, Sir, on my affection: for such ungenerous usage will soon return my tired heart.'—Begone, Sir, [*To the Porter.*] to your impertinent master, and tell him I shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome visits.—Send to me to know when I should be at home!—'Begone, Sir.'—I am sure he has made me an unfortunate woman. [*Weeps.*]

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in nature; and truth is only falsehood well-disguised.

Lure. Sir, had not I owned my fond foolish passion; I should not have been subject to such unjust suspicions: but it is an ungrateful return. [*Weeping.*]

Stand. 'Now, where are all my firm resolves? I will be—'

'believe her just. My passion raised my jealousy; then why mayn't love be as blind in finding faults, as in excusing them?'—I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, since jealousy, that magnified my suspicion, is as much the effect of love, as my easiness in being satisfied.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfied! 'You men have got an insolent way of extorting pardon, by persisting in your faults.' No, no, Sir; cherish your suspicions, and feed upon your jealousy: 'tis fit meat for your squeamish stomach.

With me all women should this rule pursue:
Who think us false, should never find us true.

[*Exit in a rage.*]

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Clothes.

Clinch. Well, intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing, for a man of my parts.—How shall we laugh at the husband, when he is gone?—How sillily he looks! He's in labour of horns already.—To make a Colonel a cuckold! 'Twill be rare news for the alderman.

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occasioned; but he's brave, and will afford me a just revenge—Oh, this is the porter I sent the challenge by—Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clinch. What the devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir Harry the note, fellow?

Clinch. The note! What note?

Stand. The letter, blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; have you seen him?

Clinch. Oh, Lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, Sir—No, Sir.—I have, Sir—I have not, Sir.

Stand. The fellow's mad. Answer me directly, firrah, or I'll break your head.

Clinch. I know Sir Harry very well, Sir; but as to the note, Sir, I can't remember a word on't: truth is, I have a very bad memory.

Stand. Oh, Sir, I'll quicken your memory.

[*Strikes him.*]

Clinch. Zauns, Sir, hold!—I did give him the note.

Stand. And what answer?

Clinch. I mean, I did not give him the note.

Stand. What d'ye banter, rascal? [*Strikes him again.*]

Clinch. Hold, Sir, hold! He did send an answer?

Stand.

Stand. What was't, villain?

Clinch. Why, truly, Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this month, rascal. *[Beats him off, and exits.]*

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Fort-bon, fort-bon, fort-bon! This is better than I expected; but fortune still helps the industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clinch. Ah! The devil take all intriguing, say I, and him who first invented canes.—That cursed Colonel has got such a knack of beating his men, that he has left the mark of a collar of bandileers about my shoulders.

Lure. Oh, my poor gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clinch. Yes, I have been beaten, But where's my clothes? my clothes?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my dear, will ye?

Clinch. Will ye! If ever I peep into a Colonel's tent again, may I be forced to run the gauntlet.—But my clothes, Madam.

Lure. I sent the porter down stairs with them: did not you meet him?

Clinch. Meet him! No, not I.

Par. No! He went out of the back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clinch. Gone, say you! and with my clothes! my fine Jubilee clothes!—Oh, the rogue, the thief!—I'll have him hanged for murder.—But how shall I get home in this pickle?

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently, for he dines at home.

Clinch. Oh, then I must sneak off!

Was ever such an unfortunate beau,
To have his coat well thrash'd, and lose his coat also?

Lure. Thus the noble poet spoke truth:
Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own expence.

Par. Methinks, Madam, the injuries you have suffered by men must be very great, to raise such heavy resentments against the whole sex.

Lure. The greatest injury that woman could sustain; they

they robbed me of that jewel, which preserved, exalts our sex almost to angels; but destroyed, debases us below the worst of brutes, mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your anger should be only confined to the author of your wrongs.

Lure. The author! Alas, I know him not, 'which makes my wrongs the greater.'

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a man should rob you of that same jewel you mentioned, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling!—'tis a subject that always sours my temper: but since, by thy faithful service, I have some reason to confide in your secrecy, hear the strange relation.—Some twelve years ago, I lived at my father's house in Oxfordshire, blest with innocence, the ornamental, but weak guard of blooming beauty: I was then just fifteen, 'an age fatal to the female sex.' Our youth is tempting, our innocence credulous, romances moving, love powerful, and men are—villains. Then it happened, that three young gentlemen from the university coming into the country, and being benighted, and strangers, called at my father's: he was very glad of their company, and offered them the entertainment of his house.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt. Oh, these strolling collegians are never abroad, but upon some mischief.

Lure. They had some private frolic or design in their heads, as appeared by their not naming one another, which my father perceiving, out of civility, made no enquiry into their affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantic, university air, a sort of a disagreeable scholastic boorishness in their behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ah! the third, Madam;—the third of all things, they say, is very critical.

Lure. He was—but in short, nature cut him out for my undoing; he seemed to be about eighteen.

Par. A fit match for your fifteen as could be.

Lure. He had a genteel sweetness in his face, a graceful comeliness in his person, and his tongue was fit to sooth soft innocence into ruin. His very looks were witty, and his expressive eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than words could frame.

Par.

Par. There will be mischief by and by ; I never heard a woman talk so much of eyes, but there were tears presently after.

Lure. His discourse was directed to my father, but his looks to me. After supper I went to my chamber, and read Cassandra, then went to bed, and dreamed of him all night, 'rose in the morning, and made verses,' so fell desperately in love.—My father was so well pleased with his conversation, that he begged their company next day ; they consented, and next night, Parly——

Par. Ah, next night, Madam,—next night (I'm afraid) was a night indeed.

Lure. He bribed my maid, with his gold, out of her honesty ; and me, with his rhetoric, out of my honour.—She admitted him to my chamber, and there he vowed, and swore, and wept, and sighed——and conquered.

Par. A-lack-a-day, poor fifteen.

[Weeps.

Lure. He swore that he would come down from Oxford in a fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old bait ! the old bait !—I was cheated just so myself. [*Aside.*] But had not you the wit to know his name all this while ?

Lure. Alas ! what wit had innocence like mine ? He told me, that he was under an obligation to his companions of concealing himself then, but that he would write to me in two days, and let me know his name and quality. After all the binding oaths of constancy, 'joining hands, 'exchanging hearts,' I gave him a ring with this motto, "Love and honour ;" then we parted, but I never saw the dear deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my griefs, which my father's death made a fair pretence for ; he left me sole heiress and executrix to three thousand pounds a year : at last, my love for this single dissembler turned to a hatred of the whole sex ; and resolving to divert my melancholy, and make my large fortune subservient to my pleasure and revenge, I went to travel, where, in most courts of Europe, I have done some execution. Here I will play my last scene ; then retire to my country house, live solitary, and die a penitent.

Par.

Par. But don't you still love this dear dissembler?

Lure. Most certainly. 'Tis love of him that keeps my anger warm, representing the baseness of mankind full in view; and makes my resentments work—We shall have that old impotent lecher, Smuggler, here to night; I have a plot to swinge him, and his precise nephew, Vizard.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, Parly; those men, whose pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismissed, by letting them know my firm resolutions never to marry. But those villains that would attempt my honour, I've seldom failed to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I suppose his designs are honourable.

Lure. That man's a riddle; there's something of honour in his temper that pleases; I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfied. But he's a man still. When I once tried his pulse about marriage, his blood ran as low as a coward's. He swore indeed, that he loved me, but could not marry me, forsooth, because he was engaged elsewhere. So poor a pretence made me disdain his passion, which otherwise might have been uneasy to me.—But hang him, I have teized him enough.—Besides, Parly, I begin to be tired of my revenge: but this buff and guinea I must maul once more. I'll hance his woman's clothes for him. Go get me pen and ink; I must write to Vizard too.

Fortune, this once assist me as before;

Two such machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious wheel, and my projecting brain.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.**Wildair and Standard meeting.*

STANDARD.

I Thought, Sir Harry, to have met you ere this in a more convenient place; but since my wrongs were without ceremony, my revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir!

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious humour well enough; it shews courage and unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw your sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the devil take me if I fight.—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the arm is good; and therefore think both worth my resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, pr'ythee, Colonel, dost think that I am such a madman, as to send my soul to the devil and body to the worms—upon every fool's errand? [*Aside.*]

Stand. I hope you're no coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have eight thousand pounds a year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in Flanders, to my knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same reason that I wore a red coat; because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a French Count in Paris.

Wild. True, Sir; but there was no danger of lands nor tenements: besides, he was a beau, like myself. Now you're a soldier, Colonel, and fighting's your trade; and I think it downright madness to contend with any man in his profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying; I shall take very unseemly methods, if you don't shew yourself a gentleman.

Wild. A gentleman! Why there again now? A gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a baronet, and have eight thousand pounds a year. I can
E dance,

dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the body should contribute one jot more to my gentility. But, pray, Colonel, I had forgot to ask you, what's the quarrel?

Stand. A woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my honour's concerned.

Wild. Nay, if your honour be concerned with a woman, get it out of her hands as soon as you can. An honourable lover is the greatest slave in nature; some will say, the greatest fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady Lurewell, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your sword first; you know I dare fight: but I had much rather make you a friend than an enemy. I can assure you, this lady will prove too hard for one of your temper. You have too much honour, too much in conscience, to be a favourite with the ladies.

Stand. I'm assured, Sir, she never gave you any encouragement.

Wild. A man can never hear reason with a sword in his hand. Sheath your weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my body.

Stand. Give me but demonstration of her granting you any favour, and it is enough.

Wild. Will you take my word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no, they have deceived me already.

Wild. That's hard—But some means I shall devise for your satisfaction—We must fly this place, else that cluster of mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's wife hurrying in Clincher senior in Errand's clothes.

Wife. Oh, the villain, the rogue, he has murdered my husband. Ah, my poor Timothy! [*Crying.*]

Clin. Dem your Timothy!—your husband has murdered me, woman; for he has carried away my fine Jubilee clothes.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

51

Wife. Ay, you cut-throat, have you not got his clothes upon your back there? Neighbours, don't you know poor Timothy's coat and apron?

Mob. Ay, ay, it is the same.

First Mob. What shall we do with him, neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mob. No, no; then we may be hanged for murder: but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good people, pray don't drown me; for I never learned to swim in all my life. Ah, this plaguy intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the Thames.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my swimming girdle now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, neighbours, I command the peace.

Wife. Oh, Mr. Constable, here's a rogue that has murdered my husband, and robbed him of his clothes.

Const. Murder and robbery! Then he must be a gentleman. Hands off there; he must not be abused.—Give an account of yourself. Are you a gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a beau.

Const. A beau! Then you have killed nobody, I'm persuaded. How came you by these clothes, Sir?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and so the porter and I changed clothes, Sir.

Const. Very well! the man speaks reason, and like a gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him how he changed clothes with him.

Const. Silence, woman! and don't disturb the court. Well, Sir, how did you change clothes?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pulled off my coat, and I drew off his: so I put on his coat, and he put on mine.

Const. Why, neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: search him; and if he carries no arms about him, we'll let him go. [*They search his pockets, and pull out his pistols.*]

Clin. Oh, gemini! My jubilee pistols!

Const. What, a case of pistols! Then the case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whither go you?

E 3.

Clin.

Clin. Sir, I came from Russel-Street, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the gallows, you rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate, straight.

Clin. I shall go to the Jubilee now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In short, Colonel, 'tis all nonsense: fight for a woman! Hard by is the lady's house, if you please we'll wait on her together: you shall draw your sword; I'll draw my snuff-box; you shall produce your wounds received in war; I'll relate mine by Cupid's dart; 'you shall look big; I'll ogle:' you shall swear; I'll sigh; you shall *sa, sa*, and I'll *coupée*; and if she flies not to my arms like a hawk to its perch, my dancing-master deserves to be damned.

Stand. With the generality of women, I grant you, these arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of women! Why there again, you're out. They're all alike, Sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think she's called, and that's a poetical story too. When will you find a poet in our age make a woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, your facetious humour can disguise falshood, and make calumny pass for satire; but you have promised me ocular demonstration that she favours you: make that good, and I shall then maintain faith and female to be as inconsistent as truth and falsehood.

Wild. 'Nay, by what you told me, I am satisfied that she imposes on us all: and Vizard too seems what I still suspected him: but his honesty once mistrusted, spoils his knavery:—But will you be convinced, if our plot succeeds.

Stand. I rely on your word and honour, Sir Harry; which if I doubted, my distrust would cancel the obligation of their security.'

Wild. Then meet me half an hour hence at the Rummer; you must oblige me by taking a hearty glass with me

me toward the fitting me out for a certain project, which this night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the preparation, that woman's the design.

Wild. Yes, faith.—I am taken dangerous ill with two foolish maladies, modesty and love; the first I'll cure with Burgundy, and my love by a night's lodging with the damsel. A sure remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! Dicky, this London is a sad place, a sad vicious place: I wish that I were in the country again: and this brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, he'll spend his whole estate at this same Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The devil he does! My brother go to the place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitched sure!

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher senior's clothes.

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's strangely altered.

Clin. Altered! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This lace will sell. What a blockhead was that fellow to trust me with his coat! If I can get cross the garden, down to the water-side, I am pretty secure.

[*Aside.*]

Clin. Brother!—Alaw! Oh, gemini! Are you my brother?

Dick. I seize you in the king's name, Sir.

Err. Oh, Lord! Should this prove some parliament man now!

Clin. Speak, you rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor porter, Sir, and going of an errand.

Dick. What errand? Speak, you rogue.

Err. A fool's errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Err. A beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no; the rogue has murdered your brother, and stripped him of his clothes.

Clin. Murdered my brother! Oh, crimini! Oh, my poor Jubilee brother!—Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm

heir tho'. Speak, firrah, have you killed him? Confess that you have killed him, and I'll give you half a crown.

Err. Who, I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never killed any man, but a carrier's horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hanged; but confess that you killed him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the truth hangs a man, but confessing a lie can do no harm: besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but deny it again.—Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your money, Sir.—But are you sure you killed him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll swear it before any judge in England.

Dick. But are you sure that he's dead in law?

Err. Dead in law! I can't tell whether he be dead in law. But he's as dead as a door-nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Dick. Then you have the estate by statute. Any man that's knocked o'th' head is dead in law.

Clin. But are you sure he was *compos mentis* when he was killed?

Err. I suppose he was, Sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! Then I go to the Jubilee.—Strip, Sir, strip. By Jupiter Ammon, strip.

Dick. Ah! don't swear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's clothes.*]

Clin. Swear, Sir! Zoons, han't I got the estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in mourning for my brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you must do me the favour to swear positively before a magistrate, that you killed him dead, that I may enter upon the estate without any trouble. By Jupiter Ammon, all my religion's gone, since I put on these fine clothes.—Hey, call me a coach somebody.

Err. Ay, master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no; Dicky, carry this spark before a justice, and when he has made oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see Angelica. [*Exeunt Dick and Errand.*] Now that I'm an elder brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant,

rant, and rake, and go to the Jubilee with the best of them.

[Exit.

SCENE, Lurewell's House.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that Vizard had my letters?

Par. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyship's footmen gave it to him in the park, and he told the bearer, with all transports of joy, that he would be punctual to a minute.

Lure. Thus most villains some time or other are punctual to their ruin; and hypocrisy, by imposing on the world, at last deceives itself. Are all things prepared for his reception?

Par. Exactly to your Ladyship's order; the alderman too is just come, dressed and cooked up for iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got woman's clothes on?

Par. Yes, Madam, and has passed upon the family for your nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that closet, and put out the candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

[As Parly goes to put out the candles, somebody knocks.

Music plays without.

Lure. This must be Sir Harry; tell him I am not to be spoken with.

Par. Sir, my Lady is not to be spoken with.

Wild. I must have that from her own mouth, Mrs. Parley. Play, gentlemen. [Music plays again.

Lure. This must be some clown without manners, or a gentleman above ceremony. Who's there?

Wildair sings.

' Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's door,

' He sigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and swore,

' The sign was so,

[Knocks.

' She answer'd, no.

[Knocks thrice.

' No, no, no.

' Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,

' No, Damon, no, I am afraid:

' Confider, Damon, I'm a maid.

' Confider.

' No,

' I'm a maid.

' No,

‘ No, &c.

‘ At last his sighs and tears made way,

‘ She rose, and softly turn’d the key :

‘ Come in, said she, but do not stay.

‘ I may conclude,

‘ You will be rude,

‘ But if you are, you may.

[*Exit Parly.*]

Enter Sir Harry.

Lure. ’Tis too early for serenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever love is, there music is proper ;
‘ there’s an harmonious consent in their natures, and
‘ when rightly joined, they make up the chorus of earth-
‘ ly happiness.’

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what tempest drives you here
at this hour ?

Wild. No tempest, Madam, but ‘ as fair weather as
‘ ever enticed a citizen’s wife to cuckold her husband in
‘ fresh air.’ Love, Madam.

[*Wildair taking her by the hand.*]

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft desires.

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting beauty fires.
Is’t not so ?

Lure. Oh, ‘ villain ! What privilege has men to our
‘ destruction, that thus they hunt our ruin ?’ [*Aside.*] If
this be a love token. [*Wildair drops a ring, she takes it up.*]
your mistress’s favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. I can’t, justly, Madam, pay your trouble of
taking it up by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You gentlemen have the cunningest ways of
playing the fool, and are so industrious in your profuse-
ness. Speak seriously, am I beholden to chance or de-
sign for this ring ?

Wild. To design, upon my honour. And I hope my
design will succeed.

[*Aside.*]

‘ *Lure.* And what shall I give you for such a fine
‘ thing ?

‘ *Wild.* You’ll give me another, you’ll give me another
‘ fine thing.

[*Both sing.*]

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry ?

Wild. With all my heart, Madam, so I may be free
with you.

Lure.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the favour to see you some other time ; for at this very minute I have two lovers in the house.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must begone this minute, for I must see another mistress within these two hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me—Madam, your most humble servant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can disturb his humour. Now for my merchant and Vizard. [*Exit, and takes the candles with her.*

Enter Parly, leading in Smuggler, dressed in women's clothes.

Par. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,—I'm obliged to you for this trouble, here are a couple of shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed ; but next time I'll steal a pair of silk stockings from my wife, and bring them to you—' What are you fumbling about my pockets for ?'

Par. ' Only setting the pleats of your gown ;' here, Sir, get into this closet, and my lady will wait on you presently.

[*Puts him into the closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard,*

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little pilot ?

Par. You're almost in port, Sir ; my Lady's in the closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kisses her.*

Par. Pshaw, who has hired me best ; a couple of shillings, or a couple of kisses ?

Viz. Propitious darkness guides the lovers steps, and night that shadows outward sense, lights up our inward joy. ' Night ! The great awful ruler of mankind, which, ' like the Persian monarch, hides its royalty to raise the ' veneration of the world. Under thy easy reign dis- ' semblers may speak truth : all slavish forms and cere- ' monies laid aside, and generous villainy may act with- ' out constraint.'

Smug. [*Peeping out of the closet.*] Bless me ! What voice is this ?

Viz. ' Our hungry appetites, like the wild beasts of ' prey, now scour about to gorge their craving maws ;' the

the pleasure of hypocrisy, like a chained lion; once broke loose, wildly indulges its new freedom, ranging through all unbounded joys.

Smug. My nephew's voice, and certainly possessed with an evil spirit; he talks as prophanely as an actor possessed with a poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a voice, Madam,—my life, my happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a woman too: I'll try him. Where have you left your sanctity, Mr. Vizard?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful subject—I left it where it has only business, with day-light; 'tis needless to wear a mask in the dark.

Smug. Oh, the rogue, the rogue!—The world takes you for a very sober, virtuous gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds security to all my pleasure. With me a cully-squire may squander his estate, and ne'er be thought a spendthrift—With me a holy elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful noise in sack, to make it hold forth clearer—But what is most my praise, the formal rigid she, that rails at vice and men, with me secures her loosest pleasures, and her strictest honour—she who with scornful mien, and virtuous pride, disdains the name of whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded world.

Smug. How have I been deceived!—Then you are very great among the ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a mole in the earth I dig deep, but invisible; not like those fluttering noisy sinners, whose pleasure is the proclamation of their faults; those empty flashes, who no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the world. But come, Madam, you delay our pleasures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady Lurewell—she has made him an appointment too—but I'll be revenged of both.—Well, Sir, what are those you are so intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well—those who stand so high, that the vulgar envy even their crimes, whose figure adds privilege to their sin, and makes it pass unquestioned: fair, high, pampered females,

' makes, whose speaking eyes, and piercing voice, would arm the statue of a stoic, and animate his cold marble with the soul of an epicure, all ravishing, lovely, soft and kind, like you.'

Smug. ' I'm very lovely and soft indeed ! You shall find me much harder than you imagine, friend.'—— Well, Sir, but I suppose your dissimulation has some other motive besides pleasure ?

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest motive in the world, interest—You must know, Madam, that I have an old uncle, Alderman Smuggler; you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old rogue, that ever died of the gout.

Smug. Ah, the young son of a whore ! Well, Sir, and what of him ?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched souls, than he for ill-got pelf : and yet, (what's wonderful) he that would stick at no profitable villainy himself, loves holiness in another. ' He prays all Sundays for the sins of the week past ; he spends all dinner-time in two tedious graces, and what he designs a blessing to the meat, proves a curse to his family ; he's the most——'

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging estate, which I design to purchase as a saint, and spend like a gentleman. He got it by cheating, and should lose it by deceit. By the pretence of my zeal and sobriety, I'll cozen the old miser, one of these days, out of a settlement and deed of conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a deed to convey you to the gallows, then, ye young dog. [*Aside.*

Viz. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his grave with a coach and six, to inform his covetous ghost how genteely I spend his money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, boy ; for I'll have my money buried with me. [*Aside.*

Viz. Bless me, Madam ! here's a light coming this way. I must fly immediately——When shall I see you, Madam ?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my dear.

Viz.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I would not be seen for the world. I would sooner forfeit my life, nay, my pleasure, than my reputation. *[Exit.]*

Smug. Reputation, reputation! That poor word suffers a great deal—Well, thou art the most accomplished hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding face over a dish of coffee and a pipe of tobacco. He owes me for seven years maintenance, and shall pay me by seven years imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him the fee-simple of a rope and a shilling—Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some mischief—I wish that I were safe within the city liberties—I'll hide myself. *[Stands close.]*

Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say there are two spoons wanting, and I'll search the whole house. Two spoons will be no small gap in my quarter's wages.

Serv. When did you miss them, James?

But. Miss them! why, I miss them now—In short, they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the cunning man to-morrow morning—My spoons I want, and my spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, search about.

[Search and discover Smuggler.]

Put. Hark'e, good woman, what makes you hide yourself? What are you ashamed of?

Smug. Ashamed of! Oh, lord, Sir, I'm an honest old woman, that never was ashamed of any thing!

But. What, are you a midwife, then? Speak, did not you see a couple of stray spoons in your travels?

Smug. Stray spoons!

But. Ay, ay, stray spoons! In short, you stole them, and I'll shake your old limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me! a reverend elder of seventy years old accused for petty larceny!—Why, search me, good people, search me; and if you find any spoons about me, you shall burn me for a witch.

But. Ay we will search you, mistress.

[They search, and pull the spoons out of his pocket.]

Smug. Oh, the devil, the devil!

But.

But. Where, where is he? Lord bless us! she is a witch in good earnest, may be.

Smug. Oh, it was some devil, some Covent-Garden, or St. James's devil, that put them in my pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hanged for a thief, burned for a witch and then carted for a bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady Lurewell's nurse.

Lure. What noise is this?

But. Here is an old succubus, Madam, that has stole two silver spoons, and says she is your nurse.

Lure. My nurse! Oh, the impudent old jade! I never saw the withered creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught—Oh, Madam, Madam, don't you know me? Don't you remember buns and guinea?

Lure. Was ever such impudence!—I know thee!—Why, thou'rt as brazen as a bawd in the side-box. Take her before a justice, and then to Newgate; away!

Smug. Oh, consider, Madam, that I'm an alderman!

Lure. Consider, Sir, that you're a compound of covetousness, hypocrisy, and knavery, and must be punished accordingly. You must be in petticoats, gouty monster! must ye? You must buns and guinea too; you must tempt a lady's honour, old satyr! Away with him!

[Hurry him off.]

Still may our sex thus frauds of men oppose,

Still may our arts delude these tempting foes.

May honour rule, and never fall betray'd,

But vice be caught in nets for virtue laid.

[Exit.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, Lady Darling's House.

Darling and Angelica.

DARLING.

DAUGHTER, since you have to deal with a man of so peculiar a temper, you must not think the general arts of love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a courtier some encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your modesty.

An. I am sensible, Madam, that a formal nicety makes our modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a chain to enslave, than a bracelet to adorn us; it should shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a dove, but strong and vigorous as a falcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's gaiety for dishonour.

An. Tho' modesty, Madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful enemies are abroad. I must confess, that, of all men's, I would not see Sir Harry Wildair's faults; nay, I could wrest his most suspicious words a thousand ways, to make them look like honour. But, Madam, in spite of love, I must hate him, and curse those practices which taint our nobility, and rob all virtuous women of the bravest men——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, Angelica; for I'm satisfied Sir Harry's designs are only to court and marry you.

An. His pretence, perhaps, was such; 'but women now, like enemies are attacked; whether by treachery, or fairly conquered, the glory of the triumph is the same.' Pray, Madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his designs?

Darl. Means, child! Why, my cousin Vizard, who, I'm sure, is your sincere friend, sent him. He brought me this letter from my cousin.

[Gives her the letter, which she opens.]

An. Ha, Vizard!——then I'm abused in earnest——Would Sir Harry, by his instigation, fix a base affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungentle a crime——This letter shall trace the truth. [*Aside.*]——My suspi-

cious

cions, Madam, are much cleared; and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my management, when next I see Sir Harry.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a gentleman below, calls himself Wildair.

Dar. Conduct him up. [*Ex. Ser.*] Daughter, I won't doubt your discretion. [*Exit Dar.*]

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Oh, the delights of love and Burgundy!—Madam, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen bumpers successively, and swallowed Cupids like loches to every glass.

An. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why, then, Madam, the wine has got into my head, and the Cupids into my heart; and unless, by quenching quick my flame, you kindly ease the smart, I'm a lost man, Madam.

An. Drunkenness, Sir Harry, is the worst pretence a gentleman can make for rudeness; for the excuse is as scandalous as the fault. Therefore, pray, consider who you are so free with, Sir; a woman of condition, that can call half a dozen footmen upon occasion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a blanket, half a dozen chamber-maids would do better service. Come, come, Madam; tho' the wine makes me lisp, yet it has taught me to speak plainer. By all the dust of my ancient progenitors, I must this night rest in your arms.

An. Nay, then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.*] Take hold of that madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then, Burgundy's the word; slaughter will ensue. Hold—Do you know, scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious Burgundy? [*Draws.*]

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the impudence, rascals, to assault a gentleman with a couple of flasks of courage in his head?

Servants. We must do as our young mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, dogs! [*Throws money among them; they scramble and take it up; he pelting them out, shuts the door, and returns.*]

Rascals, poltroons!——I have charmed the dragon, and now the fruit's my own.

An. Oh, the mercenary wretches! This was a plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole army to flight; and now I'll take the general prisoner. [*Laying bold on her.*]

An. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred name of honour, by your dead father's name, and the fair reputation of your mother's chastity, that you offer not the least offence. Already you have wrong'd me past redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable creature——

An. What madness, Sir Harry, what wild dream of loose desire could prompt you to attempt this baseness? View me well——the brightness of my mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your mistake in my behaviour. 'I think it shines with so much innocence in my face, that it should dazzle all your vicious thoughts. Think not I am defenceless, because alone. Your very self is guard against yourself: I'm sure there's something generous in your soul; my words shall search it out, and eyes shall fire it for my own defence.'

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, tidum, tal ti didi didum. A million to one now, but this girl is just come flush from reading the Rival Queens——'Egad, I'll at her in her own cant——Oh, my Statira! Oh, my angry dear, turn thy eyes on me! behold thy beau in buskins.

An. Behold me, Sir; view me with a sober thought, free from those fumes of wine that throw a mist before your sight, and you shall find that every glance from my reproaching eyes is arm'd with sharp resentment, and with a virtuous pride that looks dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first whore in heroics that I have met with. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender particular of your virtue, we shan't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any woman in England, if you please; you may say your prayers all the time. But, pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider, what is this same virtue that you make such a mighty noise about——'Can your virtue bespeak you a front row in the boxes? No; for the players can't live upon virtue.' Can your virtue keep you a coach and six? No, no; your virtuous women walk

walk on foot. 'Can your virtue hire you a pew in the church? Why, the very sexton will tell you, No.' Can your virtue stake for you at picquet? No. Then what business has a woman with virtue? Come, come, Madam, I offered you fifty guineas; there's a hundred—The devil! virtuous still!—Why, it is a hundred, five score, a hundred guineas.

An. Oh, indignation! Were I a man, you durst not use me thus. But the mean, poor abuse you throw on me, reflects upon yourself: our sex still strikes an awe upon the brave, and only cowards dare affront a woman.

Wild. Affront! 'Sdeath, Madam, a hundred guineas will set you up a bank at basset; a hundred guineas will furnish out your lodging with china; a hundred guineas will give you an air of quality; a hundred guineas will buy you a rich escritoire for your billet-doux, 'or a fine 'Common-Prayer-Book for your virtue;' a hundred guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine ladies, and fine ladies are for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen are——'Egad, this Burgundy makes a man speak like an angel—Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

An. I'll use it as I would the base unworthy giver, thus—— [*Throws down the purse, and stamps upon it.*]

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in state affairs; but these women will make me a parliament-man in spite of my teeth, on purpose to bring in a bill against their extortion. She tramples under foot that deity which all the world adores—Oh, the blooming pride of beautiful eighteen!—Pshaw! I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my market with the old gentlewoman; she knows business better—[*Goes to the door.*] Here, you, friend; pray, desire the old lady to walk in—Hark'e, 'egad, Madam, I'll tell your mother.

Enter Lady Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam!—Hark'e, will you take it?—Why, faith, Madam—Take the money, I say, or, 'egad, all's out.

An. All shall out—Sir, you're a scandal to the name of gentleman.

Wild. With all my heart, Madam——In short, Madam, your daughter has used me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a woman of quality.

Dar. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offered her a hundred guineas.

Dar. A hundred guineas! Upon what score?

Wild. Upon what score! Lord, Lord, how these old women love to hear bawdy!——Why, faith, Madam, I have never a *double entendre* ready at present; but I'll sing you a song.

Behold the goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a man of my inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take 'em, believe me, tall al de rall
If you will give me your tall al de rall.

A modish minuet, Madam, that's all.

Dar. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain terms——Then, Madam, in downright English, I offered your daughter a hundred guineas to——

An. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive tongue, too loose for modest ears to hear——Madam, I did before suspect that his designs were base, now they're too plain; this knight, this mighty man of wit and humour, is made a tool to a knave——Vizard has sent him on a bully's errand, to affront a woman; but I scorn the abuse, and him that offered it.

Dar. How, Sir! come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your daughter there, is Mr. Vizard's——cousin, I suppose. And for you, Madam——Now to call her procuress *à-la-mode de France*.
[*Aside.*]——*J'estime votre occupation.*

Dar. Pray, Sir, speak English.

Wild. Then to define her office *à-la-mode de Londres*.

[*Aside.*]——I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet old gentlewomen, who keep their visiting days for the entertainment of their presenting friends, whom they treat with imperial tea, a private room, and a pack of cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Dar.

Darl. This is beyond sufferance! But say, thou abusive man, what injury have you ever receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous aspersions?

An. Yes, Sir, what cause, what motives could induce you thus to debase yourself below your rank?

Wild. Hey day! Now, dear Roxana, and you, my fair Statira, be not so very heroic in your styles; Vizard's letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent questions you have made me.

Both women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the contents were pretty plain, I thought.

An. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [Opening the letter.] But hold, Madam, [To *Darl.*] before I read I'll make some condition:—Mr Vizard says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 pieces. Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another cypher to the account, and made it 3 or 4 hundred, 'egad I will not stand to't.

An. Now, I can't tell whether disdain or anger be the most just resentment for this injury.

Darl. The letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then [*Reads.*] "Out of my earnest inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my cousin Angelica—" Ay, ay, the very words, I can say it 'by heart. "I have sent Sir Harry Wildair to—" What the devil's this? "Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my cousin!" He read to me quite a different thing. "He's a gentlemen of great parts and fortune—" He's a son of a whore and a rascal. "And would make your daughter very happy [*whistles.*] in a husband." [*Looks foolish, and hums a song.*] Oh, poor Sir Harry! what have thy angry stars design'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no instigation to redress our wrongs, since even the injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our blood for many generations has run in the purest channel of un sullied honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam. [*Bows to her.*]

Ang. Consider what a tender flower is woman's reputation, which the least air of foul detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. [*Bows to the other.*]

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [Bows again.]

Aug. Remember the base price you offered me. [Exit.]

Wild. Very true, Madam. Was ever man so catechized?

Darl. Then think that Vizard, villain Vizard, caused all this, yet lives: That's all; farewell.

Wild. Stay, Madam, [To *Darl.*] one word; is there no other way to redress your wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the business I entertained you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [Exit *Darl.*] Here am I brought to a very pretty dilemma, I must commit murder, or commit matrimony; which is the best now? A licence from Doctors Commons, or a sentence from the Old Bailey? If I kill my man, the law hangs me; if I marry my woman, I shall hang myself.—But, damn it,—cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the most daring action of the two: So my dear cousin Angelica, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate.* Clincher senior *solus.*

Clin. How severe and melancholy are Newgate reflections! Last week my father died; yesterday I turned beau; to-day I am laid by the heels, and to-morrow shall be hung by the neck.—I was agreeing with a book-feller about printing an account of my journey through France and Italy; but now the history of my travels must be through Holborn to Tyburn.—“The last and dying speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee—Come, a half-penny a-piece.” A sad sound, a sad sound, faith! 'Tis one way to have a man's death make a great noise in the world.

Enter Smuggler and Gaoler.

‘*Smug.* Well, friend, I have told you who I am: so send these letters into Thames-street, as directed; they are to gentlemen that will bail me. [Exit *Gaoler.*]
‘*Eh!* this Newgate is a very populous place: here's robbery and repentance in every corner.—Well, friend, what are you? a cut-throat or a bum-bailiff?

‘*Clin.* What are you, mistress, a bawd or a witch?

‘*Harkce*

' Harkee, if you are a witch, d'ye see, I'll give you a hundred pounds to mount me on a broom-staff, and whip me away to the Jubilee.

' *Smug.* The Jubilee! O, you young rake-hell, what brought you here?

' *Clin.* Ah, you old rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

' *Smug.* I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your prinking, your dancing, and your frinking, would come to.

' *Clin.* And I knew what your cozening, your extortion, and your smuggling would come to.

' *Smug.* Ay, Sir, you must break your indentures, and run to the devil in a full bottom wig, must you?

' *Clin.* Ay, Sir, and you must put off your gravity, and run to the devil in petticoats:—You design to swing in masquerade, master, d'ye?

' *Smug.* Ay, you must go to the plays too, firrah: Lord, lord! what business has a 'prentice at a play-house, unless it be to hear his master made a cuckold, and his mistress a whore? It is ten to one now, but some malicious poet has my character upon the stage within this month: 'tis a hard matter now, that an honest sober man cannot sin in private for this plaguy stage. I gave an honest gentleman five guineas myself towards writing a book against it; and it has done no good, we see.

' *Clin.* Well, well, master, take courage! our comfort is, we have lived together, and shall die together, only with this difference, that I have lived like a fool, and shall die like a knave; and you have lived like a knave, and shall die like a fool.

' *Smug.* No, firrah! I have sent a messenger for my cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your jury by and by.—Go to prayers, you rogue, to prayers.

[*Exit Smug.*]

' *Clin.* Prayers! it is a hard taking when a man must say grace to the gallows:—Ah, this cursed intriguing! Had I swung handsomely in a fiften garter now, I had died in my duty; but to hang in hemp, like the vulgar, it is very ungenteel.'

Enter

Enter Tom Errand.

A reprieve ! a reprieve ! thou dear, dear——damned rogue. Where have you been ? Thou art the most welcome,——son of a whore ; where's my cloaths ?

Err. Sir, I see where mine are. Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a gentleman ?

Err. A gentleman ! ha, ha, ha ! d'ye know where you are, Sir ? We're all gentlemen here. I stand up for liberty and property. Newgate's a commonwealth. No courtier has business among us. Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, stay, till I send for my own cloaths : I shall get out presently.

Err. No, no, Sir, I'll ha' you into the dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you cannot master me, for I am twenty thousand strong. [*Exeunt struggling.*]

SCENE changes to Lady Darling's house.

Enter Wildair with letters, Servants following.

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed ; you to Westminster, you to St. James's, and you into the city. Tell all my friends, a bridegroom's joy invites their presence. Look all of ye like bridegrooms also : all appear with hospitable looks, and bear a welcome in your faces. Tell them I am married. If any ask to whom, make no reply ; but tell them that I'm married, that joy shall crown the day, and love the night. Be-gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand welcomes, friend ; my pleasure's now complete, since I can share it with my friend : brisk joy shall bound from me to you ; then back again ; and, like the sun, grow warmer by reflection.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir Harry ; but this transcends yourself : whence proceeds it ?

Wild. Canst thou not guess, my friend ? Whence flows all earthly joy ? What is the life of man, and soul of pleasure ? Woman——What fires the heart with transport, and the soul with raptures ? Lovely woman——What is the master-stroke and smile of the creation, but charming virtuous woman ?---When Nature in the general

ral composition first brought woman forth, like a flust'd poet, ravish'd with his fancy, with ecstasy it blest the fair production! Methinks, my friend, you relish not my joy. What is the cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess? What is the bane of man, and scourge of life, but woman? What is the heathenish idol man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping? Treacherous woman. 'What are those, whose eyes, like basilisks, shine beautiful for sure destruction, whose smiles are dangerous as the grin of fiends, but false, deluding woman?' Woman, whose composition inverts humanity; their bodies heavenly, but their souls are clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much; I know your wrongs received from Lurewell may excuse your resentments against her. But it is unpardonable to charge the failings of a single woman upon the whole sex. I have found one, whose virtues ———

Stand. So have I, Sir Harry; I have found one whose pride's above yielding to a prince. And if lying, dissembling, perjury, and falshood, be no breaches in a woman's honour, she is as innocent as infancy.

Mild. Well, Colonel, I find your opinion grows stronger by opposition; I shall now, therefore, wave the argument, and only beg you for this day to make a shew of complaisance at least. — Here comes my charming bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. [*saluting Angelica.*] I wish you, Madam, all the joys of love and fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and ladies, I'm just upon the spur, and have only a minute to take my leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I am going to the Jubilee, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, cousin! how came you by these cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! ha, ha, ha! the rarest jest! ha, ha, ha! I shall burst, by Jupiter Ammon, I shall burst!

Darl. What's the matter, cousin?

Clin. The matter! ha, ha, ha! Why an honest porter, ha, ha, ha! has knock'd out my brother's brains, ha, ha, ha!

Wild.

Wild. A very good jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha!

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the jest of all is, he knock'd out his brains with a hammer, and so he is as dead as a door-nail, ha, ha, ha!

Darl. And do you laugh, wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha! let me see e'er a younger brother in England that won't laugh at such a jest.

An. You appeared a very sober pious gentleman some hours ago.

Clin. Pshaw, I was a fool then: but now, Madam, I'm a wit; I can rake now. As for your part, Madam, you might have had me once! But now, Madam, if you should fall to eating chalk, or gnawing the sheets, it is none of my fault. Now, Madam—I have got an estate, and I must go to the Jubilee.

Enter Clincher senior in a blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, rogue, must ye? You will go to the Jubilee, will you?

Clin. jun. A ghost, a ghost! Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A ghost! No, no, firrah, I'm an elder brother, rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in law.

Clin. sen. Why so, firrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a fellow to swear he knock'd out your brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a man out of his life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, gentlemen, he has a deadly scent about him.

Clin. sen. Truly the apprehensions of death may have made me favour a little. O, lord! the Colonel! The apprehension of him may make the favour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you a ghost, or brother, or devil, I will go to the Jubilee, by Jupiter Ammon,

Stand. Go to the Jubilee, go to the bear-garden,—
 'The travel of such fools as you doubly injures our
 'country; you expose our native follies, which ridicule
 'us among strangers, and return fraught only with their
 'vices, which you vend here for fashionable gallantry;
 'a travelling fool is as dangerous as a home-bred villain.'

Get

Get you to your native plough and cart, converse with animals like yourselves, sheep and oxen ; men are creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their folly will be now diverting. Come, gentlemen, we'll dispute this point some other time ; ' I hear some fiddles tuning, let's hear ' how they can entertain us.'

[*A servant enters and whispers Wildair.*]

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the company in the next room for a moment. [*To Darl.*]

Darl. With all my heart——Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Wildair.*]

Wild. A lady to enquire for me ! Who can this be ?

Enter Lurewell.

Oh ! Madam, this favour is beyond my expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my wedding.——What d'y'e gaze at, Madam ?

Lure. A monster—if thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd wretch that e'er avouch'd deceit.

Wild. Hey day ! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you : I made indeed a slight promise, upon condition of your granting me a small favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my shame. Can you deny your binding vows when this appears a witness against your falshood. [*Shews a ring.*] Methinks the motto of this sacred pledge should flash confusion in your guilty face——Read, read here the binding words of love and honour,—words not unknown to your perfidious tongue, tho' utter strangers to your treacherous heart.

Wild. The woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my misery when past redress : to let me know you, only to know you false ? Had not cursed chance shew'd me the surprizing motto, I had been happy——The first knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the devil is all this ! Madam, I'm not at leisure for raillery at present, I have weighty affairs upon my hands ; the business of pleasure, Madam ; any other time——

[*Going.*]

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Wild. Faith, I can't, my bride expects me ; but hark'e,
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when the honey-moon is over, about a month or two hence, I may do you a small favour. *[Exit.]*

Lure. Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst. Woman's weakness, man's falshood, my own shame, and love's disdain, at once swell up my breast—Words, words, or I shall burst. *[Going.]*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my sight; for if you are perfect woman, you have confidence to out-face a crime, and bear the charge of guilt without a blush.

Lure. The charge of guilt! What, making a fool of you? I've done it, and glory in the act; 'the height of female justice were to make you all hang or drown;' dissembling to the prejudice of men is virtue; and every look, or sign, or smile, or tear that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty principles truly. If there be truth in woman, 'tis now in thee. Come, Madam, you know that you're discovered, and being sensible that you cannot escape, you would now turn to bay. That ring, Madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O, monster, villain, perfidious villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O, name it not—Yet, speak it out, 'tis so just a punishment for putting faith in man, that I will bear it all; 'and let credulous maids, that trust their honour to the tongues of men, thus bear the shame proclaim'd.' Speak now, what his busy scandal, and your improving malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your falshood can't be reach'd by malice nor by satire; your actions are the justest libel on your fame; your words, your looks, your tears, I did believe in spite of common fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own eyes, I still maintained your truth. I imagin'd Wildair's boasting of your favours to be the pure result of his own vanity: at last he urg'd your taking presents of him, as a convincing proof of which, you yesterday from him received that ring, which ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lure. Ha! you lent it him for that purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent it him for that purpose——no denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just owner.

Lure. The just owner! Think, Sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it; if you have love and honour in your soul, 'tis then most justly yours; if not, you are a robber, and have stolen it basely.

Stand. Ha!—your words, like meeting flints, have struck a light to shew me something strange—But tell me instantly, is not your real name Manly?

Lure. Answer me first; did not you receive this ring about twelve years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertained two nights at the house of Sir Oliver Manly in Oxfordshire?

Stand. I was, I was: [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*] The blest remembrance fires my soul with transport——I know the rest—you are the charming sire, and I the happy man.

Lure. How has blind fortune stumbled on the right! But where have you wandered since?—'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The particulars of my fortune are too tedious now: but to discharge myself from the stain of dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the university, my elder brother and I quarrelled: my father, to prevent farther mischief, posts me away to travel: I writ to you from London, but fear the letter came not to your hands.

Lure. I never had the least account of you by letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three years I liv'd abroad, and at my return found you were gone out of the kingdom, though none could tell me whither: missing you thus, I went to Flanders, served my King till the peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on board at Amsterdam, one ship transported us both to England. At the first sight I lov'd, though ignorant of the hidden cause—You may remember, Madam, that talking once of marriage, I told you I was engaged; to your dear self I meant.

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Lure.

Lure. Then men are still most generous and brave—and to reward your truth, an estate of three thousand pounds a year waits your acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past conduct, ‘and the reasons that engaged me to deceive all men,’ I shall expect the honourable performance of your promise, and that you will stay with me in England.

Stand. Stay! nor fame, nor glory, e’er shall part us more. ‘My honour can be no where more concerned than here.’

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers.

Oh! Sir Harry, Fortune has acted miracles to-day; the story’s strange and tedious, but all amounts to this, that woman’s mind is charming as her person, and I am made a convert too to beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my pleasure perfect. ‘And now, Madam, we may dance and sing, and love and kiss in good earnest.’

‘A dance here. After the dance,’ enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, gentlemen and ladies, I’m glad to find you so merry; is my gracious nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his face among such honourable company, for your gracious nephew is——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my heart. I’ll pardon you the beating me for that very word. And pray, Sir Harry, when you see him next, tell him this news from me, that I have disinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded quarter-master. And this is the positive and stiff resolution of threescore and ten; an age that sticks as obstinately to its purpose, as to the old fashion of its cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*To Angel.*] how industriously Fortune has punished his offence to you.

An. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an offence, considering the happy consequence of it.

Smug. Oh, Sir Harry, he is as hypocritical——

Lure. As yourself, Mr. Alderman. How fares my good old nurie, pray Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your writings and money; that I have in my hands.

Exit.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this pocket-book?

Smug. O lord, it contains an account of all my secret practices in trading. [*Aside.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir Harry here dusted it out of your pocket at this lady's house yesterday; It contains an account of some secret practices in your merchandize among the rest, the counterpart of an agreement with a correspondent at Bourdeaux, about transporting French wine in Spanish casks—First return this lady all her writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your proceedings before the parliament or not, whose justice will never suffer your smuggling to go unpunished.

Smug. Oh, my poor ship and cargo!

Clin. sen. Hark'e, master, you had as good come along with me to the Jubilee now.

An. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a woman advise: 'Would you be thought an honest man,' banish covetousness, that worst gout of age: avarice is a poor pilfering quality of the soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a thief would steal. Would you be thought a reformer of the times, be less severe in your censures, less rigid in your precepts, and more strict in your example.

Wild. Right, Madam, virtue flows freer from imitation, than compulsion; of which, Colonel, your conversion and mine are just examples.

In vain are musty morals taught in schools,
By rigid teachers, and as rigid rules,
Where virtue with a frowning aspect stands,
And frights the pupil from its rough commands.
But woman——

Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precept for the teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKES

NOW all depart, each his respective way,
To spend an evening's chat upon the play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one with loving She, retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous pair in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the play in Number Three.
The tearing spark, if Phyllis ought gainsays,
Breaks the drawer's head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To coffee some retreat to save their pockets,
Others, more generous, damn the play at Locket's;
But there, I hope, the author's fears are vain,
Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champaign.
That poet merits an ignoble death,
Who fears to fall over a byawne Manteth.
The privilege of wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the flask.
Our author fears not you; but those be may,
Who in cold blood murder a man in tea.
Those men of spleen, who fond the world should know it,
Sit down, and for their twopence damn a poet.
Their criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a play—too well to pay for't.
From box to stage, from stage to box they run,
First steal the play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what fate may us betide,
Among our friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.
But those I think, have but one rule for plays;
They'll say they're good, if so the world but says.
If it should please them, and their spouses know it,
They strait enquire what kind of man's the poet.

But

E P I L O G U E.

*But from side-box we dread a fearful doom,
All the good-natur'd beaux are gone to Rome.
The ladies' censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a line or two t' engage their vote :
But that way's odd, below our author's aim,
No less than his whole play is compliment to them.
For their sakes, then, the play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' critics may want wit, they have good breeding ;
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the ladies' graces,
By shewing their ill-nature to their faces ;
Our business with good manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*





J. Roberts del.

Engraved by J. Smith for J. Smith & Co. 1777.

J. Smith & Co. 1777.

M^r GREVILLE, in the Character of SIR HARRY WILDAIR.
Fifteen hundred & twenty Louis-d'ors! — Tall de rall,
look ye Gentlemen, any Body may dance to this tune.

2
BELL'S EDITION.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

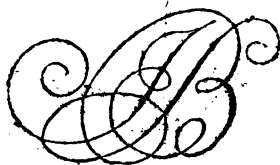
BEING THE SEQUEL OF THE
TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

A COMEDY,
As written by Mr. FARQUHAR.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



L O N D O N.

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXVII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF

ALBEMARLE, &c.

KNIGHT OF THE

MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

MY pen is both a novice in poetry, and a stranger at court, and can no more raise itself to the stile of panegyric, that it can stoop to the art of flattery; but if in the plain and simple habit of truth it may presume to mix with that crowd of followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's favour, please to behold a stranger, with this difference, that he pays more homage to your worth, than adoration to your greatness.

This distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and metaphysical to the world, who know your Lordship's merit and place to be inseparable, that they can only differ as the cause from the effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond dispute, as that your royal master, who has made the noble choice, is the most wise, and most discerning prince in the universe.

To present the world with a lively draught of your Lordship's perfections, I should enumerate the judgment, conduct, piety and courage of our great and gracious king, who can only place his favours on those shining qualifications, for which his Majesty is so eminently remarkable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the business of a voluminous history, and your Lordship's character must attend the fame of your great master in the memoirs of futurity, as your faithful service has hitherto accompanied the noble actions of his life.

A 2

The

The greatest princes, in all ages, have had their friends and favourites, with them to communicate and debate their thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their judgment; or sometimes to ease their cares by imparting them. The great Augustus, we read, in his project of settling the unwieldy Roman conquests on a fixed basis of government, had the design laid, not in his council, but his closet; there we find him with his two friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, his favourite friends, persons of sound judgment, and unquestionable fidelity; there the great question is freely and reasonably debated, without the noise of faction, and constraint of formality; and there was laid that prodigious scheme of government, that soon recovered their bleeding country, healed the wounds of the civil war, blessed the empire with a lasting peace, and styled its monarch *pater patriæ*.

The parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our Cæsar too, no less renowned than the forementioned Augustus; he first asserted our liberties at home against popery and thralldom, headed our armies abroad with bravery and success, gave peace to Europe, and security to our religion. And you, my Lord, are his Mæcenas, the private counsellor to those great transactions which have made England so formidable to its enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular wisdom and circumspection of your Lordship's conduct, that you so firmly retain the favour of your master without the envy of the subject; your moderation and even deportment between both, has secured to your Lordship the ear of the king, and the heart of the people; the nation has voted you their good angel in all suits and petitions to their prince, and their success fills the three kingdoms with daily praises of your Lordship's goodness, and his Majesty's grace and clemency.

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good actions of your Lordship's high and happy station, the encouragement of arts and literature may not be solely excluded from the influence of your favour. The polite Mæcenas, whom I presumed to make a parallel to your Lordship in the favour of his prince, had his Virgil and his Horace, and his time was
mostly

mostlly divided between the emperor and the poet ; he so managed his stake of royal favour, that as Augustus made him great, so the Muses fixed him immortal ; and Maro's excellency, my Lord, will appear the less wonder, when we consider that his pen was so cherished with bounty, and inspired with gratitude.

But I can lay no claim to the merits of so great a person for my access to your Lordship ; I have only this to recommend me without art void of rhetoric, that I am a true lover of my king, and pay an unfeigned veneration to all those who are his trusty servants, and faithful ministers ; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all due submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

Most obedient humble servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



P R O L O G U E.

OUR authors have, in most their late essays,
 Prologu'd their own, by damning other plays;
 Made great baroignes to teach you what was fit
 To pass for humour, and go down for wit.
 Athenian rules must form an English piece.
 And Drury-Lane comply with ancient Greece.
 Exactness only, such as Terence writ,
 Must please our masqu'd Lucretias in the pit.
 Our youthsul author swears he cares not a pin
 For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin:
 He leaves to learned pens such labour'd lays;
 You are the rules by which he writes his plays.
 From musty books let others take their view,
 He bates dull reading, but he studies you.
 First, from you beaux, his lesson is formality;
 And in your footmen there—most nice morality;
 To pleasure them his Pegasus must fly,
 Because they judge—and lodge—three stories high.
 From the front-boxes he has pick'd his stile,
 And learns, without a blush, to make them smile;
 A lesson only taught us by the fair;
 A waggish action—but a modest air.
 Among his friends here in the pit, he reads
 Some rules that every modish writer needs.
 He learns from every Covent-Garden critic's face,
 The modern forms of action, time and place,
 The action he's asham'd to name—d'ye see,
 The time is seven, the place is number three.
 The masks he only reads by passant looks,
 He dares not venture far into their books.
 Thus then the pit and boxes are his schools,
 Your air, your humour, his dramatic rules.
 Let critics censure then, and hiss like snakes,
 He gains his ends, if his light fancy takes
 St. James's beaux, and Covent-Garden rakes.

DRA.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Sir Harry Wildair, —
Colonel Standard, —
Fireball, a sea Captain.
Monf. Marquis, a sharpening refugee.
Beau Banter.
Beau Clincher, turned politician,
Dicky, Servant to Wildair,
Shark, Servant to Fireball.
Ghost.
Lord Bellamy.

Drury-Lane.

Mrs. Greville.
Mr. Bentley.

Mr. King.
Mr. Waldron.

W O M E N.

Angelica, — —
Parly, — —
Lady Lurewell, —

Miss Hopkins.
Mrs. Love.
Mrs. Baddeley.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *St. JAMES'S.*

S I R

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Park.**Enter Standard and Fireball meeting.*

STANDARD.

HA, brother Fireball! Welcome ashore—What, heart whole? Limbs firm, and frigate safe?*Fire.* All, all, as my fortune and friends could wish.*Stand.* And what news from the Baltic?*Fire.* Why, yonder are three or four young boys i'th' north, that have got globes and sceptres to play with—They fell to loggerheads about their play-things; the English came in like Robin Good-fellow, cry'd boh! and made them quiet.*Stand.* In the next place then, you're to congratulate my success—You have heard, I suppose, that I've married a fine lady with a great fortune.*Fire.* Ay, ay, 'twas my first news upon my landing, that Colonel Standard had married the fine Lady Lurewell—A fine lady indeed! a very fine lady!—But, faith, brother, I had rather turn skipper to an Indian canoe, than manage the vessel you're master of.*Stand.* Why so, Sir?*Fire.* Because she'll run adrift with every wind that blows: she's all sail and no ballast—Shall I tell you the character I have heard of a fine lady? A fine lady can laugh at the death of her husband, and cry for the loss of her lap-dog. A fine lady is angry without a cause, and pleas'd without a reason. A fine lady has the vapours all the morning, and the cholic all the afternoon. The pride of a fine lady is above the merit of an understanding head; yet her vanity will stoop to the adoration of a peruke. And, in fine, a fine lady goes to church for fashion's sake, and

and to the basset-table with devotion ; and her passion for gaming exceeds her vanity of being thought virtuous, or the desire of acting the contrary——We seamen speak plain, brother.

Stand. You seamen are like your element, always tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine lady.

Fire. Say you so ? Why then give me thy hand, honest Frank, and let the world talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The world talk, say you ? What does the world talk ?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all ; they only say what's usual upon such occasions——That your wife's the greatest coquet about the court, and your worship the greatest cuckold about the city, that's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir ?

Fire. That she's a coquet, and you a cuckold,

Stand. She's an angel in herself, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an Eve in herself, and a devil to you.

Stand. She's all truth, and the world a liar.

Fire. Why, then——'Egad, brother, it shall be so——I'll back again to White's, and whoever dares mutter scandal of my brother and sister, I'll dash his ratissa in his face, and call him a liar.

[*Going.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir ; the world is too strong for us. Were scandal and detraction to be thoroughly revenged, we must murder all the beaux, and poison half the ladies. Those that have nothing else to say, must tell stories ; fools over Burgundy, and ladies over tea, must have something that's sharp to relish their liquor ; malice is the piquant sauce of such conversation, and without it their entertainment would prove mighty insipid. Now, brother, why should we pretend to quarrel with all mankind ?

Fire. Because all mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worst reason in the world. Would you pretend to devour a lion, because a lion would devour you ?

Fire. Yes, if I could.

Stand. Ay, that's right ; if you could ! But since you have neither teeth nor paws for such an encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir ! but I say, that whoever abuses my brother's

brother's wife, tho' at the back of the king's chair, he's a villain.

Stand. No, no, brother, that's a contradiction ; there's no such thing as villainy at court.—Indeed, if the practice of courts were found in a single person, he might be stiled villain with a vengeance ; but number and power authorises every thing, and turns the villain upon their accusers. In short, Sir, every man's morals, like his religion now-a-days, pleads liberty of conscience ; every man's conscience is his convenience, and we know no convenience but preferment.—As for instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an officer for his courage, when that's the condition of his pay ? And who can be so ill-natured as to blame a courtier for espousing that which is the very tenure of his livelihood ?

Fire. A very good argument in a very damnable cause. But, Sir, my business is not with the court, but with you : I desire you, Sir, to open your eyes ; at least, be pleased to lend an ear to what I heard just now at the Chocolate-house.

Stand. Brother——

Fire. Well, Sir——

Stand. Did the scandal please you when you heard it ?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why should you think it should please me ? Be not more uncharitable to your friends than to yourself, sweet Sir. If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concerned.

Fire. But would you not be glad to know your enemies ?

Stand. Pshaw ! if they abused me they are my friends, my intimate friends, my table company, and bottle companions.

Fire. Why, then, brother, the devil take all your acquaintance. You were so rally'd, so torn !—there was a hundred ranks of sneering white teeth drawn upon your misfortunes at once, which so mangled your wife's reputation, that she can never patch up her honour while she lives.

Stand. And their teeth were very white, you say ?

Fire. Very white ! Blood, Sir, I say they mangled your wife's reputation !

11 SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Stand. And I say, that if they touch my wife's reputation with nothing but their teeth, her honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a syllable. Listening after slander is laying nets for serpents; which, when you have caught, will sting you to death. Let them spit their venom among themselves, and it hurts nobody.

Fire. Lord, lord, how cuckoldom and contentment go together! Fie, fie, Sir! consider you have been a soldier, dignified by a noble post; distinguished by brave actions, an honour to your nation, and a terror to your enemies—Hell! that a man who has stormed Namur should become the jest of a coffee-table. The whole house was clearly taken up with the two important questions, whether the Colonel was a cuckold, or Kid a pirate?

Stand. This I can't bear.

[*Aside.*

Fire. Ay, (says a sneering cockcomb) the Colonel has made his fortune with a witness; He has secured himself a good estate in this life, and a reversion in the world to come. Then (replies another) I presume he's obliged to your Lordship's bounty for the latter part of the settlement. There are others (says a third) that have played with my Lady Lurewell at piquet, besides my Lord; I have capotted her myself two or three times in an evening.

Stand. Oh, matrimonial patience, assist me!

Fire. Matrimonial patience! matrimonial pestilence! Shake off these drouzy chains, that fetter your resentments. If your wife has wronged ye, pack her off, and let her person be as public as her character: if she be honest, revenge her quarrel—I can stay no longer—This is my hour of attendance at the Navy-office; I'll come and dine with you; in the mean time, revenge! think on't.

[*Exit.*

Stand. How easy is it to give advice, and how difficult to observe it!—If your wife has wronged ye, pack her off—Ay, but how? The gospel drives the matrimonial nail, and the law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again would tear the work to pieces—That her intentions have wronged me, here's a young bawd can witness.

Enter Parly, running across the Stage.

Here, here, Mrs. Parly! Whither so fast?

Par.

Par. Oh, lord! my master!—Sir, I was running to Mademoiselle Furbelo, the French milliner, for a new Burgundy for my Lady's head.

Stand. No, child, you're employed about an old fashioned garniture for your master's head, if I mistake not your errand.

Par. Oh, Sir, there's the prettiest fashion lately come over! so airy, so French, and all that!—The pinnars are double ruffled with twelve plaits of a side, and open all from the face; the hair is frizzled all up round the head, and stands as stiff as a bodkin. Then the favourites hang loose upon the temples, with a languishing lock in the middle. Then the caul is extremely wide, and over all is a coronet raised very high, and all the lappets behind—I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, child; I must talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir; my Lady stays for me.

Stand. One question, first. What wages does my wife give you?

Par. Ten pounds a year, Sir, which, God knows, is little enough, considering how I slave from place to place upon her occasions. But then, Sir, my perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred pounds a year by her old cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred pounds a year of her old cloaths! What then must her new ones cost?—But what do you get by visiting gallants, and piquet?

Par. About a hundred pounds more.

Stand. A hundred pounds more!—Now who can expect to find a lady's woman honest, when she gets so much by being a jade?—What religion are you of, Mrs. Parly?

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your father?

Par. A mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Were you ever christened?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My parents were Anabaptists; they died before I was dipp'd; I then forsook their religion, and have got ne'er a new one since.

B

Stand.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the honour to know the worth of your extraction sooner, that I might have paid you the respect due to your quality.

Par. Sir, your humble servant.

Stand. Have you any principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your maidenhead?—*[She puts on her mask, and nods.]*—Do you love money?

Par. Yaw, Mynheer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in return: never to come near my house again. Begone, monster! fly—Hell and furies! never christened! her father a mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be so furious!—Never christened! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose. Turn me off! Sir, you shan't. Meddle with your fellows; 'tis my Lady's business to order her women.

Stand. Here's a young whore for you now! A sweet companion for my wife! Where there's such a hellish confidant, there must be damnable secrets—Begone, I say—My wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she shan't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away. Sir, I say she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you jade, why?

Par. Because I'm the mistress, not she.

Stand. You the mistress!

Par. Yes, I know all her secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What secrets do you know?

Par. Humph—Tell a wife's secrets to her husband!—Very pretty, faith!—Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a Jew: tho' I was never christened, I have more religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for affection or interest?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian lie, or a Pagan truth?

Stand. Come, truth for once.

Par. Why, then, interest, interest! I have a great soul; which nothing can gain, but a great bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a devil, thou art a very honest one.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR. 25

one—Give me thy hand, wench. Should not interest make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honest to you! Marry, for what? You gave me indeed two pitiful pieces—the day you were married, but not a stiver since. One gallant gives me ten guineas, another a watch, another a pair of pendants, a fourth a diamond ring; and my noble master gives me—his linen to mend.—Faugh!—I'll tell you a secret, Sir: flingings to servants makes more cuckolds, than ill-measure to wives.

Stand. And am I a cuckold, Parly?

Par. No, faith not yet: though in a very fair way of having the dignity conferred upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, girl, you shall be my pensioner; you shall have a glorious revenue; for every guinea that you get for keeping a secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: you shall find a husband once in your life out-do all your gallants in generosity. Take their money, child, take all their bribes: give them hopes, make them affections; serve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, she will be kept chaste, you will grow rich, and I shall preserve my honour.

Par. But what security shall I have for performance of articles?

Stand. Ready payment, child.

Par. Then give me earnest.

Stand. Five guineas.

[Giving her money.]

Par. Are they right? No Gray's-Inn pieces amongst them.—All right as my leg—Now, Sir, I'll give you an earnest of my service. Who d'ye think is come to town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old friend, Sir Harry Wildair.

Stand. Impossible!

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a year.—He appeared in the ring last night with such splendor and equipage, that he eclipsed the beaux, dazzled the ladies, and made your wife dream all night of six Flanders mares, seven French liveries, a wig like a cloak, and a hat like a shittlecock.

By 2

Stand.

Stand. What are a woman's promises and oaths?

Par. Wind, wind, Sir.

Stand. When I married her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding conduct, and for the future vowed herself a perfect pattern of conjugal fidelity.

Par. She might as safely swear, Sir, that this day se'nnight, at four o'clock, the wind will blow fair for Flanders. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our inclinations a whole week. Besides, Sir, my lady has got the knack of coquetting it; and when once a woman has got that in her head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An oracle, child. But now I must make the best of a bad bargain; and since I have got you on my side, I have some hopes, that by constant disappointment and crosses in her designs, I may at last tire her into good behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the condition of the articles being duly performed, I stand to the obligation; and will tell you farther, that by and by Sir Harry Wildair is to come to our house to cards, and that there is a design laid to cheat him of his money.

Stand. What company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old set at the basset table; my Lady Lovecards, and the usual company. They have made up a bank of fifteen hundred *louis d'ors* among them; the whole design lies upon Sir Harry's purse, and the French marquis, you know, constantly *tailles*.

Stand. Ay, the French marquis; that's one of your benefactors, Parly,—the persecution of Basset in Paris furnished us with that *refugée*, but the character of such a fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real sufferers for their religion.—But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes.—There's more earnest for you: be rich and faithful. [*Exit Standard.*]

Par. [*Sola.*] I am now not only woman to the Lady Lurewell, but steward to her husband, in my double capacity of knowing her secrets, and commanding his purse. A very pretty office in a family: for every guinea that I get for keeping a secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.—My comings-in, at this rate, will be worth a master

ffer in chancery's place, and many a poor Templer will be glad to marry me with half my fortune.

Enter Dicky, meeting her.

Dick. Here's a man much fitter for your purposes.

Par. Bless me! Mr. Dicky?

Dick. The very same in longitude and latitude! not a bit diminished, nor a hair's breadth increased.—Dear Mrs. Parly, give me a buss, for I'm almost starved.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why I ha'n't tasted a bit this year and half, woman. I have been wandering about all over the world, following my master, and come home to dear London but two days ago. Now the devil take me, if I had not rather kiss an English pair of pattens, than the finest lady in France.

Par. Then you're over-joyed to see London again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a consumption, till the sweet smoke of Cheapside, and the dear perfume of Fleet-ditch, made me a man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir Harry Wildair?

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome personable fellow, and well qualified for a livery, he took a fancy to my figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old master?

Dick. Oh, hang him, he was a blockhead, and I turned him off, I turned him away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the loss of your mistress, Sir Harry's Lady? They say, she was a very good woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest woman that ever the sun shined upon. I could almost weep when I think of her.

[Wiping his eyes.]

Par. How did she die, pray? I could never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a buss then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You shall have your wages when your work's done.

Dick. Well then—Courage!—Now for a doleful tale—You know that my master took a freak to go see that foolish Jubilee that made such a noise among us here; and no sooner said than done; away he went; he

took his five French servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor English puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.—Well so far so good—But scarce was my master's back turned, when my Lady fell to sighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in short fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that she plucked up her spirits at last, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a place called Montpelier in France; a goodly place truly. But Sir Harry was gone to Rome; there was our labour lost.—But, to be short, my poor Lady, with the tiresomeness of travelling, fell sick—and died.

Par. Poor woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worst of the story.—Those cursed barbarous devils, the French, would not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, she was a heretic woman, and they would not let her corps be put in their holy ground.—Oh! damn their holy ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honest Pagan, as I am, than such a Christian as one of these?—But how did you dispose the body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable gentlewoman that used to visit my Lady in her sickness: she contrived the matter so, that she had her buried in her own private chapel. This lady and myself carried her out upon our own shoulders, through a back-door at the hour of midnight, and laid her in a grave that I dug for her with my own hands; and if we had been caught by the priests, we had gone to the gallows without the benefit of clergy.

Par. Oh, the devil take them. But what did they mean by a heretic woman?

Dick. I don't know; some sort of Canibal, I believe. I know there are some Canibal women here in England, that come to the play-houses in masques; but let them have a care how they go to France; (for they are all heretics, I believe.) But I'm sure my good Lady was none of these.

Par. But how did Sir Harry bear the news?

Dick.

Dick. Why, you must know, that my Lady, after she was buried, sent me——

Par. How! after she was buried!

Dick. Pshaw! Why lord, mistress, you know what I mean; I went to Sir Harry all the way to Rome; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a monastery among a hundred and fifty nuns, playing at hot-cockles. He was surprized to see honest Dicky, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad story, he roared out a whole volley of English oaths upon the spot, and swore that he would set fire on the Pope's palace for the injury done to his wife. He then flew away to his chamber, locked himself up for three days; we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he called for his best linen, fine wig, gilt coach; and laughing very heartily, swore again he would be revenged, and bid them drive to the nunnery; and he was revenged to some purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, in a matter of five days he got six nuns with child, and left them to provide for their heretic bastards——Ah, plague on them, they hate a dead heretic, but they love a piping-hot warm heretic with all their hearts.——So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this rate through all the catholic countries that we passed, till we came home; and now, Mrs. Parly, I fancy he has some designs of revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who could have thought that a man of his light airy temper would have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: where's the bus you promised me, you jade?

Par. Follow me, you rogue.

[Runs off.]

Dick. Allons.

[Follows.]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *a Lady's Apartments.**Enter two Chambermaids.*

First CHAMBERMAID.

ARE all things set in order? The toilette fixed; the bottles and combs put in form, and the chocolate ready?

2d Cham. 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our lecture; I wish for my part that my time were out.

1st Cham. Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expired; and she's worse this morning than ever.—Here she comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how, how in the name of negligence could you two contrive to make a bed as mine was last night; a wrinkle on one side, and a rumple on t'other; the pillows awry, and the quilt askew.—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the sheets all night along.—Oh!—my bones ache this morning, as if I had lain all night on a pair of Dutch stairs—Go, bring chocolate.—And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an hour or two at least.—Well! These English animals are so unpolished! I with the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

These wenches are gone to Smyrna for this chocolate.—And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an hour and half by the slowest clock in Christendom—And such salvers and dishes too! The lard be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagued with such animals?—Where are my new japan salvers?—Broke, o'my conscience! All to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your husband—

Lure. How? Husband, impudence! I'll teach you manners. [*Gives her a box on the ear.*] Husband! Is that your

your Welsh breeding? Ha'n't the Colonel a name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Colonel. He used them this morning, and we ha'n't got them since.

Lure. How! the Colonel use my things! How dare the Colonel use any thing of mine?—But his campaign education must be pardoned—And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty levee of disbanded officers?—Faugh! The very thoughts of them fellows with their eager looks, iron swords, tied-up wigs, and tucked-in cravats, make me sick as death.—Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take the chocolate, and starts back.*] Heavens protect me from such a sight! Lord, girl! When did you wash your hands last? And have you been pawing me all this morning with them dirty fists of yours? [*Runs to the glass.*]—I must dress all over again—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my company be come to cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. Remnant! I don't know what ails these stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like them.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, Madam. But what fault does your Ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the fault lies; but in short, I don't like them; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like them.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps?

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—lard biefs me; can't you tell where the fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell.—But your Ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the fashion.

Lure. How! too slender for the fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no such thing as a good shape worn among the quality: your fine waists are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my stays to the fashionable size?

Rem. I made them to fit you, Madam.

Lure.

Lure. Fit me! fit my monkey—What d'ye think I wear clothes to please myself! Fit me! fit the fashion, pray; no matter for me—I thought something was the matter, I wanted quality-air.—Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a bulk of quality, a spreading counter. I do remember now, the ladies in the apartments, the birth night, were most of them two yards about.—Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your Ladyship for the future. [Exit.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my master desires——

Lure. Hold, hold, fellow; for Gad's sake hold: if thou touch my clothes with that tobacco breath of thine, I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Stand at the door pray, and speak. [*Servant goes to the door and speaks.*]

Ser. My master, Madam, desires——

Lure. Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellows so loud, that he tears my head to pieces.—Here, awkwardness, go take the booby's message, and bring it to me—

[*Maid goes to the door, whispers and returns.*]

Cham. My master desires to know how your Ladyship rested last night, and if you are pleased to admit of a visit this morning.

Lure. Ay——Why this is civil.—'Tis an insupportable toil though for women of quality to model their husbands to good breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good-morrow, dearest angel. How have you rested last night?

Lure. Lard, lard, Colonel! What a room have you made me here with your dirty feet! Bless me, Sir! Will you never be reclaimed from your slovenly campaign airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly thing in nature to make a sliding bow in a lady's chamber with dirty shoes; it writes rudeness upon the boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of reception this, truly!—I'm very sorry, Madam, that the offences of my feet should create an aversion to my company: but for the future I shall honour your Ladyship's apartment as the sepulchre at Jerusalem, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure.

Lure. Sepulchre at Jerusalem ! Your compliment, Sir, is very far-fetched : but your feet indeed have a very travelling air.

Stand. Come, come, my dear, no serious disputes upon trifles, since you know I never contend with you in matters of consequence. You are still mistress of your fortune, and marriage has only made you more absolute in your pleasure, by adding one faithful servant to your desires.—Come, clear your brow of that uneasy chagrin, and let that pleasing air take place that first ensnared my heart. I have invited some gentleman to dinner, whose friendships deserve a welcome look. Let their entertainment shew how blessed you have made me by a plentiful fortune, and the love of so agreeable a creature.

Lure. Your friends, I suppose, are all men of quality ?

Stand. Madam, they are officers, and men of honour.

Lure. Officers, and men of honour ! That is, they will daub the stairs with their feet, stain all the rooms with their wine, talk bawdy to my woman, rail at the parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of throats, and break all my china.

Stand. Admitting that I keep such company, 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my friends.—But, my brother, my dear, is just come from his voyage, and will be here to pay his respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at leisure to entertain a person of his Wapping education, I can assure you.

Enter Parly, and whispers her.

Sir, I have some business with my woman ; you may entertain your sea-monster by yourself ; you may command a dish of pork and pease, with a bowl of punch, I suppose ; and so, Sir, much good may do you—Come, Parly.

[*Exeunt Lure. and Par.*]

Stand. Hell and furies !

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my heart—Where's your wife, brother ?—Ho' now, man, what's the matter ?—Is dinner ready ?

Stand. No—I don't know—Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you :—for you must know that my wife

is

is very much out of order; taken dangerous ill of a sudden——So that——

Fire. Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a marriage qualm; breeding children or breeding mischief. Where is she, man? Pr'ythee let me see her; I long to see this fine lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my word she's very ill, and can't see any body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any body! What, she's not in labour sure! I tell you, I will see her. Where is she? [*Looking about.*]

Stand. No, no, brother; she's gone abroad to take the air.

Fire. What the devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see nobody within, yet gone abroad to see all the world!——Ah, you have made your fortunes with a vengeance!——Then, brother, you shall dine with me at Locket's; I hate these family dinners, where a man's obliged to, Oh, lard, Madam; no apology, dear Sir.——'Tis very good indeed, Madam.——For yourself, dear Madam.——Where between the rubbed floor under-foot, the china in one corner, and the glasses in another, a man can't make two strides without hazard of his life. Commend me to a boy and a bell; coming, coming, Sir. Much noise, no attendance, and a dirty room, where I may eat like a horse, drink like a fish, and swear like a devil. Hang your family dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; who seeing them seems to retire.

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your business, pray, Sir?

Ban. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a stranger here as myself.

Fire. Come, come away, brother, he has some business with your wife.

Ban. His wife! Gad so! A pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, a likely fellow, and a handsome fellow; I find nothing like a monster about him; I would fain see his forehead though——Sir, your humble servant.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR. 25

Stand. Yours, Sir.—But why d'ye stare so in my face.

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady Lutewell's husband had something very remarkable over his eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, brother. [*In his ear.*]

Stand. Your information, Sir, was right; I have a cross cut over my left eye that's very remarkable.—

But, pray, Sir, by what marks are you to be known?

Ban. Sir, I am dignified and distinguished by the name and title of Beau Banter; I'm younger brother to Sir Harry Wildair; and I hope to inherit his estate with his humour; for his wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no child.

Stand. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble servant; you're not unlike your brother in the face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his humour altogether so well; for what's nature in him looks like affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Lord, Sir! 'tis rather nature in me, what is acquired by him; he's beholden to his education for his air. Now where d'ye think my humour was established?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At Oxford.

Stand. and *Fire.* At Oxford!

Ban. Ay: there have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven years: yet in defiance to legs of mutton, small beer, crabbed books, and four-faced doctors, I can dance a minuet, court a mistress, play at piquet, or make *à paroli*, with any Wildair in Christendom. In short, Sir, in spite of the university, I'm a pretty gentleman.—Colonel, where's your wife?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] In spite of the university, I'm a pretty gentleman.—Then, Colonel, where is your wife?—Hark ye, young Plato, whether would you have your nose slit, or your ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, which would you chuse, to be run through the body, or shot through the head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my servants shall attend ye, if you have no equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

C

Stand.

Stand. Hold, brother, hold ; he's a boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen footmen, that have no business upon earth but to answer impertinent questions. Now, Sir, if your fighting stomach can digest these six brawny fellows for a breakfast, their master, perhaps, may do you the favour to run you through the body for a dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me ? I received just now six month's pay, and by this light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair blow at your skull.

Ban. Down with your money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, brother ; if you are so free of your pay, get into the next room ; there you'll find some company at cards, I suppose ; you may find opportunity for your revenge ; my house protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the time will come.

[*Exit.*]

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the freedom of this gentleman ; his education has been among the boisterous elements, the winds and waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him nor his wind and waves neither ; I'm privileged to be very impertinent, being an Oxonian, and obliged to fight no man, being a beau.

Stand. Sir, I admire the freedom of your condition. —But pray, Sir, have you seen your brother since he came last over ?

Ban. I ha'n't seen my brother these seven years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a month ago he was pleased to honour me with a letter from Paris, importing his design of being in London very soon, with a desire of meeting me here. Upon this, I changed my cap and gown for a long wig and sword, came up to London to attend him, and went to his house ; but that was all in fable for the death of his wife ; there I was told that he designed to change his habitation, because he would avoid all remembrances that might disturb his quiet. You are the first person that has told me of his arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the business that occasioned me the honour of this visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an affair of greater consequence.

sequence. You must know, Sir, that though I have read ten thousand lies in the university, yet I have learned to speak the truth myself; and to deal plainly with you, the honour of this visit, as you were pleased to term it, was designed to the Lady Lurewell.

Stand. My wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady Lurewell, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say, my wife, Sir.—What!

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir; you may have the honour of being called the Lady Lurewell's husband; but you will never find in any author, either ancient or modern, that she's called Mr. Standard's wife. 'Tis true, you're a handsome young fellow; she liked you, she married you; and though the priest made you both one flesh, yet there's no small distinction in your blood. You are still a disbanded Colonel, and she is still a woman of quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young fellow I ever met with in my life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a master of arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the gentleman in the coach below, says, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot—Colonel, your humble servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down stairs.—An impudent young dog.

[*Exit another way.*

SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same House.

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Mons. Marquis and Fireball, as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their cards, and flinging them about the room.

Lure. Ruined! Undone! Destroyed!

1st La. Oh, fortune! fortune! fortune!

2d La. What will my husband say?

Mons. Oh, malheur! malheur! malheur!

Fire. Blood and fire, I have lost six months pay.

Mons. A hundred and ten pistoles, sink me.

C 2

Fire.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten pistoles.——Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why would you hazard the bank upon one card?

Monf. Because me had lose by de card tree times before.—Look dere, Madame, de very next card had been out. Oh, Morbleu! *qu'is sa?*

Lure. I relied altogether on your setting the cards; you used to *taille* with success.

Monf. Morbleu, Madame, me never lose before: but dat Monsieur Sir Arry, dat Chevalier Wildair, is the devil——Vere is de Chevalier.

Lure. Counting our money within yonder.——Go, go, begone; and bethink yourself of some revenge.——Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *louis d'ors*!—Tall dall de ralk. [*Sings.*] Look ye, gentlemen, any body may dance to this tune;—Tall dall de ralk. I dance to the tune of fifteen hundred pounds, the most elevated piece of music that ever I heard in my life; they are the prettiest castagnets in the world. [*Chinks the money.*] Here, waiters, there's cards and candles for you. [*Gives the Servants money.*] Mrs. Parly——here's hoods and scarfs for you: [*Gives her money.*] and here's fine coaches, splendid equipage, lovely women, and victorious Burgundy for me.—Oh, ye charming angels! the loser's sorrow, and the gainer's joy: get you into my pocket.—Now, gentlemen and ladies, I am your humble servant——You'll excuse me, I hope, the small devotion here that I pay to my good fortune——Ho'now! Mute!——Why, ladies, I know that losers have leave to speak; but I don't find that they're privileged to be dumb.—Monsieur! Ladies! Captain!

[*Claps the Captain on the shoulder.*]

Fire. Death and hell! Why d'ye strike me, Sir?

[*Drawing.*]

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.——Your ear, Captain.—The king of Spain is dead.

Fire. The king of Spain dead!

Wild. Dead as Julius Cæsar; I had a letter on't just now.

Fire. Tall dall de ralk. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray strike

Strike me again, if you please.—See here, Sir, you have left me but one solitary guinea in the world. [*Puts it in his mouth.*] Down it goes i'faith.—Allons for the Thatched House and the Mediterranean.—Tall dall de rall.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! —Bravely resolved, Captain.

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! I was afraid of a quarrel. I'm so much concerned.

Wild. At the loss of your money, Madam. But why, why should the fair be afflicted? Your eyes, your eyes, ladies, much brighter than the sun, have equal power with him, and can transform to gold whate'er they please. The lawyer's tongue, the soldier's sword, the courtier's flattery, and the merchant's trade, are slaves that dig the golden mines for you. Your eyes untie the miser's knotted purse. [*To one Lady.*] Melt into coin the magistrate's massy chain.—Youth mints for you hereditary lands. [*To another.*]—And gamesters only win when they can lose to you. [*To Lurewell.*]—This luck is the most rhetorical thing in nature.

Lure. I have a great mind to forswear cards as long as I live.

1st La. And I.

[*Exit.*]

2d La. And I.

[*Crying, and exit.*]

Wild. What, forswear cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our trade.—I'll maintain, that the money at court circulates more by the basset-bank, than the wealth of the merchants by the bank of the city. Cards! the great ministers of fortune's power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless favours, and make a knave more powerful than a king.—What adoration do these powers receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the bright hands and fingers of the fair, always lift up to pay devotion here! And the pleasing fears, the anxious hopes, and dubious joy that entertain our mind! The capot at piquet, the paroli at basset;—and then ombre! who can resist the charms of mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; and then the *sept le va, quinze la va, & trente le va.*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the nine of diamonds at comet, three fives at cribbage, and pam in lanteraloo, Sir Harry!

C 3

Wild.

Wild. Ay, Madam, these are charms indeed.—Then the pleasure of picking our husband's pocket over-night, to play at basset next day! Then the advantage a fine gentleman may make of a lady's necessity, by gaining a favour for fifty pistoles, which a hundred years courtship could never have produced.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir Harry, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, it is nothing but the game; and I have played it so in France a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three words, that rather than forego my cards, I'll forswear my visits, fashions, my monkey, friends and relations.

Wild. There spoke the spirit of true-born English women of quality, with a true French education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir Harry, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my husband a large fortune, he shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam! there's no occasion for that: see here, Madam!

Lure. What, the finging birds! Sir Harry, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few.—But I could wish, *de tout mon cœur*, for *quelque commodité*, where I might be handsomely plundered of them.

Lure. *Ab, Chevalier! toujours obligeant, engageant, & tout sa——*

Wild. *Allons, allons, Madame, tout à votre service.*

[*Pulls her.*]

Lure. No, no, Sir Harry, not at this time o'day; you shall hear from me in the evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a French pocket-book, with some remarks of my own upon the new way of making love. Please to peruse it, and give me your opinion in the evening.

[*Exit.*]

Lure. [*Opening the book.*] A French pocket-book, with remarks upon the new way of making love! Then Sir Harry is turning author, I find.—What's here?—Hi, hi, hi! A bank bill for a hundred pounds.—The new way of making love!—*Pardie c'est fort gallant*—One of the prettiest remarks that ever I saw in my life! Well now, that Wildair's a charming fellow;—Hi, hi, hi! He

— He has such an air, and such a turn in what he does ! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred blockheads would come, — Madam, I'll give you a hundred guineas if you'll let me—Faugh ! hang their nauseous immodest proceedings. — Here's a hundred pounds now, and he never names the thing ; I love an impudent action with an air of modesty with all my heart. [Exit.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E continues.

Lurewell and Monsieur Marquis.

LUREWELL.

WELL, Monsieur, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill fortune ?

Monf. Madame, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind bitch. Why should Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis ? Ave I not de bon grace ? Ave not I de personage ? Ave I not de understanding ? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better dan I ? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I ? Can de Anglis Chevalier play basset better dan I ? Den why should Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis ?

Lure. Why ? Because Fortune is blind.

Monf. Blind ! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too.— Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis man de riches, but Nature gave de France man de politique to correct de unequal distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, Monsieur ?

Monf. Ecoutez, Madame. Sir Arry Wildair his wife be dead.

Lure. And what advantage can you make of that ?

Monf. Begar, Madame—Hi, hi, hi !—De Anglis man's dead wife fall cuckold her usband !

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead woman cuckold her husband !

Monf. Mark ! Madame : we France-men make de distinction between de design and de term of the treaty.—
She

She cannot touch his head, but she can cuckold his pocket of ten thousand livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourself, Sir.

Monf. I ave Sir Arry Wildair his wife in my pocket.

Lure. How! Sir Harry's wife in your pocket!

Monf. Hold, Madame, dere is an autre distinction between de design and de term of de treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your distinctions, but speak plain.

Monf. Wen de France-man's politique is in his head, dere is noting but distinction upon his tongue.—See here, Madame! I ave de picture of Sir Harry's Wife in my pocket.

Lure. Is it possible?

Monf. Voyez.

Lure. The very same, and finely drawn. Pray, Monsieur, how did you purchase it?

Monf. As me did purchase de picture, so me did gain de substance, de dear, dear substance, by de bon mien, de France air, chatant, charmant, de polique à la tête, and dançant à la pie.

Lure. Lard bless me! How cunningly some women can play the rogue! Ah, have I found it out! Now, as I hope for mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any woman more virtuous than myself.—Here was such a work with my Lady Wildair's piety! my Lady Wildair's conduct! and my Lady Wildair's fidelity, forsooth! Now, dear Monsieur, you have infallibly told me the best news that I ever heard in my life. Well, and she was but one of us! heh!

Monf. Oh, Madame! me no tell tale, me no scandalize de dead; de picture be dumb, de picture say noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more distinctions; I'm sure it was so. I would have given the world for such a story of her while she was living. She was charitable, forsooth! and she was devout, forsooth! and every body was twitted i'th' teeth with my Lady Wildair's reputation: and why don't you mark her behaviour, and her discretion? She goes to church twice a day.—Ah, I hate these congregation-women. There's such a fuss, and such a clutter about their devotion, that it makes more
noise

noise than all the bells in the parish.—Well, but what advantage can you make now of the picture?

Monf. De advantage of ten tousand livres, pardie.—
Attendez vous, Madame, dis lady she die at Monepelier in France; I ave de broder in dat city dat write me one account dat she die in dat city, and dat she send me dis picture as a legacy, wid a tousand baifemains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur, le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was devotion! here was discretion! here was fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha! —Well, but how will this procure the money?

Monf. Now, Madame, for de France politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the French politic?

Monf. Never to tell a secret to a woman.—Madame, je suis votre serviteur. [Runs off.]

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we shan't part so; I will have it. [Follows.]

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! look! look you there, brother! See how they coquette it! Oh, there's a look! there's a simper; there's a squeeze for you! ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, ma foy, pardie, allons*: Don't you see how the French rogue has the head, and the feet, and the hands, and the tongue, all going together?

Stand. [Walking in disorder.] Where's my reason? Where's my philosophy? Where's my religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your forehead, Sir.—Blood! I say revenge.

Stand. But how, dear brother?

Fire. Why stab him, stab him now.—Italian him, Spaniard him, I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why cuckoldom's a hydra that bears a thousand heads; and though I should cut this one off, the monster still would sprout. Must I murder all the fops in the nation; and to save my head from horns, expose my neck to the halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff? Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear cravats.

Stand. Burn perukes.

Fire.

Fire. Shoot their coach-horses.

Stand. A noble plot.—But now 'tis laid, how shall we put it in execution? For not one of these fellows stirs about without his guard-du-corps. Then they're stout as heroes; for I can assure you, that a beau with six footmen shall fight you any gentleman in Christendom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. Clincher below, who begs the honour to kiss your hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a simple inoffensive fellow, that will rather make us diversion.

Fire. Diversion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for diversion.

Stand. No, no; pr'ythee be quiet; I gave him a surfeit of intriguing some months ago before I was married.—Here, bid him come up. He's worth your acquaintance, brother.

Fire. My acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A fellow of a strange weathercock head, very hard, but as light as the wind; constantly full of the times, and never fails to pick up some humour or other out of the public revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the travelling maggot in his head, and was going to the Jubilee upon all occasions; but lately, since the new revolution in Europe, another spirit has possessed him, and he runs stark mad after news and politics.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, news, Colonel, great—Eh! what's this fellow? Merthinks he has a kind of suspicious air.—Your ear, Colonel.—The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the public news.

[*Whispering.*]

Stand. Ha, ha, ha!—And why d'ye whisper it for a secret?

Clin. Odso! Faith that's true—But that fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My brother, Fireball, just come home from the Baltick.

Clin.

Clin. Odso ! Noble Captain, I'm your most humble and obedient servant, from the poop to the forecastle.—Nay, a kiss o't'other side, pray.—Now, dear Captain, tell us the news.—Odso ! I'm so pleased I have met you ! Well, the news, dear Captain—You sailed a brave squadron of men of war to the Baltick.—Well, and what then ? Eh !

Fire. Why then——we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith ?—Foolish ! foolish ! very foolish ! a right sea captain——But what did you do ? How did you fight ? What storms did you meet ? and what whales did you see ?

Fire. We had a violent storm off the coast of Jutland.

Clin. Jutland ! Ay, that's part of Portugal.—Well, and so,—you entered the sound ;—and you mauled Copenhagen, 'faith.—And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty king of Sweden !—What sort of man is he, pray ?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. Tall and slender ! Much about my pitch ? Heh !

Fire. Not so gross, not altogether so low.

Clin. No ! I'm sorry for't ; very sorry, indeed.—

[*Here Parly enters and stands at the door ; Clincher beckons her with his hands behind, going backwards, and speaking to her and the gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more ? And so you bombarded Copenhagen.—[*Mrs. Parly.*]—Whiz, slap went the bombs. [*Mrs. Parly.*] And so—Well, not altogether so gross, you say—[*Here's a letter, you jade.*] Very tall, you say ? Is the king very tall ?—[*Here's a guinea, you jade.*] [*She takes the letter, and the Colonel observes him.*]—Hem, hem ! Colonel, I'm mightily troubled with the phthisic of late.—Hem, hem ! a strange stoppage of my breast here. Hem ! but now it is off again.—Well, but Captain, you tell us no news at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the world knows, and still you are a stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me ! What can this be ?

Fire. That you are a fool.

Clin. Eh ! Witty, witty, sea Captain. Odso ! and I wonder, Captain, that your understanding did not split your ship to pieces.

Fire. Why so, Sir ?

Clin.

Clin. Because, Sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's wit for you, Sir——

Enter Parly; who gives the Colonel a Letter.

Odso! A letter! Then there's news.——What, is it the foreign post? What news, dear Colonel? what news?

Hark ye, Mrs. Parly.

[He talks with Parly, while the Colonel reads the Letter.]

Stand. The son of a whore! Is it he?

[Looks at Clincher.]

[Reads.]

“ Dear Madam.

“ I was afraid to break open the seal of your letter, lest I should violate the work of your fair hands.”—Oh, fulsome fop! “ I therefore with the warmth of my kisses thawed it asunder,” Ay, here's such a turn of stile, as takes a fine lady! “ I have no news, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some packets upon that affair to send my correspondent in Wales; but I shall wave all business, and hasten to wait on you at the hour appointed, with the wings of a flying-post.

Yours,

TOBY CLINCHER.”

Very well, Mr. Toby.——Hark'e, brother, this fellow's a rogue.

Fire. A damned rogue.

Stand. See here! a letter to my wife!

Fire. 'Sdeath! let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more advantage. Take him with you to Locket's, and invent some way or other to fuddle him.——Here, Mr. Clincher, I have prevailed on my brother here to give you a particular account of the whole voyage to the Sound by his own journal, if you please to honour him with your company at Locket's,

Clinch. His own journal! Odso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for news——*[Reads.]* “ Thursday, Aug. the 17th, from the 6th at noon to this day noon, winds variable, courses per traverse, true course protracted, with all impediments allowed, is north forty-five degrees, west

west sixty miles, difference of latitude forty-two miles, departure west forty miles, latitude per judgment fifty-four degrees thirteen minutes, meridian distance current from the bearing of the land, and the latitude is eighty-eight miles."——Odso! Great news, faith.——Let me see.

"At noon broke our main-top-sail-yard, being rotten in the flings; two whales southward."——Odso! A whale! Great news, faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this proviso, gentlemen, that I won't drink; for, hark'ee, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine lady in the wind, and I shall have the longitude and latitude of a fine lady, and the——

Fire. A fine lady! Ah, the rogue! [*Aside.*

Clin. Yes, a fine lady, Colonel, a very fine lady.——Come, no ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt Fireball and Clincher.*

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, how go the rest of our affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more mischief still, more branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young rogue, Sir Harry Wildair's brother, has commenced his suit, and feed counsel already.—Look here, Sir, two pieces, for which, by article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard case now, that a man must give four guineas for the good news of his dishonour. Some men throw away their money in debauching other men's wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: but this is making a man's fortune!——Well, child, there's your pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true account how the business goes on.

Par. But suppose the business be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her pride will preserve her against the first assaults. Besides, I sha'n't stay.

[*Exeunt Col. and Par.*

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Wildair and Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir Harry, this book you gave me! As I hope to breathe, I think 'tis the best penned piece

D

I have

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

have seen a great while, I don't know any of our authors have wrote in so florid and genteel a stile.

Wild. Upon the subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.—Look ye, Madam, I am an author rich in expressions; the needy poets of the age may fill their works with rhapsodies of flames and darts, and barren sighs and tears, their speaking looks and amorous vows, that might in Chaucer's time, perhaps, have passed for love; but now, 'tis only such as I can touch that noble passion, and by the true, persuasive eloquence, turned in the moving stile of *louis d'ors*, can raise the ravished female to a rapture.—In short, Madam, I'll match Cowley in softness, o'ertop Milton in sublimity, banter Cicero in eloquence, and Dr. Swan in quibbling, by the help of that most ingenious society, called the bank of England.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry, I begin to hate that old thing called love; they say 'tis clear out in France.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, nobody wears it: and here too, honesty went out with the flashed doublets, and love with the close-bodied gowns. Love! 'tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable picture of Patient Grizzel at the head of an old ballad——Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha!—The best emblem in the world.—Come, Sir Harry, faith we'll run it down.—Love!—Ay, methinks I see the mournful Melpomene with her handkerchief at her eye, her heart full of fire, her eyes full of water, her head full of madness, and her mouth full of nonsense.—Oh, hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful ditties, piteous complaints, the daggers, the poisons!

Lure. Oh, the vapours.

Wild. Then a man must kneel, and a man must swear—There is a repose, I see, in the next room. [*Aside.*]

Lure. Unnatural stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the most unnatural thing in the world; as fulsome as a sack-posset, [*Pulling her towards the door.*] ungenteel as a wedding-ring, and as impudent as the naked statue was in the park. [*Pulls her again.*]

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; I hate love that's impudent. These poets dress it up so in their tragedies, that no mo-

dest

deft woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I muft confefs.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude whining and fighing; it puts a lady out of countenance.

[*Pulling her*

Lure. Truly fo it does.—Hang their impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [*Lurewell comes back.*

Lure. Pshaw, prevented by a stranger too! Had it been my husband now——Pshaw!—Very familiar, Sir.

[*Banter takes up Wildair's hat, that was dropped in the room.*

Ban. Madam, you have dropped your hat.

Lure. Discovered too by a stranger!—What fhall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*]—Madam, you have got the moft confounded pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write the fuperfcriptions of your letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! Don't you know that the Colonel can't write French? Your time is fo precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of Roan or Paris?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your choice of a fecretary; he understands the intrigues of moft courts in Europe they fay.

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Here, Madam, I prefume, 'tis right——This gentleman a relation of yours, Madam?——Dem him.

[*Afide.*

Ban. Brother, your humble fervant.

Wild. Brother! By what relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the fame father, born of the fame mother, brother kindred, and brother beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the fellow strings his genealogy!——Look ye, Sir, you may be brother to Tom-Thumb for aught I know; but if you are my brother——I could have wifhed you in your mother's womb for an hour or two longer.

[*Afide.*

Ban. Sir, I received your letter at Oxford, with your commands to meet you in London; and if you can remember your own hand, there it is.

[*Gives a Letter.*

D 2

Wild.

Wild. [*Looking over the letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little.—By Jupiter, a pretty boy, a very pretty boy; a handsome face, good shape, [*Walks about and views him.*] well dressed.—The rogue has got a leg too.—Come kiss me, child.—Ay, he kisses like one of the family, the right velvet lip.—Canst thou dance, child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day; French too; why sure, Sir, you could never be bred at Oxford!

Ban. No, Madam, my clothes were made in London—Brother, I have some affairs of consequence to communicate, which require a little privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon, I'll leave you. Sir Harry, you'll stay supper?

Wild. Assurance, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both stay.

Wild. Both!—Sir, I'll send you back to your mutton-commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better mutton-commons by messing with you, brother—Come, Sir Harry; if you stay, I stay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the devil's in this young fellow.—Why, firrah, hast thou any thoughts of being my heir? Why, you dog, you ought to pimp for me; you should keep a pack of wenches o'purpose to hunt down matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful wedlock in me is certain poverty to you? Look ye, firrah, come along; and for my disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new mistress to-night, I'll marry to-morrow, and won't leave you a groat.—Go, pimp, like a dutiful brother.

[*Pushes him out, and exits.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, a Tavern.

Enter Fireball, hauling in Clincher.

FIREBALL.

COME, Sir; not drink the King's health!

Clin. Pray, now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir; [*Pulling out his watch.*] the critical minute, the critical minute, faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The lady's critical minute, Sir—Sir, your humble servant.

[*Going.*

Fire. Well, the death of this Spanish King will——

Clin. [*Returning.*] Eh! what's that of the Spanish King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don Carlos is dead.

Clin. Dead!——Nay, then—[*Sits down.*] Here, pen and ink, boy; pen and ink presently; I must write to my correspondent in Wales straight—Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in disorder.*

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politics, politics, stark mad with politics.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such fools as you to do with politics?

Clin. What, Sir, the succession!—Not mind the succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis settled upon a Prince of France.

Clin. What, settled already! The best news that ever came into England. Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a health to the succession.

Fire. Burn the succession, Sir. I won't drink it—What, drink confusion to our trade, religion and liberties!

Clin. Ay, by all means—As for trade, d'ye see, I'm a gentleman, and hate it mortally. These tradesmen are the most impudent fellows we have, and spoil all our good manners. What have we to do with trade?

Fire. A trim politician, truly!—And what do you think of our religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi!—Religion!—And what has a gentleman

man to do with religion, pray? And to hear a sea Captain talk of religion! that's pleasant, faith.

Fire. And have you no regard to our liberties, Sir?

Clin. Pshaw! liberties! that's a jest. We beaus shall have liberty to whore and drink in any government, and and that's all we care for.

Enter Standard.

Dear Colonel, the rarest news!

Stand. Damn your news, Sir: why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil question, truly!

Stand. Here, boy, bring in the brandy—Fill.

Clin. This is a piece of politics that I don't so well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your throat cut.

Clin. Ay, this comes o'th' succession; fire and sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done, to be burned alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I say—Brother, manage him; I must begone. [*Aside to Fireball, and exit.*]

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the devil, attacked both by sea and land!—Look ye, gentlemen, if I must be poisoned, pray, let me chuse my own dose. Were I a lord now, I should have the privilege of the block; and as I'm a gentleman, pray, stifle me with claret at least! don't let me die lie a bawd, with brandy.

Fire. Brandy, you dog! abuse brandy! Flat treason against the navy royal!—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the fleet—Here, Shark!

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the ship's crew, and press this fellow aboard the Belzebub.

Shark. Ay, master.

[*Exit.*]

Clin. What, aboard the Belzebub!—Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuse to go to the devil this way. Here, Sir, your good health—and my own confusion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Ob, fire! fire! flames! brimstone! and tobacco!

[*Beats his stomach.*
Fire.]

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it, then—Take the glass, Sir.

Clin. What, another broadside! Nay, then, I'm sunk downright. Dear Captain, give me quarter; consider the present juncture of affairs; you'll spoil my head, ruin my politics; faith you will.

Fire. Here, Shark!

Clin. Well, well, I will drink—The devil take Shark for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz! buz—Don't you hear it?—Put your ear to my breast, and hear how it whizzes like a hot iron—Eh! Bless me, how the ship rolls!—I can't stand upon my legs, faith—Dear Captain, give me a kiss—Ay, burn the succession—Look ye, Captain, I shall be sea-sick presently.

[*Falls into Fireball's arms.*]

Enter Shark and another with a Chair.

Fire. Here, in with him.

Shark. Ay, ay, Sir—Avast, avast—Here, boy—No Nants left—

[*Tops the glass.*]

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politics, politics, brandy, politics! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Lurewell's Apartment.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Did you ever see such an impudent young rogue as that Banter? He followed his brother up and down from place to place so very close, that we could not so much as whisper.

Par. I reckon Sir Harry will dispose of him now, Madam, where he may be secured. But I wonder, Madam, why Clincher comes not according to his letter; it is near the hour.

Lure. I wish, Parly, that no harm may befall me to-day; for I had a most frightful dream last night; I dreamt of a mouse.

Par. 'Tis strange, Madam, you should be so much afraid of that little creature that can do you no harm.

Lure. Look ye, girl, we women of quality have each of us some darling fright—I now hate a mouse; my Lady Lovecards abhors a cat; Mrs. Fiddlefan can't bear a squirrel; the Countess of Piquet abominates a frog, and my Lady Swimair hates a man.

Enter

Enter Marquis running.

Mar. Madam, Madam, Madam! Pardie voyez—
L'argent, l'argent! [*Shews a bag of money.*]

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it!—Well, but how, how, dear Monsieur!

Mar. Ah, Madame! begar, Monsieur Sir Arry be one pigeoneau—Voyez, Madame! me did tell him dat my broder in Montpelier did furnise his lady wid ten tousand livres for de expence of her travaille; and dat she not being able to write when she was dying, did give him de picture for de certificate and de credential to receive de money from her husband—Mark ye!

Lure. The best plot in the world—You told him, that your brother lent her the money in France, when her bills, I suppose, were delayed—You put in that, I presume?

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madame.

Lure. And that upon her death-bed she gave your brother the picture, as a certificate to Sir Harry, that she had received the money; which picture your brother sent over to you, with commission to receive the debt.

Mar. Assurance—Dere was de politique, de France politique!—See, Madame, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make de Anglist lady cuckold her husband when she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, begar. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, pardie, c'est bon!

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir Harry say?

Mar. Oh! begar Monsieur Chevalier he love his wife, he say, dat if she takes up a hundre tousand livres, he would repay it; he knew de picture, he say, and order me de money from his steward—Oh, Notre Dame! Monsieur Sir Arry be one dupe.

Lure. Well, but, Monsieur, I long to know one thing. Was the conquest you made of his lady so easy? What assaults did you make, and what resistance did she shew?

Mar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, Madame; dere was tree deux yeux, one serenade, and two capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in nature so sweet to a longing woman, as a malicious story—Well, Monsieur, 'tis about a thousand pound; we go snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Pardie, for what? Why snacke, Madame?

dam? Me will give you de present of fifty louis d'ors; dat is ver' good snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? Very well.

Mar. Ver' well! yes, begar, 'tis ver' well—Consider, Madame, me be de poor refugee; me 'ave noting but de religious charité, and de France politique, de fruit of my own address; dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an object of charity, with a thousand pounds in his fist!—Emh—[*Knocking below.*]—Oh, Monsieur, that's my husband! I know his knock. He must not see you. Get into the closet till by and by; [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be revenged upon your France politique, then I have no English politique—Hang the money! I would not for twice a thousand pounds forbear abusing this virtuous woman to her husband.

Enter Parly.

Par. 'Tis Sir Harry, Madam.

Lure. As I could wish. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. Parly, in the first place, I sacrifice a louis d'or to thee for good luck.

Par. A guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, child; French money is always most successful in bribes, and very much in fashion, child.

Enter Dicky, and runs to Sir Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own nightcaps?

Wild. Sirrah?

Dick. Sir, Sir! shall I order your chair to the back-door by five o'clock in the morning?

Wild. The devil's in the fellow! Get you gone—[*Dicky runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have secured my brother; you have disposed of the Colonel, and we'll rail at love till we han't a word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry. Please to sit a little, Sir. You must know I'm in a strange humour of asking you some questions. How did you like your lady, pray, Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha!—So very well, faith, that for her very sake I'm in love with every woman I meet.

Lure. And did matrimony please you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if polygamy were allowed, I would have a new wife every day.

Lure.

Lure. Oh, Sir Harry, this is raillery! But your serious thoughts upon the matter, pray.

Wild. Why, then, Madam, to give you my true sentiments of wedlock: I had a lady that I married by chance, she was virtuous by chance, and I loved her by great chance. Nature gave her beauty, education and air, and fortune threw a young fellow of five-and-twenty in her lap. I courted her all day, loved her all night; she was my mistress one day, and my wife another: I found in one the variety of a thousand, and the very confinement of marriage gave me the pleasure of change.

Lure. And she was very virtuous ———

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know she was beautiful. She had good-nature about her mouth, the smile of beauty in her cheeks, sparkling wit in her forehead, and sprightly love in her eyes.

Lure. Pshaw! I knew her very well; the woman was well enough. But you don't answer my question, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, she was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my estate gave a lustre to my love, and a swing to our enjoyment, round like the ring that made us one, our golden pleasures circled without end.

Lure. Golden pleasures! golden fiddlesticks!—What d'ye tell me of your canting stuff?—Was she virtuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aside.*] So, Madam, I powdered to please her, she dressed to engage me; we toyed away the morning in amorous nonsense, lolled away the evening in the Park or the playhouse, and all the night——Hem!

Lure. Look ye, Sir, answer my question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never such a pattern of unity. Her wants were still prevented by my supplies; my own heart whispered me her desires, because she herself was there; no contention ever rose, but the dear strife of who should most oblige; no noise about authority; for neither would stoop to command, because both thought it glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff, stuff, stuff!—I won't believe a word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Then, Madam, we never felt the yoke

yoke of matrimony, because our inclinations made us one ; a power superior to the forms of wedlock. The marriage torch had lost its weaker light in the bright flame of mutual love that joined our hearts before. Then——

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir ; I cannot bear it ; Sir Harry, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha ! Affronted !

Lure. Yes, Sir ; it is an affront to any woman to hear another commended, and I will resent it. In short, Sir Harry, your wife was a——

Wild. Buz, Madam—No detraction——I'll tell you what she was—So much an angel in her conduct, that tho' I saw another in her arms, I should have thought the devil had raised the phantom, and my more conscious reason had given my eyes the lie.

Lure. Very well ! Then I a'n't to be believed, it seems. But, d'ye hear, Sir ?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear ? I tell you 'tis not in the power of malice to cast a blot upon her fame ; and tho' the vanity of our sex, and the envy of yours, conspired both against her honour, I would not hear a syllable.

[*Stopping his ears.*]

Lure. Why, then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it——The picture, the picture, the picture !

[*Bawling aloud.*]

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A pistol-bullet from ear to ear.

Lure. That picture which you had just now from the French Marquis for a thousand pounds, that very picture did your very virtuous wife send to the Marquis as a pledge of her very virtuous and dying affection. So that you are both robbed of your honour, and cheated of your money.

[*Aloud.*]

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your wife was a jilt ; I know it, I'll swear it—She virtuous ! She was a devil.

Wild. [*Sings.*] Tal, la, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like seen ! He won't hear me—I burst with malice, and now he won't mind me !—Won't you hear me yet ?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Bursts out a crying.*] Sir, I must say you're an unworthy person, to use a woman

man

man of quality at this rate, when she has her heart full of malice ; I don't know but it may make me miscarry. Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better than one of us, and I know it ; I have seen it with my eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heavens deliver me, I beseech thee !—
How shall I 'scape ?

Lure. Will you not hear me yet ? Dear Sir Harry, do but hear me ; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh, I have it !—Hush, hush, hush !

Lure. Eh ! What's the matter ?

Wild. A mouse ! a mouse ! a mouse !

Lure. Where, where, where ?

Wild. Your petticoats, your petticoats, Madam ;

[*Lure. shrieks and runs.*]

Oh, my head !—I was never worsted by a woman before — But I have heard so much as to know the Marquis to be a villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay, then, I must run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*] The entry is stopped by a chair coming in ; and something there is in that chair, that I will discover, if I can find a place to hide myself. [*Goes to the closet door.*] Fast !—I have keys about me for most locks about St. James's—Let me see—[*Tries one key.*]—No, no ; this opens my Lady Planthorn's back-door—[*Tries another.*]—Nor this ; this is the key to my Lady Stakeall's garden. [*Tries a third.*] Ay, ay, this does it, faith. [*Goes into the closet, and peeps out.*]

Enter Shark and another, with Clincher in a chair ; Parly.

Par. Hold, hold, friend ; who gave you orders to lug in your dirty chair into the house ?

Shark. My master, sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your master, impudence ?

Shark. Every body, fauce-box—And for the present, here's my master : and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs Clincher out of the chair, and throws him upon the floor.*] Steer away, Tom.

[*Exit Shark, with Chairs*]

Wild. What the devil, Mr. Jubilee, is it you ?

Par. Bless me ! the gentleman's dead !—Murder ! murder !

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me ! What's the matter ? Clincher !

Par.

Par. Mr. Clincher! are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh, then it is well enough—Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well, certainly I'm the most unfortunate woman living! All my affairs, all my designs, all my intrigues miscarry—Faugh! the beast!—But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politics.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. Shark.

Lure. What shall we do with him, Parly?—If the Colonel should come home now, we were ruined.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the world can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! what's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam! behold the man that you prefer to me; and such as he are all those fop-gallants that daily haunt my house, ruin your honour, and disturb my quiet. I urge not the sacred bond of marriage; I'll wave your earnest vows of truth to me, and only lay the case in equal balance, and see whose merit bears the greater weight, his or mine.

Wild. Well argued, Colonel.

[*Aside.*

Stand. Suppose yourself freely disengaged, unmarried, and to make choice of him you thought most worthy of your love; would you prefer a brute, a monkey, one destin'd only for the sport of man?—Yes, take him to your bed; there let the beast disgorge his fulsome load in your fair, lovely bosom, snore out his passion in your soft embrace, and with the vapours of his sick debauch perfume your sweet apartment.

Lure. Ah, nauseous, nauseous, poison!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a value on myself; but when compared to him, there modesty must stoop, and indignation give my words a loose, to tell you, Madam, that I am a man unblemished in my honour, have nobly served my king and country; and for a lady's service, I think that nature has not been defective.

E

Wild.

50. SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Wild. 'Egad, I should think so too; the fellow's well made. [*Afide.*]

Stand. I'm young as he, my person too as fair to outward view; and for my mind, I thought it could distinguish right, and therefore made a choice of you. Your sex have bless'd our isle with beauty, by distant nations priz'd; and could they place their loves aright, their lovers might acquire the envy of mankind, as well as they the wonder of the world.

Wild. Ah! now he coaxes—He will conquer, unless I relieve her in time; she begins to melt already. [*Afide.*]

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heaven; and by that Heaven, I swear, the constant study of my days and nights has been to please my dearest wife. Your pleasure never met controul from me, nor your desires a frown. I never mentioned my distrust before, nor will I now wrong your discretion, so as e'er to think you made him an appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous man! [*Weeps.*]

Wild. Nay, then, 'tis time for me; I will relieve her. [*He steals out of the closet, and coming behind Standard, claps him on the shoulder.*] Colonel, your humble servant.

Stand. Sir Harry, how came you here?

Wild. Ah, poor fellow! thou hast got thy load with a witness: but the wine was humming strong; I have got a touch on't myself. [*Reels a little.*]

Stand. Wine, Sir Harry! What wine?

Wild. Why, 'twas new Burgundy, heady stuff. But the dog was soon gone, knock'd under presently.

Stand. What, then Mr. Clincher was with you, it seems? Eh!

Wild. Yes, faith; we have been together all this afternoon: 'tis a pleasant foolish fellow. He would needs give me a welcome to town, on pretence of hearing all the news from the Jubilee. The humour was new to me; so, to't we went. But 'tis a weak-headed coxcomb; two or three bumpers did his business—Ah, Madam! what do I deserve for this? [*Afide to Lure.*]

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you see how Sir Harry has cleared my innocence—I'm obliged t'ye, Sir; but I must leave you to make it out. [*To Wild. and ex.*]

Stand. Yes, yes; he has cleared you wonderfully —
But,

But, pray, Sir—I suppose you can inform me how Mr. Clincher came into my house? Eh?

Wild. Ay—Why, you must know that the fool got presently as drunk as a drum; so I had him tumbled into a chair, and ordered the fellows to carry him home. Now, you must know, he lodges but three doors off; but the boobies, it seems, mistook the door, and brought him in here, like a brace of loggerheads.

Stand. Oh, yes, sad loggerheads! to mistake a door in James-street for a house in Covent-Garden—Here!

Enter Servants.

Take away that brute. [*Servants carry off Clinch.*—And you say 'twas new Burgundy, Sir Harry; very strong.

Wild. 'Egad, there is some trick in this matter, and I shall be discovered. [*Aside.*] Ay, Colonel—but I must be gone; I'm engaged to meet—Colonel, I'm your humble servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir Harry, where's your hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh, morbleu!—These hats, gloves, canes, and swords, are the ruin of all our designs. [*Aside.*]

Stand. But where's your hat, Sir Harry?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my body. How shall I come off?—Hark ye, Colonel; in your ear; I would not have your lady hear it—You must know, just as I came into the room here, what should I spy, but a great mouse running across that closet door: I took no notice, for fear your lady should be frightened, but with all my force, (d'ye see?) I flung my hat at it, and so threw it into the closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the mouse, you flung your hat into that closet.

Wild. Ay, ay, that was all; I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir Harry, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the closet.*]

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty lies in a breath.

Re-enter Standard, with the bat in one hand, and hauling in the Marquis with the other.

Stand. Sir Harry, is this the mouse that you threw your hat at?

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur Marquis, as for your part, I shall cut your throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his throat first.

Mar. Vat, bote cut my troat! Begar, Messieurs, I ave but one troat.

Enter Parly, and runs to Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, gentlemen, I have too great a confidence in the virtue of my wife, to think it in the power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my honour. But I am bound to guard her reputation, so that no attempts be made that may provoke a scandal. Therefore, gentlemen, let me tell you, it is time to desist. [Exit.]

Wild. Ay, ay: so it is, faith. Come, Monsieur, I must talk with you, Sir. [Exeunt.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, Standard's House.

Enter Standard and Fireball.

STANDARD.

IN short, brother, a man may talk till doomsday of sin, hell and damnation; but your rhetoric will ne'er convince a lady that there's any thing of a devil in a handsome fellow with a fine coat. You must shew the cloven foot, expose the brute, as I have done; and tho' her virtue sleeps, her pride will surely take the alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the rogue's ears before you sent him away——

Stand. No, no; the fool has served my turn, without the scandal of a public resentment; and the effect has shewn that my design was right: I've touch'd her very heart, and she relents apace.

Enter

Enter Lurewell running.

Lure. Oh, my dear, save me! I'm frightened out of my life.

Fire. Blood and fire, Madam, who dare touch you?

[Draws his sword, and stands before her.]

Lure. Oh, Sir, a ghost, a ghost! I have seen it twice.

Fire. Nay, then, we soldiers have nothing to do with ghosts; send for the parson. *[Sheaths his sword.]*

Stand. 'Tis fancy, my dear, nothing but fancy.

Lure. Oh, dear Colonel, I'll never lie alone again; I'm frightened to death; I saw it twice; twice it stalked by my chamber-door, and with a hollow voice uttered a piteous groan.

Stand. This is strange! ghosts by day-light!—Come, my dear, along with me; don't shrink, we'll see to find this ghost. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, and Dicky.

Wild. Dicky.

Dick. Sir?

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand pounds, lent to my wife in Montpelier by a French gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monsieur Dicky, you remember de gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my part, that all the men in France are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the devil o' one of them could lend a thousand pence, much less a thousand pound.

Mar. Morbleu, que dites vous, bougre le chien?

Wild. Hold, Sir; pray, answer me one question—What made you fly your country?

Mar. My religion, Monsieur.

Wild. So you fled for your religion out of France, and are a downright atheist in England. A very tender conscience, truly!

Mar. Begar, Monsieur, my conscience be de ver' tendre; he no suffer his master to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez François, Monsieur?

Wild. No, Sir, ; I tell you in plain English, return my money, or I'll lay you by the heels.

Mar. Oh, begar dere is de Anglis-man now ! Dere is de law for me. De law ! Ecoute, Monsieur Sir Arry—Voyez sa—De France Marquis scorn de law. My brother lend your wife de money, and here is my witness.

[*Draws.*

Wild. Your evidence, Sir, is very positive, and shall be examined : but this is no place to try the cause ; we'll cross the Park into the fields ; you shall throw down the money between us, and the best title, upon a fair hearing, shall take it up——Allons !

Mar. Oh, de tout mon cœur !——Allons ! Fient à la tête, begar.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lurewell's Apartment.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Pshaw ! I'm such a frightened fool ! 'Twas nothing but fancy——Come, Parly, get me pen and ink ; I'll divert it. Sir Harry shall know what a wife he had, I'm resolved. Tho' he would not hear me speak, he'll read my letter sure.

[*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. [*From within.*] Hold !

Lure. Protect me !——Parly, don't leave me——But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold !

Lure. Defend me ! Don't you hear a voice ?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lure. It called, Hold ! I'll venture once more.

[*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. Disturb no more the quiet of the dead.

Lure. Now it is plain. I heard the words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our sins !——What is it ?

Ghost enters ; Lurewell and Parly shriek, and run to a corner of the Stage.

Ghost. Behold the airy form of wrong'd Angelica,
Forc'd from the shades below to vindicate her fame.
Forbear, malicious woman, thus to load
With scandalous reproach the grave of innocence.
Repent, vain woman !

Thy

Thy matrimonial vow is register'd above,
 And all the breaches of that solemn faith
 Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee to repent.
 Forbear to wrong thy injur'd husband's bed,
 Disturb no more the quiet of the dead.

[*Stalks off.*]

[*Lurewell swoons, and Parly supports her.*]

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! we're frighted to death; here has been the ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad, sure! What ghost?

Par. The ghost of Angelica, Sir Harry Wildair's wife.

Stand. Angelica!

Par. Yes, Sir: and here it preached to us the Lord knows what, and murdered my mistress with mere morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, Parly. [*Parly leads out Lurewell.*]
 What can this mean, brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a design of communication between your wife and Sir Harry; so his wife is come to forbid the banns, that's all.

Stand. No, no, brother. If I may be induced to believe the walking of ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed fellow her husband has broke the poor Lady's heart, which, together with the indignity of her burial, has made her uneasy in her grave.—But whatever be the cause, it's fit we immediately find out Sir Harry, and inform him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Park.

Company walking; Wildair and Marquis passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.

Lord. Sir Harry.

Wild. My Lord?—Monsieur, I'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exit Marquis.*]

Lord. I must talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more haste in my life.

Lord

Lord. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the cause that detained you so late last night at my house?

Wild. More mischief again!—Perhaps, my Lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lord. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it spoils your face.—But if you must know, your Lady owes me two hundred guineas, and that sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lord. Two hundred guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I shewed quint and quatorze for it; and to a man of honour, that's as firm as a bond and judgment.

Lord. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a man of honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!—'Tis very strange that some men, though their education be never so gallant, will ne'er learn breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the tuition of our governors, and conversed only with old Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Plutarch, and the like; why then such a man was a villain, and such a one was a man of honour: but now, that I have known the court, a little of what they call the *beau-monde* and the *bel esprit*, I find that honour looks as ridiculous as Roman buskins upon your Lordship, or my full peruke upon Scipio Africanus.

Lord. Why should you think so, Sir?

Wild. Because the world's improved, my Lord, and we find that this honour is a very troublesome and impertinent thing—Can't we live together like good neighbours and Christians, as they do in France? I lend you my coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I sup with you; I lie with your wife, and you lie with mine.—Honour! That's such an impertinence!—Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your honour think of murdering your friend's reputation; making a jest of his misfortunes; cheating him at cards; debauching his bed; or the like?

Lord. Why rank villainy.

Wild.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good manners; excess of good manners. Why you ha'n't been at court lately. There 'tis the only practice to shew our wit and breeding.—As for instance: your friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at piquet, to shew he has been in France; and lies with your wife, to shew he's a man of quality.

Lord. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong notion of things. Should a man with a handsome wife revenge all affronts done to his honour, poor White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet and Pontack, were utterly ruined.

Lord. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their customers quite through the body. Were it not for abusing your men of honour, taverns and chocolate houses could not subsist; and were there but a round tax laid upon scandal and false politics, we men of figure would find it much heavier than four shillings in the pound.—Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for shame; your honour is safe enough, for I have the key of its back door in my pocket.

[*Runs off.*]

Lord. Sir, I shall meet you another time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis with a Servant carrying his fighting equipage, pumps, cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the stage.

Mar. Sa, sa, sa, sient à la tête. Sa, embarcade: quart sur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! the devil! Must I fight with a tumbler? These French are as great fops in their quarrels, as in their amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, stripe!

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never strip to engage a man; I fight as I dance.—Come, Sir, down with the money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie. [*Lays down the bag between them.*] Allons!

Enter Dicky, and gives Wildair a gun.

Morbleu! que sa?

Wild.

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the head.—Dicky, take up the money, and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: and if my master be killed, the money's my own.

Mar. Oh, morbleu! de Anglis-man be one coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your French Politique, now? Come, Monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any man for my own; but now we're upon the level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your habiliments, I must require your pains. So, come on, Sir. [*Lays down the gun, and uses the sword.*]

Mar. Come on! For vat, ven de money is gone? De France-man fight vere dere is no profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his pumps.*]

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you must fight. Tell me how you came by this picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Why den, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de money be gone, me vill speak de verité.—Pardie, Monsieur, me did make de cuckold of you, and your wife send me de picture for my pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had merit enough to gain a Lady's heart from me, I would shake hands immediately, and be friends: but as I believe you to be a vain scandalous liar, I'll cut your throat. [*They fight.*]

Enter Standard and Fireball, who part them.

Stand. Hold, hold, gentlemen.—Brother, secure the Marquis.—Come, Sir Harry, put up; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[*As they talk, Marquis dresses, and Fireball helps him.*]

Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand. Pshaw! Pray, Sir Harry, tell me what made you leave your wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it.—Pray, Colonel, what makes you stay with your wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you must know we were a pair of the most happy, toying, foolish people in the world, till she got, I don't know how, a crotchet of jealousy

lousy in her head. This made her frumpish ; but we had ne'er an angry word : the only fell a crying over night, and I went for Italy next morning.—But pray no more on't.—Are you hurt, Monsieur.

Stand. But, Sir Harry, you'll be serious when I tell you that her ghost appears.

Wild. Her ghost ! Ha, ha, ha ! That's pleasant, faith.

Stand. As sure as fate, it walks in my house.

Wild. In your house ! Come along, Colonel ; by the Lard I'll kiss it. [*Exeunt Wild. and Stand.*]

Mar. Monsieur le Capitain, adieu.

Fire. Adieu ! No, Sir, you shall follow Sir Harry.

Mar. For vat ?

Fire. For what ! Why, d'ye think I'm such a rogue as to part a couple of gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see them make an end on't :—I think it a less sin to part man and wife.—Come along, Sir.

[*Exit, pulling Monsieur.*]

SCENE, Standard's House.

Enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. Well then ; this, it seems, is the enchanted chamber. The ghost has pitched upon a handsome apartment however.—Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin ?

Stand. What, Sir ?

Wild. To laugh at me ; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha ! By all that's powerful, there it is.

Ghost walks cross the stage.

Wild. The devil it is—Emh ? Blood, I'll speak to't.—*Vous Mademoiselle Ghost, parlez-vous François ?*—No ! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your Ladyship be pleased to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the respect due to your quality. [*Ghost returns.*]

Ghost. I am the spirit of thy departed wife.

Wild. Are you, faith ! Why then here's the body of thy living husband, and stand me if you dare. [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*]*—*Ha ! 'tis substance, I'm sure.—But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest now, whether you are alive or dead.

Ang. [*Throwing off her shroud.*]*—*Alive ! alive ! [*Runs and throws her arms about his neck.*] and never lived so much as in this moment.

Wild.

Wild. What d'ye think of the ghost now, Colonel?
[She hangs upon him.] Is it not a very loving ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis amazement, truly. — Look ye, Madam, I hate to converse so familiarly with spirits: pray keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a word on't. *[Moving away.]*

Stand. Sir Harry, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most men are more afraid of a living wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good manners to leave you together, however. *[Exit.]*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my dear, after so long and tedious an abience, to act the stranger so. I now shall die in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your sight.

[Weeping and going.]

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my dear; you took me unprovided: had you but sent me word of your coming, I had got three or four speeches out of Oroonoko and the Mourning-Bride upon this occasion, that would have charmed your very heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the music from both houses; Pawlet and Locket shall contrive for our taste; we'll charm our ears with Abel's voice; feast our eyes with one another; and thus, with all our senses tuned to love, we'll hurl off our clothes, leap into bed, and there——Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with raptures more natural, and more moving, than all the plays in Christendom——I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my wonder first, and let me know the riddle of your death.

Ang. Your unkind departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I could not live with you, to die to all the world besides: I fancied, that though it exceeded the force of love, yet the power of grief perhaps might change your humour, and therefore had it given out that I died in France; my sickness at Montpellier, which indeed was next to death, and the affront offered to the body of our ambassador's chaplain at

at Paris, conduced to have my burial private. This deceived my retinue; and by the assistance of my woman, and your faithful servant, I got into man's clothes, came home into England, and sent him to observe your motions abroad, with orders not to undeceive you till your return.—Here I met you in the quality of Beau Banter, your busy brother, under which disguise I have disappointed your design upon my Lady Lurewell: and, in the form of a ghost, have revenged the scandal she this day threw upon me, and have frightened her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frightened you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are women, when they want to be humoured! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent maggot in their head!—But by what means, my dear, could you purchase this double disguise? How came you by my letter to my brother?

Ang. By intercepting all your letters since I came home. But for my ghostly contrivance, good Mrs. Parly (moved by the justness of my cause, and a bribe) was my chief engineer.

Enter Fireball and Marquis.

Fire. Sir Harry, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your man; if not, I have discharged my trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salute your mistress, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me must run to some oder country now for my religion.

Ang. Oh! what the French Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the fashion for ladies to know every body: but methinks, Madam, that picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my gift, you might have kept it—But no matter; my neighbours shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my dear! Could you think I e'er would part with that? No; of all my jewels, this alone I kept, because 'twas given by you. *[Shows the picture.]*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!—And what's this?

[Pulling out t'other picture.]

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly pass for t'other.

F

Monsieur

—Monsieur Marquis, *ecoutez*.—You did lie wid my wife, and she did give you de picture for your pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your France politique a little of your native impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de France-man can tell no more lie, den vill he tell trute.—I was acquainted wid de paintre dat draw your Lady's picture, an I give him ten pistole for de copy.—An so me ave de picture of all de beauty in London; and by dis politique, me ave de reputation to lie wid dem all.

Wild. When perhaps your pleasure never reached above a pit-masque in your life.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of women, a pit-masque is as good as de best. De pleasure is nothing, de glory is all, a-la-mode de France. [*Struts out.*]

Wild. Go thy ways for a true pattern of the vanity, impertinence, subtlety, and the ostentation of thy country.—Look ye, Captain, give me thy hand; once I was a friend to France; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my fashions, coaches, wigs, and vanity, to horses, arms, and equipage, and serve my king *in propria persona*, to promote a vigorous war, if there be occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir Harry: and if all the beaux in the side-boxes were of your mind, we would send them back their L'Abbé, and Balon, and shew them a new dance, to the tune of Harry the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, and Parly.

Wild. Oh, Colonel! Such discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your servant; honest Dicky has told me the whole story.

Wild. Why then let Dicky run for the fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir! I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new wedding, and begin it with a dance——Strike up. [*A dance here.*]

Stand. Now, Sir Harry, we have retrieved our wives; yours from death, and mine from the devil; and they are at present very honest. But how shall we keep them so?

Ang. By being good husbands, Sir; and the great secret for keeping matters right in wedlock, is never to

quarrel with your wives for trifles : for we are but babies at best, and must have our play-things, our longings, our vapours, our frights, our monkies, our china, our fashions, our washes, our patches, our waters, our rattle and impertinence ; therefore, I say, 'tis better to let a woman play the fool, than provoke her to play the devil.

Lure. And another rule, gentleman, let me advise you to observe ; never to be jealous ; or if you should, be sure never to let your wife think you suspect her ; for we are more restrained by the scandal of the lewdness, than by the wickedness of the fact ; when once a woman has borne the shame of a whore, she'll dispatch you the fin in a moment.

Wild. We're obliged to you, ladies, for your advice ; and in return, give me leave to give you the definition of a good wife, in the character of my own. The wit of her conversation never out-strips the conduct of her behaviour : she's affable to all men, free with no man, and only kind to me : often chearful, sometimes gay, and always pleased, but when I am angry ; then sorry, not sullen. The park, play-house, and cards, she frequents in compliance with custom ; but her diversions of inclination are at home : she's more cautious of a remarkable woman, than of a noted wit, well knowing that the infection of her own sex is more catching than the temptation of ours : to all this, she is beautiful to a wonder, scorns all devices that engage a gallant, and uses all arts to please her husband.

So, spite of satyr 'gainst a marry'd life,

A man is truly blest with such a wife..

END of the FIFTH ACT.

E F F

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

*V*Entre bleu! were is dis dam poet? were
Garçon! me wil cut off all his two ear;
Je suis enragé—now he is not here.
He has affront de French! Le vilaine bête!
De French! your best friend!—you suffice dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs, il serait fort ingrate!
Wat have you English, dat you can call your own!
Wat have you of grand pleasure in dis town,
Kldout it come from France, dat wil go down?
Picquet, basset; your vin, your dress, your dance;
'Tis all, you see, tout à-la-mode de France.
De beau dere buy a hondre knick-knack;
He carry out wit, but seldom bring it back;
But den he bring a snuff-box hinge, so small
De joint, you can no see de wark at all,
Cost him five pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tree year it sal save half an ounce of snuffe.
De coquet, she ave her ratifia dere,
Her gown, her complexion, deux yeux, her lover.
As for de cuckold—dat indeed you can make here.
De French it is dat teach the lady wear
De short muff, wit her wite elbow bare;
De beau de large muff, wit his sleeve down dere.*
Ve teach your wifes to ope dere husband's purses,
To put de Furbelo round dere coach, and dere horses.
Garçon! we teach you every ting de warle;
For wy den your damn poet dare to snarle?
Begar, me wil be revenge upon his play,
Tree tousan refugeé (parbleu c'est vrai)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird day.

* Pointing to his Fingers.



J. Roberts del.

Published for Dods, Dring & Theatre-Street Sept. 13. 1777.

J. Ward sculp.

MISS POPE in the Character of CORINNA.

*Why he cant touch a Groat of my Portion; do you know
that Flippanta?*

3
BELL'S EDITION.

THE
CITY WIVES
CONFEDERACY.

A COMEDY,
As written by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXXVII.

P R O L O G U E

Spoken by a Shabby Poet.

*YE gods! what crime had my poor father done,
That you should make a poet of his son?*

Or is't for some great services of his,

I are pleas'd to compliment his boy——with this?

[Shewing his crown of laurel.

The honour, I must needs confess, is great,

If, with his crown, you'd tell him where to eat.

'Tis well——But I have more complaints——look here!

[Shewing his ragged coat.

Hark ye:——D'ye think this suit good winter wear?

In a cold morning; when!——at a lord's gate,

How you have let the porter let me wait?

You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,

You'd given me fire enough to keep me warm.

Ab——

A world of blessings to that fire we owe;

Without it, I'd ne'er made this princely show.

I have a brother too, now in my sight,

[Looking behind the scenes.

A busy man amongst us here to-night:

Your fire has made him play a thousand pranks,

For which, no doubt, you've had his daily thanks;

He's thank'd you, first, for all his decent plays,

Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for praise.

Next for his meddling with some folks in black,

And bringing——fouse——a priest upon his back;

For building houses here to oblige the peers,

And fetching all their house about his ears;

For a new play, he's now thought fit to write,

To sooth the town—which they——will damn to-night.

These benefits are such, no man can doubt

But he'll go on, and see your fancy out,

Till for reward of all his noble deeds,

At last like other sprightly folks he speeds:

Has this great recompence fix'd on his brow

At fam'd Parnassus; has your leave to bow

And walk about the streets—Equip'd—as I am now.

A 2

DRA- }

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Gripe</i> , a rich money scrivener,	Mr. Yates.
<i>Moneytrap</i> , ditto, ———	Mr. Love.
<i>Dick</i> , a gamester, son to Mrs. Am-	
let, ———	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Brass</i> , his companion, passes for	
his Valet de Chambre, ———	Mr. King.
<i>Clip</i> , a goldsmith, ———	Mr. Lamash.
<i>Jessamin</i> , foot-boy to <i>Clarissa</i> ,	Mr. Burton.

W O M E N.

<i>Clarissa</i> , wife to <i>Gripe</i> , an expensive	
luxurious woman, a great ad-	
miration of quality, ———	Miss Younge.
<i>Araminta</i> , wife to <i>Moneytrap</i> , very	
intimate with <i>Clarissa</i> , of the	
same humour, ———	Mrs. Greville.
<i>Corinna</i> , daughter to <i>Gripe</i> , by a	
former wife, a good fortune,	
young, and kept very close by	
her father ———	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Flippanta</i> , <i>Clarissa</i> 's maid, ———	Miss Pope.
Mrs. <i>Amlet</i> , a seller of all sorts of	
private affairs to the ladies,	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Mrs. <i>Cloggit</i> , her neighbour,	Mrs. Cross.

T H E

THE CONFEDERACY.

* * * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Enter Mrs. Amlet and Mrs. Cloggit, meeting.

AMLET.

GOOD-morrow, neighbour; good-morrow, neighbour Cloggit. How does all at your house this morning?

Clog. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet, thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

Am. At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest: these are hard times, good lack.

Clog. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going; all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

Am. Yes, they do help us off with them indeed; they buy all.

Clog. And pay——

Am. For some.

Clog. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one, as they are at t'other; for, not to wrong them, they give very good rates.

Am. Oh, for that, let's do them justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price; all they haggle about is the day of payment.

Clog. There's all the dispute, as you say.

Am. But that's a wicked one. For my part, neighbour, I'm just tired off my legs with trotting after them; be-

A 2

sides,

sides, it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattens with following my old Lady Youthful for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint?

Clog. Look you there now!

Am. If they would but once let me get enough by 'em, to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it.

Clog. Ay, that were something. But, now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers?

Am. My city customers! Now, by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court, (with reverence be it spoken) there's not a —— to choose. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers; but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one! adieu t'other! their money and their consciences are gone, Heaven knows where. 'There is not a goldsmith's wife to be found in town, but's as hard-hearted as an ancient judge, and as poor as a towering duchess.'

Clog. But what the murrain have they to do with quality? Why don't their husbands make them mind their shops?

Am. Their husbands! their husbands, say'st thou, woman? Alack, alack, they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon!

Clog. Good lack-a-day, that women born of sober parents, should be prone to follow ill examples! But, now we talk of quality, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t'other day, in a laced coat, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom.

Am. Is it possible? Ah, the rogue! Well, neighbour, all's well that ends well; but Dick will be hanged.

Clog. That were pity.

Am. Pity indeed; for he's a hopeful young man to look on; but he leads a life——Well, where he has it, Heaven knows; but, they say, he pays his club with the best of them. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but

but I bid him march, and march he did, to some purpose ; for, in less than an hour, back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro in the room, with his wig over his shoulder, his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect, Heaven bless us ! than if it had been an orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that ? He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about upon his ungracious heel, as much as to say, kiss —— and I've never set eyes on him since.

Clog. Look you there now ! To see what the youth of this age are come to !

Am. See what they will come to, neighbour. Heaven shield, I say ; but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow ; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

Clog. To get in some old debt, I'll warrant you ?

Am. Neither better nor worse.

Clog. From a lady of quality ?

Am. No, she's but a scrivener's wife ; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countesses of them all.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Brags.

Brags. Well, surely, through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my school-fellow, Dick. To pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality ; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hanged for robbing a church ; and has a pedlar to his mother, who carries her shop under her arm. But here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Well, Brags, what news ? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta ?

Brags. I'm but just come ; I han't knocked at the door yet. But I have a damn'd piece of news for you.

Dick. As how ?

Brags. We must quit this country.

Dick. We'll be hang'd first.

Brags. So you will, if you stay.

Dick.

3 THE CONFEDERACY.

Dick. Why, what's the matter ?

Brass. There's a storm a coming.

Dick. From whence ?

Brass. From the worst point in the compass, the law.

Dick. The law ! Why, what have I to do with the law ?

Brass. Nothing ; and therefore it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brass. You know you cheated a young fellow at piquet & other day, of the money he had to raise his company.

Dick. Well, what then ?

Brass. Why, he's sorry he lost it.

Dick. Who doubts that ?

Brass. Ay, but that's not all ; he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be so wise to stop his mouth.

Brass. How ?

Dick. Give him a little back ; if that won't do, strangle him.

Brass. You are very quick in your methods.

Dick. Men must be so that will dispatch business.

Brass. Hark you, Colonel, your father died in 's bed.

Dick. He might have done, if he had not been a fool.

Brass. Why, he robbed a church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

Brass. Are not you a great rogue ?

Dick. Or I should wear worse clothes.

Brass. Hark you ; I would advise you to change your life.

Dick. And turn ballad-singer.

Brass. Not so neither.

Dick. What then ?

Brass. Why, if you can get this young wench, reform, and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starved.

Brass. No, she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain, for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you ; for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town : have a care your noble birth, and your honourable relations are not discovered too ; there needs but that to have you tossed in a blanket,

blanket, for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into ; and then, like a dutiful son, you may dabble about with your mother, and sell paint : she's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, with a pair of plod shoes, your hair cropped up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm !

Dick. Why, faith, Brags, I think thou art in the right on't ; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her bitch-tricks with me : therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do : we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily ; we'll cheat his family to purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

Brags. Have at her then. I'll about your business presently.

Dick. ' One kiss—and' success attend thee.

[*Exit Dick.*

Brags. A great rogue——Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta.

[*He knocks.*

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. Who's that ? *Brags !*

Brags. Flippanta !

Flip. What want you, rogue's face ?

Brags. Is your mistress dress'd ?

Flip. What, already ! Is the fellow drunk ?

Brags. Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it's almost two.

Flip. What then, fool ?

Brags. Why, then it's time for the mistress of the house to come down and look after her family.

Flip. Pr'ythee, don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning ; we that go to bed in the morning, rise in the afternoon.

Brags. When does she make her visits then ?

Flip. By candle-light : it helps off a muddy complexion ; we women hate inquisitive sunshine. But do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife ?

Brags. What, is she going to die ?

Flip. Die !

Brags.

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

Flip. No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

Brass. As how?

Flip. Why, all the company she used to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet her at her own house. Your master has advised her to set up a basset-table.

Brass. Nay, if he advised her to it, it's right. But has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

Flip. What to do? When the company meet, he'll see them.

Brass. Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must begone; have you any business with my Lady?

Brass. Yes, as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold—and as first minister of state to the Colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is it? Quick.

Brass. Why——he's in love.

Flip. With what?

Brass. A woman—and her money together.

Flip. Who is she?

Brass. Corinna.

Flip. What would he be at?

Brass. At her——if she's at leisure.

Flip. Which way?

Brass. Honourably—He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

Flip. Of me!

Brass. Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city-fortune, would't he have him apply to her father and mother?

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think: men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. With a long periwig we strike the lady, with a you-know-what we soften the maid; and when the parson has done his job, we open the affair to the family. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-

prayer-book, my little queen? It's a very passionate one; it's sealed with a heart and dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brass. Not one word in prose; it's dated in rhyme.

[She takes it.]

Flip. Well, but—have you brought nothing else?

Brass. Gad forgive me? I'm the forgetfullest dog—I have a letter for you too—here—'tis in a purse—but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

Brass. How useful a virtue is 'humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, shan't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be. Her father (who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him) lets her seldom converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion—See, there's my Lady; go in, and deliver your letter to her. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, a Parlour.

Enter Clarissa, followed by Flippanta and Brass.

Clar. No messages this morning from any body, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, Madam.

Clar. Give it me—Open it for me, Flippanta; I am so lazy to-day.

[Sits down.]

Brass. *[To Flip.]* Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself; I'm no novice.

Clar. *[To Brass.]* 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your Ladyship has no farther commands then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass—Flippanta!

[Exit Brass.]

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love!

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip.

Flip. Impossible!

Clar. This letter from her, is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

Clar. No; thou know'st I'm not much tortured with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, Madam; for jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fie! A woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould, who is either troubled or pleased with any thing her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee, mention him no more; 'tis the dullest theme!

Flip. 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too!

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already, and four-and-twenty hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

Flip. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together—You never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistak'st the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves blest'd in your case: handsome, witty, loved by every body, and of so happy a composure, to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion but that of your pleasures, and you have in me a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will. Yet all this is nothing; you can still be out of humour.

Clar. Alas, I have too much cause!

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of?

Clar. Alas, I have more subjects for spleen than one! Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's

vener's wife?—Come, don't flatter me—don't you think nature designed me for something *plus élevée*?

Flip. Nay, that's certain; but, on t'other side, methinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a woman of quality, tho' you are none.

Clar. Oh, fie! the very quintessence of it is wanting.

Flip. What's that?

Clar. Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, tho' I don't like their faces; or to ruin their reputations, tho' they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve them: I dare not raise a lie of a man, tho' he neglects to make love to me; nor report a woman to be a fool, tho' she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, tho' they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard indeed.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value!

Flip. They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband—Come, come, Madam, that's a good portion for one.

Clar. Alas! what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? 'Tis a sad thing, Flippanta, when wit's confin'd, 'tis worse than 'the rising of the lights;' I have been sometimes almost choke'd with scandal, and durst not cough it up, for want of being a countess.

Flip. Poor lady!

Clar. Oh, liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta! it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine; I can't mend my condition till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

Flip. That's your best way, Madam; and in order to it, pray, consider how you'll get some ready money to set your basket-table a going; for that's necessary.

Clar. Thou say'st true: but what trick I shall play my husband

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husband to get some, I don't know ; for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I'm afraid he won't hear reason.

Flip. No matter ; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest : so I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

Clar. That can't be ; for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it then.

Clar. I'm quite tired with dealing with those pawn-brokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while, for a while that. *[Aside.]*

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, iron bodice, false teeth, and all sorts of things to the ladies ; I can't think of her name.

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. Amlet ; she wants money.

Clar. Well, I han't enough for myself ; it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome jade.

Clar. So are all people that come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her ?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She's very rich ; that woman is, Flippanta ; I'll borrow some money of her.

Flip. Borrow ! Sure you jest, Madam.

Clar. No, I'm in earnest ; I give thee commission to do it for me.

Flip. Me !

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly ? Don't I speak to be understood ?

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough ; but Mrs. Amlet—

Clar. But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money ; where shall I have any to pay her else ?

Flip. That's true ; I never thought of that, truly. But here she is.

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Clar. How do you do ? How do you do, Mrs. Amlet ? I ha'n't seen you these thousand years ; and yet I believe I'm down in your books.

Am.

Am. Oh, Madam, I don't come for that, alack!

Flip. Good-morrow, Mrs. Amlet.

Am. Good-morrow, Mrs. Flippanta.

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

Am. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me—There, Madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it; for I hate to be in debt—where I am obliged to pay. [*Aside.*]—[*Reads.*] “*Imprimis*, For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip.”—Oh, fie! this does not belong to me.

Am. I beg your Ladyship's pardon: I mistook indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her two years ago with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet. But some are better customers than some. There's your Ladyship's bill, Madam.

Clar. [*Reads.*] “For the idea of a new-invented com-mode.”—Ay, this may be mine; but 'tis of a preposterous length. Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? I'd as lief read a sermon.

Am. Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing yourself at that rate! cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

Clar. Total, fifty-six pounds—and odd things.

Flip. But six-and-fifty pounds!

Am. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much; but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

Clar. Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pounds. Make haste. Don't you hear me? Six-and-fifty pounds. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip. No, Madam—I—I comprehend six-and-fifty pounds—but——

Clar. But go and fetch it then.

Flip. What she means I don't know; but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Clar. [*Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.*] The trade you follow gives you a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet.

Am. Alack-a-day, a world of pain, Madam! and yet there's small profit, as your honour sees by your bill.

Clar. Poor woman! Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet.

Am. I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

Clar. Poor woman! You have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

Am. Only one wicked rogue, Madam, who, I think, will break my heart.

Clar. Poor woman!

Am. He'll be hanged, Madam; that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, Heaven knows; but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as gim as the best of them. But the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse.

Clar. Poor woman!

Am. Alas, Madam, he's like the rest of the world!—Every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me; I have a little business. Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [Exit.]

Am. I return your honour many thanks—Ah, there's a good lady! not so much as read her bill—If the rest were like her, I should soon have money enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Sure Flippanta must have given my letter by this time. I long to know how it has been received.

[Aside.]

Am. Misericorde! what do I see?

Dick. Fiends and hags!—the witch, my mother!

Am. Nay, 'tis he—Ah, my poor Dick! what art thou doing here?

Dick. What a misfortune!

[Aside.]

Am. Good lard, how thou art bravely deek'd! But it's all one; I'm thy mother still; and tho' thou art a wicked child, nature will speak; I love thee still—Ah, Dick! my poor Dick!

[Embracing him.]

Dick. Blood and thunder! will you ruin me?

[Breaking from her.]

Am. Ah, the blasphemous rogue, how he swears!

Dick.

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Am. Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? — Thou art an ungracious bird. Kneel down, and ask me blessing, firrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Am. Ah, he's a proper young man! See what a shape he has—Ah, poor child!

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*]

Dick. 'Oons, keep off! the woman's mad. If any body comes, my fortune's lost.

Am. What fortune, ha? Speak, Graceless—Ah, Dick, thou'lt be hanged, Dick!

Dick. Good dear mother, don't call me Dick here.

Am. Not call thee Dick! Is it not thy name? What shall I call thee? Mr. Amlet? Ha! Art not thou a presumptuous rascal; Hark you, firrah; I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse. Is not this true?

Dick. No, I love you, I respect you; [*Taking her band.*] I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Am. What prospect? Ha! Come, this is a lie now.

Dick. No, my honoured parent, what I say is true; I'm about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law in a coach and six horses, if you'll but be quiet. I can't tell you more now.

Am. Is it possible?

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

Am. My dear lad —

Dick. For Heaven's sake —

Am. But, tell me, Dick —

Dick. I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

Am. What a shape is there! —

Dick. Pray, mother, go.

Am. I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding-dinner.

Dick. Here's somebody coming—'Sdeath, she'll betray me!

Enter Flippanta.

[*He makes signs to his mother.*]

Dick. Good-morrow, dear Flippanta; how do all the ladies within?

Flip. At your service, Colonel ; as far, at least, as my interest goes.

Am. Colonel !—Law you, now, how Dick's respected ! [*Afide.*]

Dick. Waiting for thee, Flippanta, I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

Am. The pretty lad ! He's as impudent as a page.

Dick. Who is this good woman, Flippanta ? [*Afide.*]

Flip. A gin of all trades ; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house, to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of yours in my pocket, Colonel.

Dick. An answer to my letter ?

Flip. So quick indeed ? No, it's your letter itself.

Dick. Hast thou not given it then yet ?

Flip. I ha'n't had an opportunity ; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my Lady ?

Dick. Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But, dear Flippanta, don't forget ; my life and fortune are in your hands.

Flip. Never fear ; I'll take care of them.

Am. How he traps them !—Let Dick alone. [*Afide.*]

Dick. [To his mother.] Your servant, good Madam.

[*Exit Dick.*]

Am. Your honour's most devoted—A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta. Pray, whom may he be ?

Flip. A man of great note ; Colonel Shapely.

Am. Is it possible ? I have heard much of him indeed, But never saw him before. One may see quality in every limb of him—He's a fine man, truly.

Flip. I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

Am. Alas, those days are done with me ! but if I were as fair as I was once, and had as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bedfellow. I love your men of rank ; they have something in their air does so distinguish them from the rascality.

Flip. People of quality are fine things indeed, Mrs. Amlet, if they had but a little more money ; but for want of that, they are forced to do things their great souls are ashamed

ashamed of. For example, here's my Lady—she owes you but six-and-fifty pounds.

Am. Well!

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Am. How can that be?

Flip. I don't know; her cash-keeper's out of humour; he says he has no money.

Am. What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper! Tell his lady he has no money!—Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for't; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

Am. But Madam plays sometimes; so, when she has good fortune, she may pay me out of her winnings.

Flip. Oh, ne'er think of that, Mrs. Amlet; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol, than pay off a farthing with it. 'Play-money, Mrs. Amlet, amongst people of quality, is a sacred thing, and not to be profaned; 'tis consecrated to their pleasures; 'twould be sacrilege to pay their debts with it.'

Am. Why, what shall we do, then? For I ha'n't one penny to buy bread.

Flip. I'll tell you—it just now comes in my head—I know my Lady has a little occasion for money at this time: so—if you lend her—a hundred pounds, d'ye see?—then she may pay you your six-and-fifty out of it.

Am. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me.

Flip. No, the devil fetch me if I do——You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Am. O ho, a pawn! That's another case—And when must she have the money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Am. Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house; it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Am. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit Amlet.*] So——this ready money will make us all happy——this spring will set our basset-table a going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My Lady's young and handsome; she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before

fore she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better; the more the grist, the richer the miller. Sure never wench got into so hopeful a place: here's a fortune to be sold, a mistress to be debauched, and a master to be ruined. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die, both a maid and a beggar.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *Mr. Gripe's House.*

Enter Clarissa and Dick.

CLARISSA.

WHAT in the name of dulness is the matter with you, Colonel? You are as studious as a cracked chymist.

Dick. My head, Madam, is full of your husband.

Clar. The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion!—Dear Colonel, give it a less violent name.

Enter Brafs.

Dick. Well, Sir, what want you?

Bras. The affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick aside.*] There's an action out!

Dick. The devil there is!

Clar. What news brings Brafs?

Dick. Before Gad I can't tell, Madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'ye-call-him waits for me at my lodging: is not that it?

Bras. Yes, Sir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Bras.*] Jesfamin!

[*She sits down.*]

Enter Jessamin.

Jesf. Madam.

Clar. Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her father han't locked her up: I want her company.

Jesf.

Jess. Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

Clar. Pshaw! she's always taken up with her impatient guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet: and Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her coquette-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure!

Enter Flippanta.

Oh, art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker, thou knowest how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect money: if you had sent me to buy a prayer-book. you'd have thought I had flown.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any, after all?

Flip. Yes, I have brought some. There [*Giving her a purse.*] the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

Clar. 'Tis well! but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect any thing of this, 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: so I would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping them from his knowledge.

Flip. See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of them, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

Flip. How exactly you define them!

Clar. Oh, I know them, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen.

Flip. Why if you please to drop yourself in his way, six to four, but he scolds one rubbers with you.

Clar. Ay, but thou knowest he's as uncertain as the wind; and if instead of quarrelling with me, he should grow fond, he'd make me as sick as a dog.

Flip. If he's kind, you must provoke him; if he kisses you, spit in his face.

Clar. Alas! when men are in the kissing fit (like lap-dogs) they take that for a favour.

Flip.

Flip. Nay, then I don't know what you'll do with him.

Clar. I'll e'en do nothing at all with him.—*Flip-panta.*

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My cardinal and gloves, and a coach to the door.

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet, but I would go spend some money, since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How awkward an objection now is that, as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted them. 'Quality always distinguishes itself; and therefore, as the mechanic people buy things, because they have occasion for them, you see women of rank always buy things, because they have not occasion for them. Now there, Flippanta, you see the difference between a woman that has breeding, and one that has none. Oh, ho, here's Araminta come at last.'

Enter Araminta.

Lard, what a tedious while you have let me expect you? I was afraid you were not well; how do you do to-day?

Ara. As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

Flip. Methinks, Madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. Oh, 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirits look drowsy.

Clar. But pr'ythee, what was't disturbed you?

Aram. Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remembered, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy, you have made a noble conquest indeed.

Aram. But now I have subdued the country, pray is it worth my keeping? You know the ground, you have tried it.

Clar. A barren soil, Heaven can tell.

Aram. Yet if it were well cultivated, it would produce something to my knowledge. Do you know 'tis in

in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? His whole estate is at my service.

Flip. Cods-fish, strike him, Madam, and let my Lady go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey them.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem, Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But pr'ythee tell me how you have passed the night? For I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

Clar. No wonder indeed you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

Aram. Why, can a woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and tossed herself into a burning fever, for want of sleep, 'and sees a fellow lie snoring by her, stock-still, in a fine breathing sweat?'

Clar. Now see the difference of women's tempers: if my dear would make but one nap of his whole life, and only waken to make his will, I should be the happiest wife in the universe. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

Aram. I have a coach waits at the door, we'll talk of them as we rattle along.

Clar. The best place in nature, for you know a hackney-coach is a natural enemy to a husband.

[*Exeunt Clar. and Aram.*]

Flip. [*Sola.*] What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a counsel of war together! Poor birds! What would they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help them to employment! Well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes Miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state too ere long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of them, I'm mistaken. Han't I lost the letter I'm to give her?—No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure

pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet.

Enter Corinna.

Cor. What does my mother-in-law want with me, Flippanta? They tell me, she was asking for me.

Flip. She's just gone out; so I suppose 'twas no great business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some business with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company; he says, you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! He's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I'm almost weary of my life.

Flip. Why, what is't he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pitied so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pitied! Why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am should be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? Fine entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at sixteen! Methinks one's time might be better employed.

Flip. Those things will improve your wit.

Cor. Fiddle faddle; han't I wit enough already! My mother-in-law has learned none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long?

Flip. Then you envy her, I find.

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth?

Flip. Look you there now: [*Aside.*] if she has not already conceived that, as the supreme blessing of life.

Cor. I'll tell you what, Flippanta; if my mother-in-law

law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the fire. Why, he can't touch a groat of my portion; do you know that, Flippanta?

Flip. So—I shall spoil her. [*Aside.*] Pray heaven the girl don't debauch me.

Cor. Look you: in short, he may think what he pleases; he may think himself wise; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a girl 'tis true, and a fool too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart-ache; so he had as good be quiet—Now it's out—

Flip. Very well, I love to see a young woman have spirit, it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta! if you would but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, 'till you are married. Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think, you durst venture upon a husband?

Cor. A husband! Why a—if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend now. I'll give you advice, when I have got a little more experience. Do you, in your very conscience and soul, think I am old enough to be married?

Flip. Old enough! Why, you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account.

Flip. The deuce you are!

Cor. Why, do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do, upon my faith, child.

Cor. Why then to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

Flip. Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown into fire.

C

Cor.

Cor. What is it, for Jupiter's sake?

Flip. Something will make your heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know, nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it.

Flip. It's a four-cornered thing.—*There—*

Cor. What, like a cardinal's cap?

Flip. No, 'tis worth a whole conclave of them. How do you like it? *[Shewing the Letter.]*

Cor. Oh, lard, a letter!—Is there ever a token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

Cor. A handsome young gentleman's heart? Nay, then it's time to look grave. *[Aside.]*

Flip. There.

Cor. I shan't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I shan't receive it.

Flip. Sure you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand myself better, than to take letters, when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I'm afraid I commended your wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one, I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Hey-day! open it and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed I shall not.

Flip. Well—then I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, Madam; my father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine work. This 'tis to deal with girls before they come to know the distinction of sexes.

Cor. Confess, who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why then, since it must out, 'twas the Colonel: but why are you so scrupulous, Madam?

Cor.

Cor. Because, if it had come from any body else——
I would not have given a farthing for it.

[*Twitching it eagerly out of her hand.*]

Flip. Ah, my dear little rogue, [*Kissing her.*] you frightened me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um—Cupid's—um, um, um,—Darts,—um, um, um,—Beauty,—um,—Charms,—um, um, um,—Angel,—um,—Goddeſs, um,—[*Kiſſing the Letter.*] um, um, um,—trueſt Lover,—um, um,—Eternal Conſtancy,—um, um, um,—Cruel,—um, um, um,—Racks,—um, um, um,—Tortures,—um, um,—ſifty Daggers,—um, um,—bleeding Heart,—um, um,—dead Man.—Very well, a mighty civil letter I promiſe you; not one ſinuttry word in it: I'll go lock it up in my comb-box.

Flip. Well—but what does he ſay to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta; 'tis all about buſineſs.

Flip. Does he not tell you he's in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How ſo? He never ſpoke to you?

Cor. He ſent me word by his eyes.

Flip. Did he ſo? Mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that language.

Cor. Oh, but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, becauſe I don't go a viſiting, and ſee the world, you think I know nothing. But you ſhould conſider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am now, by more than I'll boaſt of, I thought of things would have made you ſtare again.

Flip. Well, ſince you are ſo well verſed in your buſineſs, I ſuppoſe I need not inform you, that if you don't write your gallant an answer—he'll die.

Cor. Nay, now, Flippanta, I confeſs you tell me ſomething I did not know before. Do you ſpeak in ſerious ſadneſs? Are men given to die, if their miſtreſſes are ſour to them?

Flip. Um—I can't ſay they all die—No, I can't ſay

say they do ; but truly, I believe it would go very hard with the Colonel.

Cor. Lard, I would not have my hands in blood for thousands ; and therefore, Flippanta——if you'll encourage me——

Flip. Oh, by all means an answer.

Cor. Well, since you say it then, I'll e'en in and do it, though I protest to you, (lest you should think me too forward now) he's the only man that wears a beard, I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him in a year or two's time I may'nt be so nice. *[Aside.*

[Exit Corinna.

Flip. *[Sola.]* Now heaven give him joy ; he's like to have a rare wife o'thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaister to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love. See !——here comes an example——Araminta's dread Lord.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta ! How do you do, good Flippanta ? How do you do ?

Flip. Thank you, Sir, well, at your service.

Mon. And how does the good family, your master, and your fair mistress ? Are they at home ?

Flip. Neither of them ; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my Lady is just gone with your wife.

Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta ; for I have wished a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few questions ?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this Cot-quean going to pry into now !

[Aside.

Mon. Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together ?

Flip. Live ! Why——like man and wife, generally out of humour, 'quarrel often, seldom agree,' complain of one another ; and perhaps, have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

Mon. Good lack ! But whose side are you generally of ?

Flip.

Flip. O' the right side always, my Lady's. And if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, Sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Little, pecking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldly things.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Fit for nothing but taylors and dry nurses.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A dog in a manger, snarling and biting, to starve gentlemen with good stomachs.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A centry upon pleasure, set to be a plague on lovers, and damn poor women before their time.

Mon. A husband is indeed——

Flip. Sir, I say he is nothing—a beetle without wings, a windmill without sails, a ship in a calm.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A quack without drugs.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A lawyer without knavery.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A courtier without flattery.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A king without an army; or, a people with one.—Have I drawn him, Sir?

Mon. Why, truly, Flippanta, I can't deny but there are some general lines of resemblance. But, you know, there may be exceptions.

Flip. Hark you, Sir, shall I deal plainly with you? Had I got a husband, I would put him in mind, that he was married as well as I. [Sings.]

For were I the thing call'd a wife,
And my fool grew too fond of his power,
He should look like an ass all his life,
For a prank that I'd play him in an hour.

Tol lol la ra tal tol, &c.—Do you observe that, Sir?

Mon. I do; and think you would be in the right on't. But, pr'ythee, why dost not give this advice to thy mistress?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, Sir, for you know they are play-fellows.

Mon. Oh, there's no danger of my wife; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, Sir?

Mon. I'm sure she ought to know it, Flippanta, for really I have but four faults in the world.

Flip. And, pray what may they be?

Mon. Why, I'm a little slovenly, I shift but once a week.

Flip. Fough!

Mon. I am sometimes out of humour.

Flip. Provoking!

Mon. I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent!

Mon. And a——perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip. The devil!

Mon. Oh, but then consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with washing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta! didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't—Thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little reproach going to lead us now?

Mon. You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then? you hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings——

Flip. Mighty obscure.

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but——

Flip. All Hebrew.

THE CONFEDERACY.

31

Mon. If thou wouldst but tell her on't.

Flip. Still darker and darker.

Mon. I should not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah, now I begin to understand you.

Mon. Flippanta——there's my purse.

Flip. Say no more ; now, you explain, indeed—You are in love ?

Mon. Bitterly—and I do swear by all the gods—

Flip. Hold—Spare them for another time, you stand in no need of them now. An usurer that parts with his purse, gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

Mon. I hate my wife, Flippanta.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon. She's the devil, Flippanta.

Flip. You like your neighbour's better.

Mon. Oh, an angel !

Flip. What pity it is the law don't allow trucking !

Mon. If it did, Flippanta !

Flip. But since it don't, Sir——keep the reins upon your passion : don't let your flame rage too high, lest my Lady should be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, Flippanta ! a very small matter would save my life.

Flip. Then y^e are dead——for we women never grant any thing to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

Mon. Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty ; but since you'll have it out——I am a very dragon ; and so your Lady will find——if ever she think fit to be——Now, I hope you'll stand my friend.

Flip. Well, Sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employed in your service.

Mon. My best Flippanta——tell her——I'm all hers——tell her——my body's hers——tell her——my soul's hers——and tell her——my estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love !

Flip. Poor man ! what a sweat he's in ! But hark——I hear my master ; for heaven's sake compose yourself a little, you are in such a fit, o' my conscience he'll smell you out.

Mon.

Mon. Ah, dear, I'm in such an emotion, I dare not be seen; put me in this closet for a moment.

Flip. Closet, man! it's too little, your love would stifle you. Go air yourself in the garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. [*She puts him out.*] A rare adventure, by my troth. This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. Oh, here's the right hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, hufwife?

Flip. An admirable question!—Why, she's gone abroad, Sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad, abroad already?—Why, she uses to be stewing in her bed three hours after this time, as late as 'tis. What makes her gadding so soon?

Flip. Business, I suppose.

Gripe. Business! she has a pretty head for business truly: Oh, ho, let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her way of living, Sir? You see it agrees with her. She never looked better in her life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or——

Flip. Indeed, Sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most husbands; contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall?

Gripe. A wife's resolution is not good by law.

Flip. Nor a husband's by custom.

Gripe. I tell thee I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, Sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. 'Ooas, I have borne it three years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

Gripe. My mind to it! Death and the devil! My mind to it!

Flip. Look ye, Sir, you may swear and damn, and call the

the furies to assist you ; but till you apply the remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so ?

Gripe. Pr'ythee change me that word fancy, and it is so.

Flip. Why there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town : and that all the disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here in your own head.

[Thumping his Forehead.]

Gripe. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman ?

Flip. By my faith I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad——Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then : does not she put the whole house in disorder ?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. 'Tis very well. Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family ?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable ! Does not she spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire, than would maintain six children ?

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good ! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together ?

Flip. That, Sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time ; you keep odd hours ; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes, truly, night into day, and day into night, bawdy-house play, that's her trade ; but these are trifles. Has she not lost her diamond necklace ? Answer me to that, trapes.

Flip.

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it, as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah! — the devil take her; but enough. 'Tis resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her; [*Aside.*] which though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight.

[*Exit Gripe.*]

Flip. [*Sola.*] Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to every thing about them. ' Their wives do by them as children do ' by dogs, teaze and provoke them till they make them ' so peevish, they snarl and bite at every thing that comes ' in their reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to ' that degree, he's for his wife's keeping at home, and ' making hell of his house, so he may be the devil in ' it, to torment her. How niggardly so ever he is of ' all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her ' misery at the expence of his own peace.' But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum.

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *Mrs. Amlet's House.*

Enter Dick,

WHERE's this old woman? — A-hey. What the devil, nobody at home! Ha! her strong box! — And the key in't! 'tis so. Now fortune be my friend. What the deuce — Not a penny of money in cash! — Nor a checker note! — Nor a bank-bill! — [*Searches the strong box.*] — Nor a crooked stick! Nor a — Mum — here's something — A diamond necklace, by all the gods! 'Oons the old woman — Zest.

[*Claps the necklace in his pocket, then runs and asks her blessing.*]

Enter

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

—Pray mother, pray to, &c.

Am. Is it possible!—Dick upon his humble knee! Ah, my dear child! —May heaven be good unto thee.

Dick. I'm come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to—

Am. What a shape is there!

Dick. To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune; for what is riches in this world without a blessing? And how can there be a blessing without respect and duty to parents.

Am. What a nose he has!

Dick. And therefore it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage, without the——

Am. Now the Lord love thee [*Kissing him.*]——for thou art a goodly young man. Well, Dick,——And how goes it with the Lady? Are her eyes open to thy charms? Does she see what's for her own good? Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her? Ha! is all sure? Hast thou broke a piece of money with her? Speak, bird, do: don't be modest and hide thy love from thy mother, for I'm an indulgent parent.

Dick. Nothing under heaven can prevent my good fortune, but its being discovered I am your son——

Am. Then thou art still ashamed of thy natural mother——Graceless! Why, I'm no whore, firrah.

Dick. I know you are not—A whore! Bless us all—

Am. No; my reputation's as good as the best of 'em; and though I am old, I'm chaste, you rascal, you.

Dick. Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, mother; but——

Am. I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a virtuous family.

Dick. 'Oons, virtue is not the case——

Am. Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

Dick. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

Am. I'm a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

Dick. I tell you, s'death, I tell you——

Am. If a man should make an uncivil motion to me, I'd

I'd spit in his lascivious face ; and all this you may tell them, firrah.

Dick. Death and furies ! the woman's out of her—

Am. Don't you swear, you rascal you, don't you swear ; we shall have thee damned at last, and then I shall be disgraced.

Dick. Why then in cold blood hear me speak to you : I tell you it's a city-fortune I'm about, she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality ; she has quarrelled with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolved she'll marry, to take place of her.

Am. What a cherry lip is there !

Dick. Therefore, good, dear mother, now have a care and don't discover me ; for if you do, all's lost.

Am. Dear, dear, how thy fair bride will be delighted ; go, get thee gone, go : go fetch her home, go fetch her home ; I'll give her a sack-posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. Take care then of the main chance, my dear mother ; remember if you discover me——

Am. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. You promise me then——

Am. March.

Dick. But swear to me——

Am. Be gone, firrah.

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you—But one kiss before I go. *[Kisses her heartily, and runs off.]*

Am. Now the Lord love thee ; for thou art a comfortable young man. *[Exit Mrs. Amlet.]*

SCENE, Gripe's House.

Enter Corinna and Flippanta.

Cor. But hark you, Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

Flip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it, let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble yourself.

Cor. And not a word of the pudding to my mother-in-law.

Flip. Enough.

Cor.

Cor. When we come to love one another to the purpose she shall know all.

Flip. Ay, then 'twill be time enough.

Cor. But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your security.

Cor. I'm young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it's your business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor innocence!

Cor. But tell me in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

Flip. I have told you so an hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience, and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess—But I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

Enter Jefferamin.

Jeff. Madam, yonder's your geography-master waiting for you.

Cor. Ah, how I am tired with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your heart, you shall be rid of them all ere long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the study I'm so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the Colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning every thing he could shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming, we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will—Oh, the dear Colonel.

[Running off.]

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Oh, ho, it's Mrs. Amlet—What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

Am. Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

D

Am.

Am. Ah! mercy on us all—Madam's diamond necklace——

Flip. What of that?

Am. Are you sure you left it in my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question truly!

Am. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to Madam of it, I beseech you: it will be found again, if it be Heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his birdlime fingers on't.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these then?

Am. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this, neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow, if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Am. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true, but—Mum—

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Am. Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Am. By way of conversation only, it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so; I, who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! you!

Am. Yes, I, I; but don't trouble Madam about her necklace, perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit Mrs. Amlet.]

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? 'Mad! what a hodge-podge of a story's here?' The necklace lost; and her son Dick; and a fortune to marry: and she shall dance at the wedding; and—She does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam!

Enter Brads.

Brads. Well, hussy, how stand our affairs? Has Miss writ us an answer yet? My master's very impatient yonder.

Flip.

THE CONFEDERACY.

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Flip. And why the deuce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands? Here I had her alone just now: he won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brass. So much the worse for him; 'tis his business. — But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee; dost hear that?

Flip. Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love?

Brass. Then it's full of important things indeed: dost want a privy-counsellor?

Flip. I want an assistant.

Brass. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

Brass. I'm thy man—touch.

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my project, pry thee tell me, whether thou findest a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

Brass. Is she handsome.

Flip. Yes.

Brass. Why then my disposition's at her service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brass. Not she alone neither, therefore don't let her grow vain upon't; for I have three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this epistle from Miss to thy master; and when thou comest back, I'll tell thee thy business.

Brass. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy master waits for an answer.

Brass. I'd rather he should wait than I.

Flip. Why then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my Lady.

Brass. Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver: thy Lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

Flip. Who told you that, sirrah?

Brass. 'Tis a negotiation I am charged with, pert. Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town? I

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have

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have managed master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you shut you.

Flip. Hark thee, Brass, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

Brass. Pique and repique, you jade you, if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion. — See here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for them.

Enter Clarissa and Araminta.

Clar. Jeffamin! here, boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure. — Oh, art thou there, Brass! What news?

Brass. Madam, I only called in as I was going by. — But some little propositions, Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your Ladyship my humble service.

Clar. What propositions?

Brass. She'll acquaint you, Madam.

Aram. Is there any thing new, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, and pretty too.

Clar. That follows of course, but let's have it quick.

Flip. Why, Madam, you have made a conquest.

Clar. Huffy — But of who? Quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Money-trap, that's all.

Aram. My husband!

Flip. Yes, your husband, Madam: you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

Flip. Serious as my devotions.

Brass. And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

Aram. My dear?

[To Clarissa.

Clar. My life!

Aram. My angel!

Clar. My soul!

[Hugging one another.

Aram. The stars have done this

Clar. The pretty little twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them now?

Clar. What grateful creature's ought; show them we don't despise their favours.

Aram.

Aram. But is not this a wager between these two blockheads?

Clar. I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happened.

Clar. All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

Aram. Brags, my dear, will be useful to us.

Brags. At your service, Madam.

Clar. Flippanta will be necessary, my life.

Flip. She waits your commands, Madam.

Aram. For my part, then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half crown.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, Madam.

Brags. [To *Clar.*] If your Ladyship would give me the same kind orders for yours——

Clar. Oh, if thou spar'st him, Brags, I'm thy enemy 'till I die.

Brags. 'Tis enough, Madam; I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

Clar. Storm, dear Brags, storm; ever whilst you live, storm.

Aram. Oh, by all means!——Must it not be so, Flippanta?

Flip. In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a piece, that's my sentence.

Brags. Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expence in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, Brags!

Brags. Um——a——some small matters, Madam, I doubt must be.

Clar. Now that's a vile article, Araminta; for that thing, your husband, is so like mine——

Flip. Phu! there's a scruple indeed! Pray, Madam, don't be so squeamish; tho' the meat be a little flat, we'll find you savoury sauce to it.

Clar. This wench is so mad——

Flip. Why, what, in the name of Lucifer, is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

Brass. A civil look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that.

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford them.

Brass. A little smile, *à propos*.

Aram. That's but giving one's self an air.

Flip. Receive a little letter, perhaps.

Clar. Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

Brass. Suffer (may be) a squeeze by the hand.

Aram. One's so us'd to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a kiss would do't——

Clar. I'd die first.

Brass. Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to——

Clar. Get their wretched money, without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my ladies—— But I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brass. And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

Aram. That, I think, should be indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So, get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of all this to thy master.

Brass. I'll observe my order, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself; he'll be violently delighted with it. 'Tis the best man in the world, Araminta; he'll bring us rare company to-morrow; all sorts of gamesters; and thou shalt see, my husband will be such a beast to be out of humour at it.

Aram. The monster!—But, hush! here's my dear approaching: prythee, let's leave him to Flippanta.

Flip. Ay, pray do; I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Dispatch, then; for the basset-table's in haste.

[*Exit Clar. and Aram.*]

Flip. So, now have at him. Here he comes—We'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, Sir.

Mon. And where is she, pr'ythee?

Flip. Gone abroad, Sir.

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I meant right, Sir—My Lady will come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she is either in very good humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good-lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her house uneasy to her—But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover, ha?

Flip. Said—yes, I have said; much good may it do me.

Mon. Well, and how?

Flip. And how!—And how do you think you would have me do't? And you have such a way with you, one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought myself into a fine business by it.

Mon. Good-lack!—But, I hope, Flippanta—

Flip. Yes, your hopes will do much, when I am turned out of doors.

Mon. Was she then terrible angry?

Flip. Oh, had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing! for, you must know, I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be owned.

Flip. On my word is it—I mean, where a lady is truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous case indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing—she has an inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible?

Flip. Yes; and I told her so, at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

[Giving him a slap on the face.

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a pox t'ye.

[Exit Moneytrap.]
Flip.

Flip. Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

Mon. Yea; but it really feels a little oddly.

Flip. Why, you must know, ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in. If she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss. But as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love; so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour, next token she sends me.

Flip. Ah——good humour!

Mon. What's the matter?

Flip. Poor lady!

Mon. Ha!

Flip. If I durst tell you all——

Mon. What then?

Flip. You would not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, pr'ythee, tell me.

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must indeed..

Flip. Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

Mon. Why, what difficulties can she be in?

Flip. Nay, I do but guess, after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect?

Flip. Why, what should one suspect, where a husband loves nothing but the getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't?

Mon. So she wants that same then?

Flip. I say no such thing; I know nothing of the matter; pray, make no wrong interpretation of what I say; my Lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true, she has had ill luck at cards of late; I believe she has not won once this month; but what of that?

Mon.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her spirit's that, she'd see her husband hanged, before she'd ask him for a farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again; he'd see her drown'd, before he'd give her a farthing: but that's a help to your affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so indeed.

Flip. Ah—Well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

Mon. Why, really, Flippanta——

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your service, but 'twon't do; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allowed; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do,

Mon. You mistake me, Flippanta; I was only going to say——

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now——ay——let me see——

Mon. Indeed I hope——

Flip. Pray, be quiet——No—but I'm thinking——hum——she'll smoke that too——let us consider——If one could find a way to——'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about; she'll never touch it, if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon. Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life?

Flip. Twenty pounds, man! Why, you shall see her set that upon a card. Oh, she has a great soul! Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her aversion to him, and by consequence, her inclination to you. No, no; it must never come that way.

Mon. What shall we do then?

Flip. Hold still——I have it——I'll tell you what you shall do.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her a—restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha!—a restitution!

Flip.

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world ; Madam often plays, you know, and folks who do so, meet now and then with sharpeners. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper !

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper : and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me ?

Mon. Yes, I, I comprehend ; but—a—won't she suspect, if it be so much ?

Flip. No, no ; the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pounds !

Flip. Yes, two hundred pounds—Or—let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay—let it be two hundred and thirty ; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha !

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how ; guineas, I fancy, were better—ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not ?

Mon. Um—a guinea, you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler ; you are certainly in the right on't ; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Ho—Well, if it must be guineas—Let's see—two hundred guineas—

Flip. And thirty ; two hundred and thirty. If you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go, put them in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send them to me with a penitential letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag !

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas.

Mon. Ay, guineas ; that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Phu ! leave that to me ; I'll manage the stock for you ; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum indeed ; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse ?

Flip. And thirty, if the man's in his senses.

Mon.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty.

[*Exit Mon.*]

Flip. So, get thee gone; thou art a rare fellow, i'faith.
Bras!—It's thee, is't not?

Enter Bras.

Bras. It is, huswife. How go matters? I staid till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done any thing towards our common purse?

Flip. I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.

Bras. A restitution! — good.

Flip. A new way, firrah, to make a lady take a present without putting her to the blush.

Bras. 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Pr'ythee, where's thy master? Let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

Flip. Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel I have advised him to—with his wife.

Bras. What to do?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolved to do it beforehand. You must know, firrah, we intend to make a merit of our basset-table, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

Bras. Very nicely spun, truly; thy husband will be a happy man.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you fool you!—See, here comes your master.

Bras. He's welcome.

Enter Dick.

Dick. My dear Flippanta, how many thanks have I to pay thee!

Flip. Do you like her stile?

Dick. The kindest little rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in its care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for, neither, perhaps; you have a rival, Sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one too.

Dick. Who, in the name of terror?

Flip.

Flip. A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Amlet! I know no such man.

Flip. You know the man's mother, tho'; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he work you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

Dick. If I have no other rival but Mr. Amlet, I believe I shan't be much disturbed in my amour. But can't I see Corinna?

Flip. I don't know; she has always some of her masters with her. But I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. [Exit Flip.]

Dick. I wish my old hobbling mother han't been blabbing something here, she should not do.

Brass. Fear nothing; all's safe on that side yet. But how speaks young mistress's epistle? Soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't.

Brass. Why, then, ceremony aside. [Putting on his hat.] You and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah, Brass! what art thou going to do? Won't ruin me?

Brass. Look you, Dick, few words. You are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

Dick. Death and Furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brass. Good words, or I betray you. They have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

Dick. Here's a son of a whore! [Aside.]

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true; your footman sometimes, which I'm enraged at: but you have always had the ascendant, I confess. When we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-'prentices, tho' I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner,

and

and eat all the crust. In our sins too, I must own you still kept me under; you soared up to adultery with our mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced to be but whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine. However, I cannot consent that you should at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee, Brass; if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ah, the pox take thee!

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, Sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them; others we mistrust, because we do know them; and, for one of these reasons, I desire there may be a bargain beforehand. If not, [*Raising his voice.*] look ye, Dick Amlet——

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion!—The dog will ruin me. [*Aside.*] Say, what is it will content thee?

Brass. Oh, ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learned it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied, all's fixed.

Brass. It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah, you Jew!

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend.

Brass. Dick Amlet, [*Raising his voice.*] I insist.

Dick. Ah, the cormorant!—Well, 'tis thine: but thou'lt never thrive with it.

E

Dick.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding-suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. Some good lace.

Dick. Thou sha't.

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brass. Not yet—a silver sword.

Dick. Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

Brass. God forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I would not forget all these favours for the world. A sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconseionable rogue! [*Afide.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all! ———

Brass. I'm a man of honour, and restore. And so, the treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [*Taking off his bat.*

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I could not help it. Her geography-master is but just gone; he has been shewing her Prince Eugene's march into Italy.

Dick. Pr'ythee, let me come to her; I'll shew her a part of the world he has never shewn her yet.

Flip. So I told her, you must know; and she said she could like to travel in good company. So, if you'll slip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

Dick. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you; but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Flip. And do you follow him, Jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surprised.

Brass. I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful— But if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

Flip.

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Flip. No words, firrah, but follow him ; I have something else to do.

Brass. The jade's so absolute, there's no contesting with her. One kiss, tho', to keep the centinel warm. [*Gives her a long kiss.*] So ——— [*Exit Brass.*]

Flip. A nasty rogue ! [*Wiping her mouth.*] But, let me see ; what have I to do now ? This restitution will be here quickly, I suppose ; in the mean time, I'll go know if my Lady is ready for the quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst ; but we'll give him vent, by and by, with a witness. [*Exit.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, Gripe's House.

Enter Corinna, Dick and Brass.

BRASS.

DON'T fear ; I'll give you timely notice.

[*Goes to the door.*]

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent—— How can you leave me thus upon the rack ? A man who loves you to that excess that I do ?

Cor. Nay, that you love me, Sir, that I'm satisfied in ; for you have sworn you do : and I'm so pleased with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as you live, so we must never marry.

Dick. Not marry, my dear ! Why, what's our love good for, if we don't marry ?

Cor. Ah !——I'm afraid it will be good for little if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so ?

Cor. Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other married folks, say so from morning to night.

Dick. Oh, that's because they are bad husbands and bad wives ; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife ; and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why, there may be something in that truly ;

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and

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and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, Sir, tho' we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted?

Dick. I can answer for myself, at least.

Cor. I wish you could answer for me too. You see I am a plain-dealer, Sir; I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick. Oh, by no means! 'tis a sign of admirable morals; and I hope, since you practise it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter) my resolution's fixed, and the world can't stagger me; I marry—or I die.

Cor. Indeed, Sir, I have much ado to believe you; the disease of love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two diseases to end my miseries; if the first don't do it, the latter shall; [*Drawing his sword.*] one's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

Cor. Not for a diadem. [*Catching hold of him.*] Ah, put it up, put it up!

Dick. How absolute is your command! [*Dropping his sword.*] A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a power I have over him! [*Aside.*] The wondrous deeds of love!—Pray, Sir, let me have no more of these rash doings tho'; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour—P'm sure if I had let him stick himself, I should have been envied by all the great ladies in the town. [*Aside.*]

Dick. Well, Madam, have I then your promise?—You'll make me the happiest of mankind.

Cor. I don't know what to say to you: but I believe I had as good promise; for I find I shall certainly do it.

Dick. Then let us seal the contract, thus. [*Kisses her.*]

Cor. Um—He has almost taken away my breath—He kisses purely. [*Aside.*]

Dick. Hark!—somebody comes. [*Brass peeps in.*]

Brass. Gar there—the enemy—No, hold, y'are safe; 'tis Flippanta.

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the matter? If not, you must end it another time; for your father's in motion: so pray, kifs and part.

Cor.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. [*They kiss.*] Adieu t'ye,
Sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Cor.*]

Enter Clarissa.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, Flippants?

Flip. Yes, Madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too. But here's news for you; I have just now received the restitution.

Clar. That's killing pleasure. And how much has he restored me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched rogue! But retreat; your master's coming to quarrel.

Flip. I'll be within call, if things run high. [*Exit.*]

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. O ho!—are you there, i'faith? Madam, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you at home; I thought I should never have had that honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my dear: how d'ye do? Flippants says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me. Is it true, ha?—I have a terrible pain in my head; I give you notice on't beforehand.

Gripe. And how the pox should it be otherwise? It is a wonder you are not dead—as a' would you were! [*Aside.*] with the life you lead. Are you not ashamed? And do you not blush to——

Clar. My dear child, you crack my brain. Soften the harshness of your voice: say what thou wouldst, but let it be in an agreeable tone.

Gripe. Tone, Madam! don't tell me of a tone——

Clar. Oh, if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not moved with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever man such need of patience! Madam, Madam, I must tell you, Madam——

Clar. Another key, or I'll walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

Gripe. Yes, Madam, and very long.

Clar. If you would quarrel *in abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be expressed *in abregée*; my complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints! of what, my dear? Have I ever given you subject of complaint, my life?

Gripe. Oh, pox! my dear, and my life! I desire none of your *tendres*.

Clar. How! find fault with my kindness, and my expressions of affection and respect! The world will guess by this, what the rest of your complaints may be. I must tell you, I'm scandalized at your procedure.

Grip. I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

Clar. Ah, how insupportable are the humours of some husbands! so full of fancies, and so ungovernable! What have you in the world to disturb you?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me! I have you, death and the devil!

Clar. Ah, merciful Heaven, how he swears!—You should never accustom yourself to such words as these; indeed, my dear, you should not; your mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and thunder, Madam——

Clar. Ah, he'll fetch the house down! Do you know you make me tremble for you? Flippanta! Who's there? Flippanta!

Gripe. Here's a provoking devil for you!

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. What, in the name of Jove, is the matter? You raise the neighbourhood.

Clar. Why, here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my life. I have begged him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta; and then he swears; good lord, how he does swear!

Gripe. Ah, you wicked jade! Ah, you wicked jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, Flippanta? Do you hear him?

Flip. Pray, Sir, let us know a little, what puts you in all this fury?

Clar. Pr'ythee, stand near me, Flippanta; there's an odd

odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were going wrong ; I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked woman, Flippanta ! the wicked woman !

Clar. Can any body wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it ?

Gripe. At this rate ! Why, in the devil's name——

Clar. Do you hear him again ?

Flip. Come, a little moderation, Sir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her ! 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A pretence, a pretence ! Do you hear how black a charge he loads me with ? Charges me with a pretence ! Is this the return for all my downright open actions ? You know, my dear, I scorn pretences : whenc'er I go abroad, it is without pretence.

Gripe. Give me patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, Sir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

Gripe. What shall I do ?

Clar. What a reasonable man would do ; own yourself in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta has understanding, and I have moderation ; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of honour, Madam : but I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on master's side.

Gripe. Right, Flippanta has sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion ? Tell me that.

Clar. You must tell her for what, my life.

Gripe. Why, for the trade you drive, my soul.

Flip. Look you, Sir, pray take things right ; I know Madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true ; but in the main she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady breathing. Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night.

Gripe. Oons ! let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will—in reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, Madam ? Nay, now I must be on master's side : you see how he loves you ; he desires only

only your company. Pray give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well, I agree. Thou knowest I don't love to grieve him: let him be always in good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, Sir, what would you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do, is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! don't that word melt you, Sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. Oh, Sir, soon or late wives come into good humour: husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. Oh, I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands, though, if you have a mind now for such a companion as a——let me see——Araminta, for example; why, I shan't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have consorts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music, in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, Sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music——

Clar. Ay, but, Sir, I must have music——

Flip.

Flip. Not every day, Madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three comforts a week: three days more we'll play after dinner, at ombre, piquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Clar. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation, we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalize our friends, be pert upon religion; and in short, employ every moment of it, in some pretty witty exercise or other.

Flip. What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in! A most wonderful regularity!

Gripe. Regularity with a pox——— [*Aside.*

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter—a scriviner have a porter, Madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scriviner since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renowned in story, for having the first, my life.

Gripe. Flippanta.

Flip. Hang it, Sir, never dispute a trifle, if you vex her, perhaps, she'll insist upon a Swiss. [*Aside to Gripe.*

Gripe. But, Madam——

Clar. But, Sir, a porter, positively, a porter; without that the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

Flip. Come, Sir; never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at, the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expence?

Clar. My dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, Madam! But where, 'I say——

Flip. Madam, plays, Sir, think on that; women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wivks who receive least

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least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my closet, to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home, without making it too great a misery to a yielding wife.

[*Exit Clarissa.*]

Flip. Mirror of goodness! Pattern to all wives. Well sure, Sir, you are the happiest of all husbands.

Gripe. Yes—and a miserable dog for all that too, perhaps.

Flip. Why, what can you ask more, than this matchless compliance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfied with what I have neither, the devil mixes in it all, I think; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as it did.

Flip. Why, then your uneasiness is only a disease, Sir, perhaps, a little bleeding and purging would relieve you.

Clar. Flippanta!

[*Clarissa calls within.*]

Flip. Madam calls. I come, Madam. Come, be merry, be merry, Sir, you have cause, take my word for't.—Poor devil. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Flip.*]

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: but this I do know, that an honest man, who has married a jade, whether she's pleased to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have lived a bachelor.

Enter Brass.

Brass. Oh, Sir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

Brass. Can nobody hear us?

Gripe. No, no, speak quickly.

Brass. You han't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carried her from you?

Gripe. Not I; I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

Brass. But seriously, Sir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal man has been.

Brass. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe.

Gripe. Why so, dear Brags?

Brags. If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think t'would break your heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brags. Nay, now I see you love her; would you did not.

Gripe. My dear friend.

Brags. I'm in your interest deep; you see it.

Gripe. I do; but speak, what miserable story hast thou for me.

Brags. I had rather the devil had, phu——flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since ——

Gripe. Since what?——ho.

Brags. Araminta, Sir——

Gripe. Dead?

Brags. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brags. Worse.

Gripe. Out with't.

Brags. Broke.

Gripe. Broke!

Brags. She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

Brags. Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

Brags. Ay, why, there's it now, it's going just as I fancied. Now will I be hanged if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, Sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distressed, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruined for a woman——by letting you know, she esteemed you more than any other man upon earth.

Gripe. Ruined! what dost thou mean?

Brags. Mean! Why, I mean that women always ruin those that love them, that's the rule.

Gripe. The rule!

Brags.

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Brass. Yes, the rule; why, would you have them ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity then, they should ruin somebody?

Brass. Yes, marry is there; how would you have them support their expence else? Why, Sir, you can't conceive now — you can't conceive what Araminta's privy-purse requires. Only her privy-purse, Sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she liked, else, perhaps; I had had my bones broke. But what do you think she gave me?

Gripe. Why, mayhap — a shilling.

Brass. A guinea, Sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the bye. But then, Sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity — would consume peers: a great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this?

Gripe. Ha!

Brass. Why, I'll tell you what the end is — a nunnery.

Gripe. A nunnery!

Brass. A nunnery — In short, she is at last reduced to that extremity, and attacked with such a battalion of demons, that rather than tell her husband (who, you know, is such a dog, he'd let her go if she did) she has even determined to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

Gripe. Oh, terrible! a Papist!

Brass. Yes, when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the devil can't help her out of — To a nunnery, that's another rule, Sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but —

Brass. But all the buts in the world, Sir, won't stop her; she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, Sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turle and mate; but the fates will have it so, all's packed up, and I am now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends, will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil instead of a top-knot.

[Going.
Gripe.

Gripe. It must not be, by the Powers, it must not ; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her.

Brass. And yet you see, Sir, how small a share she has on't.

Gripe. Poor woman ! Is there no way to save her ?

Brass. Save her ! No : how can she be saved ? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

Gripe. Oh !

Brass. Five hundred pounds, Sir ; she is like to be saved indeed !——Not but that I know them in this town would give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of the other four ; but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living ; and I have disobeyed her only to you ; and so——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold——dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order is so, as to compound those debts for——for——twelve-pence in the pound ?

Brass. Sir, d'ye hear ? I have already tried them with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ear at it. Though, after all, for three hundred pounds all in glittering gold, I could set their chops a watering. But where's that to be had with honour ? There's the thing, Sir——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold, once more : I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay——and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself.

Brass. You will ; very genteel truly. Go, slap dash, and offer a woman of her scruples, money ! bolt in her face ; why, you might as well offer her a scorpion, and she would as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her creditors then, and treat with them ?

Brass. Ay, that's a rare thought.

Gripe. Is not it, Brass ?

Brass. Only one little inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how ?

Brass. That they are your wife's creditors as well as hers ; and perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your own unpaid.

Gripe. Why, that's true now.

Brass. I am wiser you see, Sir.

F

Gripe.

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Gripe. Thou art; and I am but a young lover: but what shall we do then?

Brafs. Why, I am thinking, that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

Gripe. Ay, but look you, Brafs——

Brafs. But look you!——Why what, d'ye think I am a pick-pocket? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note? your paltry note.

Gripe. I don't say so——I say, only, that in case——

Brafs. Case, Sir! there's no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Pr'ythee, don't be so testy. Come, no more words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money.

Brafs. A terrible effort you make indeed; you are so much in love, your wits are all upon the wing, just a going; and for three hundred pounds you put a stop to their flight. Sir, your wits are worth that, or your wits are worth nothing. Come away.

Gripe. Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dick.

Dick. S't——Brafs!——S't——

Re-enter Brafs.

Brafs. Well, Sir!

Dick. 'Tis not well, Sir, 'tis very ill, Sir; we shall be all blown up.

Brafs. What, with pride and plenty?

Dick. No, Sir, with an officious flut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta, of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and truly to oblige me (supposed no ill match by the bye) they are resolved to propose it immediately to her father.

Brafs. That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements, relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta,
the

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OF

the carrying her off: and I am sure the young housewife would have tucked up her coats, and have marched.

Brafs. Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

Dick. Why then, what damned luck is this?

Brafs. 'Tis your damned luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly phiz, in spite of your powdered periwig—Pox take ye—he'll be hanged at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no money, you dog; you know you have stripped me of every penny.

Brafs. Come; damn it, I'll venture one cargo more upon your rotten bottom: but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off of your partnership for ever—I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent rogue! but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. [*Aside.*]

Brafs. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use, upon my wife's jewels here; [*Pulling out the necklace.*] her necklace shall pawn for't.

Dick. Remember though, that if things fail, I am to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

Brafs. Yes; and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall: so you see where the cause will pinch.

Dick. Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to—

Brafs. No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to—Oh, pox, Sir— [*Exit Dick.*]

Brafs. [*Solus.*] Will you begone? A pretty title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I should have a mind to stand upon the defensive, as perhaps I may. I have done the rascal service enough to lull my conscience upon't, I am sure: but 'tis time enough for that. Let me see—First I'll go to Flippanta, and put a stop to this family way of match-making, then sell our necklace for what ready money 'twill produce; and by this time to-morrow, I hope, we shall be in possession of—t'other jewel here; a precious jewel, as she's set in gold: I believe for the stone itself we may part with it again to a friend—for a tester. [*Exit.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

F 2

ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, Gripe's House.

Enter Brass and Flippanta.

BRASS.

WELL, you agree I'm in the right, don't you?
Flip. I don't know: if your master has the estate he talks of, why not do't all above-board? Well though I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

Brass. That's kindly said, my child, and I believe I shall reward thee one of these days, with as pretty a fellow to thy husband for't, as——

Flip. Hold your prating, Jackadandy, and leave me to my business.

Brass. I obey——adieu. [*Kisses her.*] [*Exit Brass.*]

Flip. Rascal!

Enter Corinna.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta! I'm ready to sink down; my legs tremble under me, my dear Flippy.

Flip. And what's the affair?

Cor. My father's there within, with my mother and Araminta; I never saw him in so good a humour in my life.

Flip. And is that it that frightens you so?

Cor. Ah, Flippanta! they are just going to speak to him, about my marrying the Colonel.

Flip. Are they so? So much the worse; they're too hasty.

Cor. Oh, no, not a bit; I slipt out on purpose, you must know, to give them an opportunity; would 'twere done already.

Flip. I tell you no; get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

Cor. My dear, dear, I am not able; I never was in such a way before.

Flip. Never in a way to be married before, ha? Is not that it?

Cor. Ah, lord! if I am thus before I come to't, Flippanta,

panta, what shall I be upon the very spot? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[Putting her hand to her heart.

Flip. Nay, it does make a filthy bustle, that's the truth on't, child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your father won't consent, after all.

Cor. Why he won't be the death of me, will he?

Flip. I don't know; old folks are cruel; but we'll have a trick for him. Brabs and I have been consulting upon the matter, and agreed upon a surer way of doing it, in spite of his teeth.

Cor. Ay, marry, Sir, that were something.

Flip. But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

Cor. No, no.

Flip. So, get you in immediately——

Cor. One, two, three, and away. [Running off.

Flip. And prevent your mother's speaking on't.

Cor. But is t'other way sure, Flippanta?

Flip. Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

Cor. Nay then——Oh, ho, ho, ho, how pure that is.

[Exit Corinna.

Flip. [Sola.] Poor child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she may not prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? my sharper, I think. Yes.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been received, ha? Was she pleased with it?

Flip. Yes, truly; that is, she was pleased to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

Mon. Well, but a—does she know that 'twas I that—

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—and so—why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserved, angry, forgiving air. But, soft; here she comes: you'll see how you stand with her presently: but don't be afraid. Courage.

Mon. He, hem.

Enter Clarissa.

'Tis no small piece of good fortune, Madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavoured it in vain.

F 3

Clar.

Clar. 'Twas then unknown to me, for if I could often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I should be more reasonably blamed for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me——

Clar. You are the man of the world whose company I think is most to be desired. I don't compliment you when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas, Madam! your poor humble servant——

Clar. My poor humble servant however (with all the esteem I have for him) stands suspected with me for a vile trick, I doubt he has played me, which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I should punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, Madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

Clar. Look you, look you, you are capable of what-
' ever you please, you have a great deal of wit, and
' know how to give a nice and gallant turn to every
' thing; but if you will have me continue your friend,
' you must leave me in some uncertainty in this matter.

Mon. I do then protest to you, Madam, that——

Clar. Come, protest nothing about it; I am but too
' penetrating, as you may perceive; but we sometimes
' shut our eyes rather than break with our friends; for
' a thorough knowledge of the truth of this business
' would make me very seriously angry.

Mon. 'Tis very certain, Madam, that——

Clar. Come, say no more on't, I beseech you, for I
' am in a good deal of heat while I but think on't; if
' you'll walk in, I will follow you presently.

Mon. Your goodness, Madam, is——

Flip. No fine speeches, you'll spoil all.

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable person.

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll say
a little something to my Lady for you, while she's warm.

Mon. But, s't, Flippanta, how long dost think she may hold out?

Flip. Phu, not a twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo.

Flip. Away, I say.

[Pushing him out.

Clar. Is he gone? What a wretch it is? he never was quite such a beast before.

Flip. Poor mortal, his money's finely laid out truly.

Clar.

Clar. I suppose there may have been much such another scene within, between Araminta and my dear : but I left him so unsupportable brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money : I'm afraid Brads has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

Flip. By my faith but he has, and better too ; he presents his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent her — this.

[*Shewing the Note.*]

Clar. A bill from my love for two hundred and fifty pounds. The monster ! he would not part with ten to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment.

Flip. Never complain of his avarice, Madam, as long as you have his money.

Clar. But is not he a beast, Flippanta ? 'Methinks the restitution looked better by half.'

Flip. Madam, the man's beast enough, that's certain ; but which way will you go to receive his beastly money, for I must not appear with his note.

Clar. That's true ; why, send for Mrs. Amlet ; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Marry, is she ; we should have been basely puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her, 'twould have been dangerous offering it to sale.

Clar. It would so ; for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here too long, I must in and coquette it a little more to my lover, Araminta will get ground on me else.

[*Exit Clarissa.*]

Flip. And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet, [Exit Flip.]

SCENE opens,

Araminta, Corinna, Gripe, and Moneytrap, at a Tea-table, very gay and laughing. *Clarissa comes in to them.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Mon. Mighty well ! Oh, mighty well indeed !

Clar. Save you, save you, good folks, you are all in rare humour methinks.

Gripe. Why, what should we be otherwise for, Madam ?

Clar. Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear ; but I han't had the happiness of seeing you so since our honeymoon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy

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joy of seeing you at home. [*Kisses her.*] You see what charms you have, when you are pleased to make use of them.

Aram. Very gallant truly.

Clar. Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never to be otherwise henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

Mon. Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray heaven continue its reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis all in your power. [*Leering at Clarissa.*]

Gripe. My neighbour Moneytrap says true, at least I'll confess frankly, [*Ogling Araminta.*] 'tis in one lady's power to make me the best humoured man on earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [*Ogling Clarissa.*]

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen, mighty civil husbands indeed.

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please, to dispense with all that fine company we talked of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleased, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company, between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world.

Clar. The rascals!

[*Aside.*]

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never, for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So, that's a wiper for me now, because I did not give her a new year's gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you, next year.

Mon. And perhaps I may not forget a fan, or as good a thing—hum, huffy,

Clar.

Clar. Well, upon these encouragements, Araminta, we'll try how good we can be.

Gripe. Well, this goes most rarely. Poor Moneytrap! he little thinks what makes his wife so easy in his company. *[Aside.]*

Mon. I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe. Lard, lard, what a fool does his wife and I make of him? *[Aside.]*

Clar. Are not these two wretched rogues, Araminta? *[Aside to Araminta.]*

Aram. They are indeed. *[Aside to Clarissa.]*

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you.

Gripe. Cods so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear.

Clar. That would be news indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in. *[Exit Jessamin.]*

Enter Mr. Clip.

Gripe. Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

Clip. At your service, Sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

Clar. Horrid fellow! *[Aside.]*

Gripe. Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Shut the door after us.

[They come forward, and the Scene shuts behind them.]

Well, any news?

Clip. Look you, Sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you described to me.

Gripe. Let's see't.—Victoria! the very same. Ah, my dear Mr. Clip.—*[Kisses him.]* But who brought it you? You should have seized him.

Clip. 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, though it is like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Moneytrap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter Brags.

Gripe. Oh, my friend Brags!

Brags. Hold, Sir, I think that's a gentleman I am looking for. Mr. Clip, Oh, your servant; what, are you acquainted here? I have just been at your shop.

Clip. I only stept here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

Brags. Why, Sir, do you understand jewels! [*To Gripe.*] I thought you only dealt in gold. But I smoke the matter, hark you—a word in your ear—you are going to play the gallant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta; ha, ha?

Gripe. Where had you the necklace?

Brags. Look you, don't trouble yourself about that; it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a pennyworth on't.

Gripe. A pennyworth on't; villain? [*Strikes at him.*]

Brags. Villain! a hey, a hey. Is it you or me, Mr. Clip, he's pleased to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on it, Sir?

Brags. Think on it! now the devil fetch me if I know what to think on it.

Gripe. You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue! of a thing you have stolen from me.

Brags. Stolen! pray, Sir—what wine have you drank to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You villain; either give me an account how you stole it, or——

Brags. Oh, ho, Sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far, I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on it: if you han't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone, I know how to dispose on it. What a pox——

Gripe. Oh, you shan't have that trouble, Sir. Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here. I'll call at your shop, and thank you for your care.

Clip. Sir, your humble servant.

[*Going.*]

Brags. Oh, ho, Mr. Clip, if you please, Sir, this won't do, [*Stopping him.*] I don't understand raillery in such matters.

Clip.

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Clip. I leave it with Mr. Gripe, do you and he dispute it. [Exit Clip.]

Brass. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, Sir, that I expect it. [Going after him.]

Gripe. You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds. Come, villain, give me an account of——

Brass. Account of!——Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in't.

Gripe. Well said, courage.

Brass. Blood and thunder give it me, or——

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

Brass. You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a damned noise too. Oh, don't think to——

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brass. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me.

Gripe. Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? Who gave it thee?

Brass. A gentleman, a friend of mine.

Gripe. What's his name?

Brass. His name!——I'm in such a passion I have forgot it.

Gripe. Ah, brazen rogue—thou hast stole it from my wife: 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

Brass. This has not been in England a month.

Gripe. You are a son of a whore.

Brass. Give me my necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note.

Brass. Yet I offer peace: one word without passion. The case stands thus; either I'm out of my wits, or you are out of yours: now 'tis plain I am not out of my wits, ergo——

Gripe. My bill, hang-dog, or I'll strangle thee.

[They struggle.]

Brass. Murder, murder!

Enter

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Enter Clarissa, Araminta, Corinna, Flippanta, and Moneytrap.

Flip. What's the matter? What's the matter here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

Brass. Why, your husband, Madam, he's in his alms-rudes here.

Gripe. Robber.

Brass. Here, he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

Cor. Who, papa? Ah, dear me!

Clar. Pr'ythee what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

Gripe. The meaning is that—I'm quite out of breath——this son of a whore has got your necklace, that's all.

Clar. My necklace!

Gripe. That birdlime there——stole it.

Clar. Impossible!

Brass. Madam, you see master's a little——touched, that's all. Twenty ounces of blood let loose, would set all right again.

Gripe. Here, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneytrap, you will commit him.

Brass. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks, how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold——pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

Gripe. Well, then, without passion: why, you must know, (but I'll have him hanged) you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did——with a necklace to sell; so Mr. Clip having notice before that (can you deny this, firrah?) that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here, do you know it again? Ay, you traitor!

[To Brass]

Brass. He makes me mad. Here's an appearance of something now to the company, and yet nothing in it in the bottom.

Clar.

[Aside to Flippanta, shewing the necklace.

Flip. 'Tis it, faith; here's some mystery in this; we must look about us.

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the necklace.

Flip. Right, stick to that.

Gripe. Well, Madam, do you know your old acquaintance, ha?

Clar. Why, truly, my dear, though (as you may all imagine) I should be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world; this necklace is not mine.

Brass. Huzza—'Here, constable, do your duty'—Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it; I'll keep it, and have him hanged.

Clar. But be a little calm, my dear; do, my bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. Oh, good luck! Oh, good luck!

Clar. No, but don't give way to fury and interest; both; either of them are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come drink a dish of tea.

Brass. Ay, Madam says right.

Gripe. Oons, if you with your addle head don't know your own jewels, I with my solid one do: and if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't, my dove: be temperate in your words, and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

Gripe. Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

Clar. Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

Mon. A most excellent woman this!

[*Aside.*

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Gripe. I'll keep my necklace.

Brass. Will you so? Then here comes one has a title to it, if I han't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can. Mrs. Amlet, you are come in a very

G

good

good time, you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

Am. Marry, that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why then here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, firrah — look here, mistress, do you pretend this is yours?

Am. Not for the round world I would not say it; I only kept it to do Madam a small courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, all will out now.

[*Aside to Flippanta.*]

Gripe. Courtesy! what courtesy?

Am. A little money only, that Madam had present need of: please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

Brass. So, here's fresh game, I have started a new hare, I find.

[*Aside.*]

Gripe. How, forsooth! is this true? [To Clarissa.]

Clar. You are in a humour at present, love, to believe any thing, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Brass. This damned necklace will spoil all our affairs! this is Dick's luck again.

[*Aside.*]

Gripe. Are you not ashamed of these ways? Do you see how you are exposed before your best friends here? Don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my dear, but 'tis for you, that here it should appear to the world; you keep me so bare of money, I'm forced to pawn my jewels.

Gripe. Impudent housewife!

[*Raising his hand to strike her.*]

Clar. Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds, you sent to Araminta e'en now.

Brass. You see, Sir, I delivered your note: how I have been abused to-day!

Gripe. I am betrayed — Jades on both sides, I see that.

[*Aside.*]

Mon. But, Madam, Madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds? Pray what were you to return for these pounds, Madam, ha?

Aram. Nothing, my dear; I only took them to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

Mon.

Mon. Hum, hum, hum.

Gripe. How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

Clar. Oh, my dear, it was only in jest, I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

Am. But amongst all this bustle, I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it Madam will pay me, or master?

Gripe. I pay? The devil shall pay.

Clar. Look you, my dear, malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money and I'll forgive you the wrong you intended my bed with Araminta. Am not I a good wife, now?

Gripe. I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, though I tuck myself up in another.

Mon. Nay, pray, e'en tuck me up with you.

[*Exeunt Mon. and Gripe.*]

Clar. and Aram. B'ye, dearies.

[*Enter Dick.*]

Cor. Look, look, Flippanta, here's the Colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have stayed so long, but—

Am. Ah, rogue's face, have I got thee! old Good-for-nought? Sirrah, sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your marriages, and your great fortunes? Thou hast played me a rare prank, by my conscience. Why, you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

Flip. So methinks, by my faith.

Brass. Now the rogue's star is making an end of him.

[*Aside.*]

Dick. What shall I do with her?

Am. Do but look at him, my dames; he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

Am. The meaning! good lack! Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal here, is my son, an't please you. Ha, graceless? Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin.

Clar. What, the Colonel your son?

Am. 'Tis Dick, Madam, that rogue Dick, I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Am. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? Say then.

Dick. What will you have me say? You had a mind to ruin me, and you have done it; would you do any more?

Clar. Then, Sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while?

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna.

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself.

Clar. Indeed, I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed, I think, he deserves to be cudgelled.

Flip. Indeed, I think he might be pumped.

Brass. Indeed, I think he will be hanged.

Am. Good lack-a-day, good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he is not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they shan't run thee down neither: cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them, though Mrs. Amlet is thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the mid'st on't.

Omnes. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, Mrs. Amlet?

Am. Yes, forsooth; though I should lose the hundred, you pawned your necklace for. Tell them of that, Dick.

Cor. Look you, Flippanta, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abused. And so, Sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt, but we shall do as well as the best of them.

Dick. Sayest thou so, my little queen? Why then, if dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack; we'll get her a score of grand-children, and a merry house we'll make her. [*They kneel to Mrs. Amlet.*]

Am. Ah——ha, ha, ha, ha, the pretty pair, the pretty pair! Rise, my chickens, rise, rise, and face the proudest

proudest of them. And if Madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her, Dick—Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, Mrs. Amler, don't be in a passion, the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wife.

Aram. And I suppose, for us, Clarissa, we are to go on with our dears, as we used to do.

Clar. Just in the same tract, for this late treaty of agreement with them, was so unnatural, you see it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live, every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI.

E P I L O G U E.

I'VE heard wise men in politics lay down
 What feats by little England might be done,
 Were all agreed, and all would act as one.
 Ye wives, a useful hint from this might take,
 The heavy, old, despotic kingdom shake,
 And make your matrimonial *Monsieurs* quake.
 Our heads are feeble, and we're tramp'd by laws;
 Our hands are weak, and not too strong our cause:
 Yet would those heads and hands, such as they are,
 In firm confederacy resolve on war,
 You'd find your tyrants——what I've found my dear.
 What only two united can produce,
 You've seen to-night, a sample for your use:
 Single, we found we nothing could obtain;
 We join our force——and we subdu'd our men.
 Believe me, my dear sex, they are not brave;
 Try each your man, you'll quickly find your slave.
 I know they'll make campaigns, risk blood and life;
 But this is a more terrifying strife;
 They'll stand a shot, who'll tremble at a wife.
 Beat then your drums, and your shrill trumpets sound,
 Let all your visits of your feats resound,
 And deeds of war in cups of tea go round:
 The stars are with you, fate is in your hand,
 In twelve months time you've vanquish'd half the land;
 Be wise, and keep them under good command.
 This year will to your glory long be known,
 And deathless ballads hand your triumphs down;
 Your late achievements ever will remain,
 For though you cannot boast of many slain,
 Your prisoners shew, you've made a brave campaign.



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MONTHLY REVIEW.



Roberts del.

Published for the Author by J. B. Heath, Theatre Street, Sept. 16. 1777.

J. B. Heath sculp.

M^r HENDERSON in the Character of BAYES.
Do you hear dead Men? Remember your note in
Effaut flatt, and fall a dancing.

BELL'S EDITION.



THE
R E H E A R S A L.

AS WRITTEN BY
GEORGE, *late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

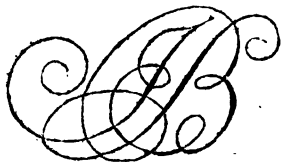
DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

To which is added a KEY, or CRITICAL VIEW of the
Authors, and their Writings, exposed in this PLAY.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*,

MDCCCLXXIX.

P R O L O G U E.

WE might well call this short mock-play of ours
A poesy made of weeds instead of flowers ;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought them roses.
Would some of them were here, to see this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight !
Here brisk, insipid rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull sense, but oft'ner none at all :
There strutting heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the gods in King Cambyse's vein ;
For (changing rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of reason, nature, art and wit) .
Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,
And with their comedies they make us cry.
Now, critics, do your worst, that here are met ;
For, like a rook, I have hedg'd in my bet.
If you approve, I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate ;
And justly too, for I will teach you more,
Than ever they would let you know before :
I will not only shew the feats they do,
But give you all their reasons for them too.
Some honour may to me from hence arise :
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise ;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with poetic rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your stage !

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Bayes,</i>	Mr. Henderson.	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Johnson,</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Smith,</i>	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
Two Kings of } <i>Brentford.</i>	Mr. Waldron.	Mr. Dunstall.
	Mr. Jacobs.	Mr. Gibson.
<i>Prince Prettyman,</i>	Mr. Hurst.	Mr. Perry.
<i>Prince Volscius,</i>	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Davis.
Gentleman-Usher,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dibdin.
Physician,	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
<i>Drawcanfir,</i>	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Gardner.
Lieut. General,	Mr. Farren.	Mr. Morgan.
<i>Cordelio,</i>	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Barrington.
<i>Tom Thimble,</i>	Mr. Weston.	Mr. R. Smith.
Fisherman,	Mr. Griffith.	Mr. Holtom.
Sun,	Mr. Kear.	Mr. Cushing.
Thunder,	Mr. Wrighten.	Mr. Legg.
Players,	_____	Mr. Redman.
Soldiers,	_____	Mr. Wignell.
Two Heralds,	_____	Mr. Baker.
Lightning,	Master Pulley.	
Moon,	Mr. Fawcett.	
Earth,	Mr. Legg.	
Four Cardinals,	} 'Mutes.	
Mayor,		
Judges,		
Serjeant at Arms,		

W O M E N.

<i>Amaryllis,</i>	Mrs. Davies.	Mrs. Du-Bellamy.
<i>Cloris,</i>	Miss Platt.	Miss Pearce.
<i>Parthenope,</i>	Miss Collet.	Miss Mills.
<i>Pallas,</i>	Mr. Parsons.	Miss Ford.

Attendance of Men and Women.

S C E N E, B R E N T F O R D.

T H E

THE R E H E A R S A L.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

Enter Johnson and Smith.

JOHNSON.

HONEST Frank, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour: and if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

John. And, by my troth, I have longed as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. 'Pray, what are our men of business doing?

John. I ne'er enquire after them. Thou knowest my humour lies another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little as I can; and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops, who, being incapable of reason, and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smith. Indeed I have even observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

John. Ay, and of birds and beasts too; your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

Smith. Well, but how dost thou pass thy time?

A 3

John.

John. Why, as I used to do; eat, drink as well as I can, have a sheffriend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play; where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard indeed you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend them.

John. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

John. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise! Pr'ythee, make me understand the meaning of that.

John. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter; I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got amongst them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and every thing but thinking and sense.

Mr. Bayes passes over the Stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

John. God so! this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, pr'ythee, let him alone.

John. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him, and brings him back.*] Here he is; I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive them; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, Sir, upon this—Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, Sir.

John. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: what is it?

John. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning! Do you mean the plot?

THE REHEARSAL.

★

John. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit, and, tho' I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. (1)* In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pir, box, and gallery, 'egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket. [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

John. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy; this is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

John. Drama Common-places! Pray, what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man yet the sun ere shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules. (2)

John. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse alternative, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be

* These figures refer to the notes in the Key.

prose,

THE REHEARSAL.

prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time;) and if it be verse put it into prose.

John. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray, observe.

John. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing; (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule, that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Players on the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.*

2 Play. Yes, I have it without book ; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 Play. And mine is such a one, as I can't guess, for my life, what humour I'm to be in, whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love, I don't know what to make on't.

1 Play. Phoo ! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way : for, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense ; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act. Now here every line surprises you, and brings in new matter : and then, for scenes, cloaths, and dances, we quite put down all that ever went before us ; and those are things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 Play. Well, I am not of thy mind : but so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson, and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in, gentlemen ; you're very welcome. Mr.—a—ha' you your part ready ?

1 Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it ?

1 Play. Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amaryllis, how does she do ? Does not her armour become her ?

3 Play. Oh, admirably !

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make them call her anon, in this play ?

Smith. What, I pray ?

Bayes. Why, I make them call her Armaryllis, because of her armour, ha, ha, ha !

John. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. [*To the Players.*] Go, get yourselves ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Ay, it's a pretty little rogue ; I knew her face would set off armour extremely : and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her—You must know, she is my mistress. (*3*)

John. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, 'egad.

Bayes.

Bayes. No, 'egad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall; for I have talked bawdy to her already.

John. Hast thou, faith? 'Pr'ythee, how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is in the French tongue a certain criticism, which, by the variation of the masculine adjective instead of the feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as for example, *ma vie* is my life; but if before *vie* you put *mon*, instead of *ma*, you make it bawdy.

John. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I have observed this, I set a trap for her the other day in the tyring-room; for this, said I, *adieu bel esperansa de ma vie*, (which, 'egad, is very pretty :) to which she answered, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for she said, *songes à ma vie, Monsieur*. Whereupon I presently snapped this upon her, *Non, non, Madam — Songez vous à mon*, by gad, and named the thing directly to her.

Smith. This is one of the richest stories, Mr. Bayes, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Ay, let me alone; 'egad, when I get to them, I'll nick them, I warrant you. But I'm a little nice; for, you must know, at this time I am kept by another woman in the city.

Smith. How, kept! For what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon*; I am, i'fackins.

Smith. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that, I vow to gad, I know not what to do with myself.

John. Do with thyself! No, I wonder how thou canst make shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. Oh, devil! I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy; and then, I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull—Now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, 'egad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

John.

John. Phoo, pox ! that's ill-natur'dly done of them.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no trusting of these rogues—But—a—come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place ? (4) as for example, at Brentford : for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, tho' in the main they agree—I know not whether I make myself well understood.

John. I did not observe you, Sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir ; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this ; (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a—you understand me—Upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it.

[Exit to call the Players.]

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Re-enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing ; I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either, (5) that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue ; (do you mark ?) nay, they may both serve too, 'egad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well ; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue. For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner,

ner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors : the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, 'egad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues ; to which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap, and his sword drawn ; and there tell them plainly, that if, out of good-nature, they will not like my play, 'egad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping — a —

Smith. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose ! Sir, you may suppose what you please ; I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir ; nor am at all mortified at it ; not at all, Sir ; 'egad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose, quoth-a ! — ha, ha, ha ! *[Walks away.]*

John. Phoo ! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says ; he's a fellow newly come out of the country ; he knows nothing of what's the relish here, of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the country, I should have followed the old plain way ; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is ; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

John. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you ; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design is good ; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes ; (6) and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so, the rest, you know, must follow ; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose ? Ha, ha, ha !

John. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir ; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged : for let a man write ever so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons, (7) they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit
in

in them than so many hobby-horses; but they'll laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, 'egad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of persons, that, 'egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as—a—In fine, I'll say no more of them.

John. Nay, you have said enough of them, in all conscience; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me; I would see them all hang'd, 'egad, before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance, like ingrates.

John. Ay, marry, that were a way to be revenged of them indeed; and if I were in your place now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from, otherwise I would. (8) But, pray, Sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? (for I see you can judge.) Would you have it for a prologue, or the epilogue?

John. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no, that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

John. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is thunder and lightning.

John. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you, then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For, here, Sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as, in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chuse for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

John. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll
B
be

be hanged before they'll dare affront an author that has them at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty similes in the whole world, 'egad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of love. (9)

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot in chefnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves.
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

John. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine, and very applicable to thunder and lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. 'Egad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto*. Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder. (10)

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, pr'ythee, speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder. Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed. I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you must be quick and nimble—
The brisk Lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down,

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble, (11)
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to foot.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants, I'll finge your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't;
Look to't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*]

Bayes. There; no more. [*Exeunt ambo.*] 'Tis but a
flash of a prologue; a droll.

Smith. Yes, 'tis short indeed, but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in, it will do to a miracle,
'egad. Come, come, begin the play.

Enter 1st Player.

1 Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet, but he'll be
here presently; he's but two doors off. (12)

Bayes. Come then, gentlemen, let's go out and take a
pipe of tobacco. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bayes, Johnson, and Smith.

BAYES.

NOW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was
done before, instead of beginning with a scene
that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play
with a whisper. (1)

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the
Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous palace.

Ush. And by your gait and fashion, I should almost
suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings,
under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

B-2

Phys.

Phys. Come.

John. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher and Physician of the two Kings of Brentford.

John. But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

John. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude——

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? In the tyring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, Sir—He's so dull!——Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray, mark that allegory! Is not that good?

John. Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false, (which none but the great gods can tell) you then, perhaps, would find that——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in grey?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Pray, mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain 'twill in time appear, These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't:

First, he—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now, the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. At it still.

Ush.

Ubb. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they——

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt whispering.*
Now, gentlemen, pray, tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

John. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir; but, pray, why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. [*Goes to the door.*

John. How dost thou like this, Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smith. Why, I never did before this see any thing in nature, and all that, (as Mr. Bayes says) so foolish, but I could give some guess at what moved the fop to do it: but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

John. It is all alike; Mr. Wintershall has informed me of this play already. (2) And I'll tell thee, Frank, thou shalt not see one scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the world. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smith. It does surprise me, I'm sure, very much.

John. 'Ay, but it won't do so long.' By that time thou hast seen a play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no pleasure in him: he's too gross a fool to be laughed at.

Enter Bayes.

John. I'll swear, Mr. Bayes, you have done this scene
B 3 most

most admirably: tho', I must tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a whisper well.

Bayes. Ay, gentlemen, when you come to write yourselves, on my word, you'll find it so.

John. Have a care of what you say, Mr. Bayes: for Mr. Smith, there, I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, i'fackins? Why, then, I pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing, that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you now what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, (3) and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physick, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! 'Egad, I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff when you write. (4)

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once, 'egad, one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains; and, 'egad, that shall do my business.

SCENE

THE REHEARSAL.

19

SCENE II.

Enter the two Kings hand in hand.

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their stile; 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play, writ all just so.

1 King. Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2 King. I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing, That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar; because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath! this would make a man spew.

1 King. If that design appears.

I'll lug them by the ears,

Until I make them crack.

2 King. And so will I, 'fack.

1 King. You must begin, *ma foy.*

2 King. Sweet Sir, *pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that; I make them both speak French, to shew their breeding.

John. Oh, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 King. Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt reges.*]

John. This is a majestic scene, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, 'egad; I would fain see the proudest of them all but dare to nibble at this; 'egad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for them, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same stile; it was never acted yet.

John. How so?

Bayes. 'Egad, I can hardly tell you for laughing, ha, ha, ha! it is so pleasant a story; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. What is it?

Bayes. 'Egad, the players refused to act it; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. That's impossible!

Bayes. 'Egad, they did it, Sir; point blank refused it, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

John. Fie, that was rude!

Bayes. Rude! ay, 'egad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons,

persons, and all that, in the world, 'egad. 'Egad, there's no living with them. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent rascals have turned them all back upon my hands again.

J. bn. Strange fellows indeed!

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? For, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No; but that's the actor's fault, and not mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take them!) have popp'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smith. That, indeed, would have done it.

Bayes. Done it! ay, 'egad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, I vow to Gad, I have been so highly disoblighd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv'd hereafter to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the nursery, and mump your proud players, 'egad. So, now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep, making love to his mistress; ' which, you know, was a grand intrigue in a late play, (5) written by a very honest gentleman, a knight.'

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Prettyman.

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter Chloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet! is it not?

[*Lies down.*]

Bayes. Blazing comet! Mark that; 'egad, very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest.

[*Sleeps.*]

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and, stop, he falls asleep, as you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surpris'd. That's a general rule ; you must ever make a simile when you are surpris'd ; 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris. (6.) As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away ;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies :
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*

John. Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application, too.

Bayes. No faith ; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that, which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad ; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith. No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Prettyman *starts up, and says.*

Pret. It is resolv'd !

[*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry ?

Bayes. Oh, Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing ! what you please ; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honour : you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smith. Then, pray, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep ?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that to out-do all my fellow-writers, whereas they keep their intrigues secret, till the very last scene before the dance ; I now, Sir, (do you mark me ?) — a —

Smith. Begin the play and end it, without ever opening the plot at all.

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't ; ha, ha, ha ! I do, 'egad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let them alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here,

here, now, is a scene of business. Pray, observe it; for I dare say, you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argued. To tell you true, 'tis a discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, Sir, let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry, sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand; and then I segue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, 'egad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? Which I divide thus—

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so, indeed.

Smith. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here, but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no?

John. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the when, you say, just now; so that is answered. Then, as for what, that answers itself; for what could they hear, but what we talked of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray, then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phys. No, you'll answer better; pray, let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phys. Come then, what is't I must ask?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ush.

Urb. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phys. Well, I do so.

Urb. Say it then.

Smith. Hey-day ! here is the bravest work that ever

I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's the way ; 'tis the way of art ;

there is no other way, 'egad, in business.

Phys. Did they hear us whisper ?

Urb. Why, truly, I can't tell ; there's much to be said upon the word whisper. To whisper in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly ; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper ; but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how ; how did they hear us whisper ? Why, as to that, there are two ways ; the one by chance or accident ; the other on purpose ; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give them physic more.

Urb. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before them.

Bayes. Pray, mark this ; for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter end of the play.

Smith. I suppose that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir ; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they will turn us out, and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan :

We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Urb. 'Tis right.

And since occasion now seems *debonair*,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their swords, and sit in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*]

Bayes. There's now an odd surprise ! the whole state's turned quite topsy-turvy, (7) without any pother or stir in the whole world, 'egad.

Johns.

John. A very silent change of government truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so : and yet you shall see me bring them in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[The usurpers march off, flourishing their swords.

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho ! hey ho ! what a change is here ! Hey day ! hey day ! I know not what to do, nor what to say ! (8) *[Exit.*

John. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all ; for I underwrit his part on purpose to set off the rest.

John. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smith. But, pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before ; but never could put it in practice till now ; and to tell you true, that's one reason why I made them whisper so at first.

Smith. Oh, very well ! now I am fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither, in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. Oh, ho ! so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done.

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. Oh, I conceive you ! That, I swear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Enter four Soldiers at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Sold.* Stand. Who goes there ?

2 *Sold.* A friend.

1 *Sold.* What friend ?

2 *Sold.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sold.* Fall on.

[They all kill one another.

[Music strikes.

Bayes. *[To the Music.]* Hold, hold ! *[It ceases.]*—Now here's an odd surprise ; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made in
effant

effant flat, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? Remember your note in *effant flat*—[*To the Music.*] Play on. Now, now, now! [*The Music plays his note, and the dead Men rise, but cannot get in order.*] Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? No figure, no ear, no time, no thing! Udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in Harry the Eighth, or the fat spirits in the Tempelt, 'egad.

1 *Sold.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Bayes. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! impossible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business: for if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now; here I am dead. [*Lies down flat on his face.*] Now mark my note *effant flat*. Strike up, Music. Now! [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*] Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose!

John. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *effant*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage! with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act; but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sold.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember and dance like horsemen. [*Exit.*]

' *Smith.* Like horsemen! What a plague can that be?

' [*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*]

' 1 *Sold.* A devil! let's try this no longer; play my dance, that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

' [*Dance, and Excunt.*]

' *Smith.* What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

' *John.* Pr'ythee, let's go see. [*Excunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

C

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Bayes, with a Paper on his nose, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES.

NOW, Sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smith. Faith, that fancy is very good; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

John. That fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels, but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, 'egad, between prince Prettyman, and his taylor: it might properly enough be called a prize of wit; for you shall see them come in one upon another snip-snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, slap with a repartee, then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, 'egad, till they go quite off the stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*]

Smith. What a plague does this fop mean, by his snip-snap, hit for hit, and dash.

John. Mean! why he never meant any thing in's life; what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Prettyman and Tom Thimble. (r)

This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for it is as full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuffed with cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But, pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine taylors make but one man, and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men; what work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow!

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy journeymen, tho', Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife sits but cross-legged, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your coronation-suit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why the times then lived upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I am sure, Sir, I made your clothes in the court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the court. (2)

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see. Thou payest me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay? As good as ever was written, 'egad.

Thim. Ay, Sir, in your own coin; you give me nothing but words. (3)

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes. Oh, you did not do that half enough.

John. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part. (4)

Thim. That's the way to be stamped yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bored through you. [Exeunt.]

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, 'egad! How do you like it now, gentlemen? Is not this pure wit?

Smith. 'Tis snip-snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose; for the play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean; why, is not this part of the play?

Smith. Yes; but the plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! Why, what a devil is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smith. Oh, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not, nor many things more, that I am master of. Now, Sir, 'egad, this is the bane of all us writers, let us soar but ever so little above the common pitch, 'egad, all's spoiled, for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

John. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess; but you write on still for all that.

Bayes. Write on! Aye, 'egad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me; if they catch me at that hook, I'll give them leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, (5) what care I what they say? What are they gone, without fingering my last new song? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to Gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written; you must know it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife, after she was dead.

Smith. How, Sir! after she was dead?

Bayes. Aye, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

John. Say! why nothing: he were a devil that had any thing to say to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smith. How did she come to die, pray, Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall. But here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was killed by an 'accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

John. Ay, ay, that's well enough; let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis to the tune of, Farewel, fair Armida;
' on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that,

SONG.

SONG. (6)

' In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
 ' Than in a strong castle, remotest from thee :
 ' My death's bruise pray think you gave me, though
 a fall
 ' Did give it me more from the top of a wall ;
 ' For then if the moat on her mud would first lay,
 ' And after, before you my body convey ;
 ' The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
 ' You'll say with a sigh, there's a true blue for me.

' Ha, rogues ! when I am merry, I write these things
 ' as fast as hops, 'egad ; for, you must know, I am as
 ' pleasant a debauchee as ever you saw ; I am, i'faith.'

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in here ? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing ; you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts and dances, if you mean to——a——

John. Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes. (7)

Bayes. 'Egad, and you have nicked it. Hark you, Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter, 'egad you have a great deal of wit.

John. Oh, Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, i'faith this must not be said amongst us that have it. I know you have wit, by the judgment you make of this play, for that's the measure I go by ; my play is my touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts, Is he so ? says I ; what do I do, but bring him presently to see this play ; if he likes it, I know what to think of him ; if not, your most humble servant, Sir ; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, 'egad. Now here we go to our business.

SCENE II.

Enter the two Usurpers hand in hand.

Ulf. But what's become of Volscius the great ?

His presence has not grac'd our courts of late,

Ebyf. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
 Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

C 3.

Bayes.

Bayes. Is not that majestic?l

Smith. Yes, but who a devil is that Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that's a prince I make in love with Parthenope.

Smith. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince. (8)

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smith. How, Sir! do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: gad-zookers, you'll spoil all my play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His highness, Sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life; but, by the care Of standers-by, prevented was.

Smith. 'Sheart, what stuff's here?

Cor. At last,

Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd : His servants he into the country sent, And he himself to Piccadilly went : Where he's informed by letters that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! Is that possible? Dead!

Phys. Oh, ye gods!

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion: Oh, ye gods! That's one of my bold strokes, 'egad.

Smith. Yes; but who's the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, Sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by-and-by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the man brought in, that is supposed to have killed her.

[A great shout within.]

SCENE

THE REHEARSAL. 31
SCENE III.

Enter Amaryllis, with a Book in her Hand, and Attendants.

Ama. What shout triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Shy-maid, upon the river-brink, near Twic'nam-town, the false assassinate is taken.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above for this deliverance. I hope,

Its slow beginning will portend

A forward exit to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all future end! No; to all future end! You must lay the accent upon end; or else you lose the conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind

T' attack the noblest soul of human kind?

Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. What, did prince Prettyman hire you to kill prince Prettyman?

Fish. No, prince Volscius.

Ama. What, did prince Volscius hire you to kill prince Volscius?

Fish. No, prince Prettyman.

Ama. So drag him hence;

'Till torture of the rack produce his sense;

[Exeunt.]

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects, for he's out at one and t'other; and that's the design of this scene.

Smith. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of writing; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole play, before another man, 'egad, can make an end of his plot.

I

SCENE

SCENE IV.

So now enter prince Prettyman in a rage. Where the devil is he? Why, Prettyman! Why, when, I say? Oh, fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marred, I vow to gad, quite marred.

Enter Prettyman,

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again if you please. I vow to gad, Mr.—a—I would not give a button for my play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir!

Bayes. What, Sir! 'fife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, fouse upon the stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

John. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smith. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! Come, let's hear your part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my father: why d'ye keep him from me? Although a fisherman, he is my father?

Was ever son yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a son, made fatherless?

Ah! you just gods, rob me not of a father:

The being of a son take from me rather. [*Exit.*]

Smith. Well, Ned, what think you now?

John. 'A devil, this is worst of all.' Mr. Bayes, pray what's the meaning of this scene?

Bayes. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir: I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this play, this prince was taken by a fisherman.

Smith. How, Sir! taken prisoner?

Bayes. Taken prisoner! Oh, Lord, what a question's there! Did ever any man ask such a question? Gad-zookers, he has put the plot quite out of my head with this damned question! What was I going to say?

John. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken; Oh, 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his highness here, the Prince, was taken in a cradle by a fisherman, and brought up as his child.

Smith.

Smith. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the river-side, the fisherman, upon suspicion, was seized, and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smith. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, is not this some disparagement in a prince, to pass for a fisherman's son? Have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, not at all; for 'tis but for a while. I shall fetch him off again presently, you shall see.

Enter Prettyman and Thimble.

Pret. By all the gods, I'll set the world on fire,
Rather than let them ravish hence my fire.

Thim. Brave Prettyman, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy fire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo'you now, there he's off again.

John. Admirably done, i'faith!

Bayes. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darkness can evince!

Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.

It is a secret, great as is the world;

In which I, like the soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.

The blackest ink of fate sure was my lot,

And when she writ my name, she made a blot.

[Exit.]

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smith. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a fisherman's son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobody's son at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a man indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

SCENE V.

Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Piccadilly.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so, but that was only to cover his design.

John. What design?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, to head the army, that ligs concealed for him at Knightsbridge.

John. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Chloris, Amaryllis, and Harry, with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town, And to retire to country solitude.

Chlo. We hop'd this summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company! prettily expressed: held the honour of your company! gad-zookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

John. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain!
That you will here, with poor us, still remain!
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate:
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volsc. (9) Harry, Harry, my boots; for I'll go range among

My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus concealed in Knightsbridge?

Bayes. In Knightsbridge! Stay.

John. No, not if the inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, 'egad I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's gone out of town; but you shall see how prettily I have contrived to stop him presently.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, you have so amazed me, that I know not what to think.

Enter

Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name (10)
Who does so gently rob me of my fame:
For I should meet the army out of town,
And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, Sir, sells ale by the town-walls;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

John. Ay, ay, 'egad, you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud!
Thou bring'st the morning-pictur'd in a cloud. (11)

Bayes. The morning's pictured in a cloud! Ah, gad-zookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good even, Sir. [Exit.

Volf. Oh, inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn.

Ama. and Clo. How! Prince Volscious in love! Ha, ha, ha! (12) [Exeunt laughing.

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of town; and then, as he's pulling on his boots, falls in love with her; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha? [Turns to Johnson.

John. Why in the boots; where should the jest lie?

Bayes. 'Egad, you are in the right; it does lie in the boots—[Turns to Smith.] Your friend and I know where a good jest lies, though you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. (13) An ancient author has made a whole play on it; but I have dispatch'd it all in this scene.

Volscious sits down to pull on his Boots: Bayes stands by, and overacts the part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!
This hasty boot is on, the other off,

And

And fullen lies with amorous design,
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Pr'ythee, mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

John. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought :
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't :
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Disarmed, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour, or to love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay: (14)
Honour aloud commands, pluck both boots on;
But softer love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? What conduct shall I find,
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day, with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my honour, and my love together,
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping, with one boot on, and t'other off.*]

John. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determined on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is it not now, 'egad, ha? For to go off hip-hop, hip-hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, 'egad.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip-hop, in this place, as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. Oh, all in all, Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set you off a play; 'as I remember once in a play of mine, I set off a scene, 'egad, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat and the belly-ach. (15)

Smith. Pray how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contrived a petticoat to be brought in upon a chair (nobody knew how) into a prince's chamber, whose father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

John. God's-my-life, that was a notable contrivance indeed.

Smith.

' *Smith.* Ay, but Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the belly-ach?

' *Bayes.* The easiest in the world, 'egad; I'll tell you how: I made the prince set down upon the petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his father, that he had just then got the belly-ach; whereupon his father went to call a physician, and his man ran away with the petticoat.

' *Smith.* Well, and what followed upon that?

' *Bayes.* Nothing; no earthly thing, I vow to gad.

' *John.* On my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

' *Bayes.* Yes, it gave a world of content. And then I paid them away besides; for it made them all talk bawdry, ha, ha, ha, beastly, downright bawdry upon the stage, 'egad, ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

' *John.* That, ay, that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

' *Bayes.* No, 'egad, can't it. Come, bring in the dance.

[*Exit to call the Players.*]

' *Smith.* Now, the devil take thee, for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsome rogue.

' *Enter Bayes and Players.*

' *Bayes.* Pray dance well before these gentlemen; you are commonly so lazy, but you should be light and easy, tah, tah, tah. [*All the while they dance, Bayes puts them out with teaching them.*] Well, gentlemen, you will see this dance, if I am not deceived, take very well upon the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

' *Smith.* I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for it.

' *Bayes.* Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

' *Smith.* By my troth I think so, Sir.

' *Bayes.* Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of them in a day: but, 'egad, these players are such dull persons, that if a man be not by them upon every point, and at every turn, 'egad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.'

Enter a Player.

What, is the funeral ready?

D

Play.

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the lance filled with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it myself.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr. Johnson, 'egad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for them. Now, 'egad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, 'egad, I am no more able to endure it. I am not myself, I am out of my wits, and all that; I am the strangest person in the whole world: for what care I for money; I write for reputation. [*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES. (1)

Gentlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last Act beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a precedent for it besides; a person of honour, and a scholar, brought in his funeral just so: 'and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belonged to a funeral, as any man in England; 'egad.

John. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. 'Egad, but I have another device, a frolic which I think yet better than all this, not for the plot or characters (for in my heroic plays, I make no difference as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smith. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have designed a conquest, that can-
not

not, possibly, 'egad, be acted in less than a whole week. And I'll speak a bold word, it shall drum, trumpet, shout, and battle, 'egad, with any the most warlike tragedy we have, either ancient or modern. (2)

John. Ay, marry, Sir, there you say something.

Smith. And pray, Sir, how have you ordered this same frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the rule of romance; for example, they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many times as they please: Now I would fain know what should hinder me from doing the same with my things if I please?

John. Nay, if you should not be master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my sense. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a play in it too; for as every one makes you five acts to one play, what do I, but make you five plays to one plot; by which means the auditors have every day a new thing.

John. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I know that; there's the main point. And then, upon Saturday, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a Monday) I make you, Sir, a sixth play, that sums up the whole matter to them, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

John. That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

Smith. And when comes in your share, pray, Sir?

Bayes. The third week.

John. I vow, you'll get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man must live; and if you don't thus pitch upon some new device, 'egad, you'll never do't; for this age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there is one pretty odd passage in the last of these plays, which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinions, gentlemen.

John. What is it, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a male person to be in love with a female.

D. 2

Smith.

Smith. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have ordered it. You shall hear: he, having passionately loved her through my five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appeared to him like a ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him with as violent a passion as he loved her, she kills herself. Now, my question is, Which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

John. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the world, 'egad; and has puzzled his pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

Smith. Why, truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare them both.

Bayes. 'Egad, and I think—ha!—Why, then, I'll make him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, it shall be so.' Come, come, bring in the funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.
Lay it down there; no, no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And in life's stead to leave us nought but death?

The world discovers now its emptiness,
And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? Is not that elevated? 'Tis my *non ultra*, 'egad; you must know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her! with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is Lardella's funeral.

Smith. Lardella! Ay, who is she? (3)

Bayes. Why, Sir, the sister of Drawcanfir; a lady that was drown'd at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.

K. Ush. Lardella, Oh, Lardella! from above
Behold the tragic issues of our love:
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, 'egad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.——a——you will not have patience.

John. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcanfir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce hero; that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners; or justice.

John. A very pretty character.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, 'egad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers! why don't you read the papers?

[To the Players.

K. Physf. Oh, cry you mercy! [Goes to take the Paper.

Bayes. Pish! Nay, you are such a fumbler—Come, I'll read it myself. [Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.]—Stay; it's an ill hand; I must use my spectacles. This now is a copy of verses, which I make Lardella compose just as she is dying, with design to have it pinn'd upon her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think, now, I fancy her to make love like here, in this paper?

Smith. Like a woman: what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word, you are out, tho', Sir; 'egad, you are.

Smith. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir, like an humble-bee.

Smith. I confess, that I should not have fancied.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir; but it is, tho', in order to the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smith. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title. "To my dear coz, King Physf."

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a king, tho', Sir, by your favour, for an humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant, your knowledge may be above mine; but as for poetry, give me

leave to say, I understand that better : it has been longer my practice, it has, indeed, Sir.

Smith. Your servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray, mark it. (4)

[*Reads.*]

“ Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I’ll come an humble bee to your chaste love :
With silent wings I’ll follow you, dear coz ;
Or else before you in the sun-beams buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost you’ll know me by my hum ;
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.”

Smith. [*After a pause.*] Admirable !

Bayes. “ At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep ;
Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye.”

“ *John.* By my troth, that’s a very great promise.

“ *Smith.* Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

“ *Bayes.* “ Your bed of love from dangers I will free ;
But most from love of any future bee.

“ And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty arms I’ll bear you on my back.”

“ *Smith.* A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

“ *Bayes.* Ay, ’egad ; but is not that *tuant* now, ha ?

“ Is it not *tuant* ? Here’s the end.

“ Then at your birth of immortality,

“ Like any winged archer hence I’ll fly,

“ And teach you your first flutt’ring in the sky.

“ *Job.* Oh, rare ! this is the most natural-refin’d fancy
that ever I heard, I’ll swear.

“ *Bayes.* Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good
way enough of making love ; for, being divested of her
terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these
little, pretty, amorous designs, that are innocent, and
yet passionate.” Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself within
this breast,

Which only in Lardella’s tomb can rest.

K. Uzb. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from Lardella’s love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd’ring hands

At Pallas’s commands ;

For

For the supposed dead, Oh, Kings !
 Forbear to act such deadly things.
 Lardella lives ; I did but try
 If princes for their loves could die.
 Such celestial constancy
 Shall by the gods rewarded be :
 And from these fun'ral obsequies,
 A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discovered.]

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now it's out. This is the very funeral of the fair person which Volscius sene word was dead ; and Pallas, you see, has turned it into a banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a dance, for joy that Lardella is not dead. ' Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot. I ask your pardon.

Bayes. Oh, d'ye so, Sir ? I am glad you will confess yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith.

D A N C E.

K. Uß. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
 The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind :
 And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
 We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Physf. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
 Let in full bowls her health go round.

[The two Usurpers each of them take a bowl in their hands.]

K. Uß. But where's the wine ?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering lance (S)
 Does flow the purest wine of France ;

[Fills the bowls out of her lance.]

And, to appease your hunger, I
 Have in my helmet brought a pie :
 Lastly, to bear a part with these,

Behold a buckler made of cheese. *[Vanish Pallas.]*

Bayes. There's the banquet. Are you satisfied now, Sir ?

John. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes.

THE REHEARSAL.

Bayes. Yes, I know this would please you; for the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanfir.

K. Phys. What man is this, that dares disturb our feast? (6)

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die; And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

John. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on't.

John. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. (7) Now, there are some critics that have advised me to put out the second dare, and print must in the place on't; but, 'egad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

John. Whoo! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know, How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well bred person, 'egad? So modest, so gent!

Smith. Oh, very like.

Draw. (8) You shall not know how long I here will

But you shall know I'll take the bowls away. [stay; [Snatches the bowls out of the Kings' hands, and drinks them off.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent?

Bayes. No, 'egad, Sir; but 'tis great.

K. Ush. (9) Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down. [clown,

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dare think,

I'll stare away his very power to drink.

[The two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare; (10)

And all this I can do, because I dare. [Exit.

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes, but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last act, win above a dozen bottles, one after another, 'egad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

Johns.

John. That will be a fight worth seeing indeed.

Smith. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the Kings let him use them so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that's to raise the character of Draw-canfir.

John. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I'll shew you a scene indeed, or rather, indeed, a scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smith. And, pray, Sir, what's your design in this scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, smooth verse, and a rant; in fine, if this scene don't take, 'egad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.——a——nay, come in as many as you can——Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. Oh, Sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Prettyman and Prince Volscius.

Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary; for I make them both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love! You mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I say, not in love; there's a new conceit for you!—Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volscius, now has found the
For our so long'd-for meeting here this day, [way
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volsc. I gladly would that story from thee learn;
But thou to love dost, Prettyman, incline;
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! 'egad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volsc. Love takes, cameleon-like, a various dye
From every plant on which itself does lie.

Bayes.

Bayes. Simile !

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright :
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Volf. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful god of love !

Bayes. There's a great verse !

Volf. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine
Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale ;
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

Bayes. 'Egad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice ;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes controul ;
The body they consume, as well as soul.

Volf. My love has yet a power more divine :
Victims her altars burn not, but refine ;
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast :
In spite of pain and death they're kept alive ;
Her fiery eyes make them in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, 'egad, as I can do.

Volf. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, 'egad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale,
In whose vast bulk tho' store of oil doth lie,
We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, 'egad.

Bayes. Yes ; but as far fetch'd a fancy, tho', 'gad, as
e'er you saw.

Volf. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame love's excellence :
Parthenope is, sure, as far above
All other loves, as above all his love.

Bayes. Ay, 'egad, that strikes me !

Pret. To blame my Cloris gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volf. Were all gods join'd they could not hope to mend
My better choice ; for fair Parthenope
Gods would themselves ungod themselves to see. (11)

Bayes. Now the rant's a coming.

Pret.

Pret. (12) Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.

Bayes. Ah, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.*]

Volf. Could'st thou that god from heaven to earth
translate,

He could not fear to want a heav'nly state;
Parthenope, on earth, can heaven create.

Pret. Cloris does heav'n itself so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I
have lost my peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is what I
never yet saw any one could write, but myself. Here's
true spirit and flame all through, 'egad—So, so, pray,
clear the stage. [*He puts them off the Stage.*]

John. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of
writing smooth verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of brains for this: 'tis
but scanning the labours on the finger. But where's the
sense of it?

John. Oh, for that he desires to be excused! He is too
proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I assure you. (13)
But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. Oh, Sir! the subject is too great for prose.

Smith. Well said, i'faith! I'll give thee a pot of ale
for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil.
That single line, 'egad, is worth all that my brother poets
ever writ—Let down the curtain. [*Exeunt,*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bayes and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES.

NOW, gentlemen, I will be bold to say I'll shew you
the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean
not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, shew,
and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand
to

to the eye, every whit, 'egad, as that great scene in *Harry the Eighth*, and grander too, 'egad; for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

[The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. Before them a Herald, and Scrjeants at Arms, with Maces.]

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray, what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because——By gad, I won't tell you. Your country-friend, Sir, grows so troublesome——

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Volsc. Dread Sovereign Lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son; let me intreat that great Prince Prettyman first do speak, whose high pre-eminence in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his son.

John. Yes, Sir, and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg,
That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Volsc. That preference is only due to Amaryllis, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well by-and-by, you shall see.

Am. Invincible Sovereigns—— *[Soft Music.]*

K. Ush. (i) But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the music of the moving spheres!

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A godlike cloud, and a triumphant car,

In which our two right Kings sit, one by one,

With virgins vests, and laurel-garlands on.

K. Ush. Then brother——

K. Phys.———'Tis time we should begone.

[The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.]

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easy a change as the other?

THE REHEARSE.

Smith. Yes, faith, you did so; tho' I confess I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

[The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the clouds, singing, in white garments, and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.]

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make them sing to the tune and stile of our modern spirits.

1 King. (2) Haste, brother King, we are sent from

2 King. Let us move; let us move, [above.

Move to remove the fate

Of Brentford's long united state.

1 King. Tarra, rah, tarra, full east and by south.

2 King. We sail with thunder in our mouth.

In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays;

Busy, busy, busy, busy we bustle along,

Mounted upon warm Phœbus's ray

Thro' the heavenly throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty toes.

1 King. And we'll fall with our plate

In an *ollie* of hate.

2 King. But now supper's done, the servitor's try

Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pye.

1 King. They gather, they gather hot custards in spoons.

But, alas! I must leave these half-moons,

And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 King. Oh, stay! for you need not as yet go astray;

The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,

And on their high ropes we will play:

Like maggots in filberts, we'll snug in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

And farewell.

1 King. But the ladies have all inclination to dance,

And the green frogs croak out a Coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? The fiddlers are all in green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no Coranto.

John. No, but they play a tune that's a great deal better.

E

Bayes.

‘ *Bayes*. No Coranto, quoth-a! That’s a good one,
with all my heart. Come, sing on.

‘ 2 *King*. Now mortals that hear

‘ How we tilt and career,

‘ With wonder will fear

‘ The event of such things as shall never appear.

‘ 1 *King*. Stay you, to fulfil what the gods have decreed.

‘ 2 *King*. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need;

‘ 1 *King*. So firmly resolv’d is a true Brentford King,

‘ To save the distress’d, and help to ’em bring,

‘ That e’er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,

‘ He’s here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

‘ [*Bayes flips his fingers, and sings after them.*

‘ *Bayes*. He’s here with a whoop, and gone with a
holla.

‘ This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have

‘ brought in with a conjurer. (3)

‘ *John*. Ay, that would have been better.

‘ *Bayes*. No, faith, not when you consider it; for thus
it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit
as well.

‘ *Smith*. Thing! What thing?

‘ *Bayes*. Why, bring them down again into the throne,
Sir; what thing would you have?

‘ *Smith*. Well, but methinks the sense of this song is
not very plain.

‘ *Bayes*. Plain! Why, did you ever hear any people
in clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight
of fancy at its full range, without the least check or
controul upon it. When once you tie up spirits and
people in clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

‘ *Smith*. Bless me, what a monster’s this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the
Thrones.*

1 *King*. Come, now to serious counsel we’ll advance.

2 *King*. I do agree; but first, let’s have a dance.

Bayes. Right! you did that very well, Mr. Cartwright.
But first, let’s have a dance. Pray, remember that: be-
sure you do it always just so; for it must be done as if it
were the effect of thought and premeditation. But first,
let’s have a dance. Pray, remember that.

Smith.

THE REHEARSAL. 51

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer; I must gag this rogue; there's no enduring of him.

John. No, pr'ythee, make use of thy patience a little longer; let's see the end of him now.

[Dance a grand Dance.

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since derived, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Herald.

1 *King.* What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The army, at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from Knightsbridge hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid them attend a-while, and drink our health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes? The army in disguise!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discovered them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 *King.* Here, take five guineas for those warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her.*—We have not seen so much the Lord knows when.

[Exeunt Herald.

1 *King.* Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

1 *Am.* Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty, if, at this grand conjuncture——

[Drums beat behind the Stage.

1 *King.* (4) What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your royal persons save,

For the event of war no mortal knows:

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

[Exit.

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a handsome come-off?

2 *King.* Oh, dangerous estate of sovereign power!

Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

E 2

2 *King.*

THE REHEARSAL.

King. Let us, for shelter in our cabinet stay :
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*]

John. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us, just now, to make Amaryllis speak very well ?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hindered her.

Smith. How, Sir ! whether you would or no ?

Bayes. Ay, Sir ; the plot lay so, that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

John. But, pray, who hindered her ?

Bayes. Why, the battle, Sir, that's just coming in 'at the door : and I'll tell you now a strange thing ; tho' I don't pretend to do more than other men, 'egad, I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this battle.

Smith. I had rather be bound to fight your battle, I assure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo ! there's it now.—Fight a battle ! there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing : Can you think it a decent thing, in a battle before ladies, to have men run their swords thro' one another, and all that ?

John. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right ; on the other side, to have a long relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there ; what is it but dull prolixity ?

John. Excellently reason'd, by my troth !

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both these indecuments, I sum up the whole battle in the representation of two persons only, no more ; and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me ?

Smith. Yes, Sir ; but I think I should hardly swear, tho', for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would, tho', when you see it ; for I make them both come out in armour, cap-a-pie, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at their wrist, which, you know, represents fighting enough.

John. Ay, ay, so much, that if I were in your place, I would

' I would make them go out again, without ever speaking one word.

' *Bayes.* No, there you are out; for I make each of them hold a lute in his hand.

' *Smith.* How, Sir, instead of a buckler?

' *Bayes.* Oh, Lord, Lord! instead of a buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make them, Sirs, play the battle *in recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself into a warlike posture; so that you have at once your ear entertained with music and good language, and your eye satisfied with the garb and accoutrements of war.

' *Smith.* I confess, Sir, you stupify me.

' *Bayes.* You shall see.

' *John.* But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? For I love those plays where they cut and slash one another upon the stage for a whole hour together.

' *Bayes.* Why, then, to tell you true, I have contrived it both ways; but you shall have my *recitativo* first.

' *John.* Ay, now you are right; there is nothing then can be objected against it.

' *Bayes.* (5) True; and so, 'egad, I'll make it to a tragedy in a trice.

' *Enter at several Doors the General and Lieutenant-General, armed cap-a-pie, with each of them a lute in his hand, and a sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at his wrist.* (6)

' *Lt. Gen.* Villain, thou lyest!

' *Gen.* [7] Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm; what ho!

' The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

' *Lt. Gen.* Advance from Acton with the musqueteers.

' *Gen.* (8) Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers.

' *Lt. Gen.* (9) The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers, Shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers.

' *Gen.* Chiswickians, aged, and renown'd in fight,

' Join with the Hammer-smith brigade.

' *Lt. Gen.* You'll find my Mortlake boys will do them right,

' Unless by Fulham numbers overlaid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of Twickenham foot advance,
And line that eastern hedge.

Lt. Gen. The horse I rais'd in Petty-France,
Shall try their chance,
And scour the meadows, over-grown with fedge,

Gen. Stand! give the word.

Lt. Gen. Bright sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lt. Gen. (to) Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire,

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they flee
That first did give the lie. [Exeunt]

Bayes. This now is not improper, I think; because
the spectators know all these towns, and may easily
conceive them to be within the dominions of the two
kings of Brentford.

John. Most exceeding well designed!

Bayes. How do you think I have contrived to give a
stop to this battle.

Smith. How?

Bayes. By an eclipse; which, let me tell you, is a kind
of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but
by myself, and one person more, that shall be nameless.

Enter Lieutenant-General.

Lt. Gen. What midnight darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,

And winks upon us with the eye of light?

'Tis an eclipse! This was unkind, Oh, moon;

To clap between me and the sun so soon.

Foolish eclipse! thou this in vain hast done;

My brighter honour had eclips'd the sun,

But now behold eclipses two in one. [Exit.]

John. This is an admirable representation of a battle,
as ever I saw.

Bayes. Ay, Sir: but how would you fancy now to re-
present an eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Supposed! Ay, you are ever at your suppose;
ha, ha, ha! Why, you may as well suppose the whole
play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's cer-
tain:

tain: but in some odd way that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for it; that I am sure is new, and I believe to the purpose.

John. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between Phoebus and Aurora, in the Slighted Maid; which, by my troth, was very pretty; but I think you would confess this is a little better.

John. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes, a great deal better.

[*Bayes bugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.*]

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! But—a—Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun.

Smith. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hay. Hum! and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and sun: and there you have both eclipses by demonstration.

John. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in it. And then, Sir, that there may be something in it too of a joke, I bring them in all singing, and make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out, Eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

• *Enter Luna.*

Luna. Orbis, Oh, Orbis!

Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. (11) Who calls Terra Firma, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the bargain.

Enter Sol, to the tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fye, fister, fye! thou makest me muse,

Derry down, derry down,

To see the Orb abuse.

Luna.

Luna. I hope his anger will not move;

Since I shew'd it out of love,

Hey down, derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty moon?

Luna. (12) To-morrow soon, e'er it be noon,

On mount Vesuvio.

Sol. Then I will shine.

[*Bis.*

To the Tune of Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. (13) And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

[*As they dance the bay, Bayes speaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon; now the moon's before the sun; there's the eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

John. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse?

Bayes. So, now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[*A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobbey-horses.*

At last Drawcanfir comes in, and kills them all on both Sides. All the while the battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill:

But I the blood of thousands daily spill.

Let petty kings the names of parties know:

Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.

The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controuls,

And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.

If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,

I would pursue, and beat them through the sky;

And make proud Jove with all his thunder, see

This single arm more dreadful is than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles, and I know not who; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to shew me one such conqueror as this Drawcanfir.

John. I swear, I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help them.

Bayes. Go off, why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off! Why, do you think the people here

here don't know they are not dead? He's mighty ignorant, poor man! Your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, 'egad he is, ha, ha, ha! Come, Sir, I'll shew you how they shall go off. (14) Rise, rise, Sims, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Ivory, a word. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.]

Jahn. Will you so? Then we'll begone.

Smith. Ay, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away.

[Exit.]

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen?

1st Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath! this last act is best of all! I'll go fetch them again. [Exit.]

1st Play. What shall we do, now he's gone away?

2d Play. Why so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3d Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper. Let's see what it is.

3d or 4th Play. Ay, ay, come, let's hear it.

[Reads. *The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3d Play. Cloris at length, being sensible of prince Prettyman's passion, consents to marry him; but just as they are going to church, prince Prettyman meeting, by chance, with old Joan, the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with Cloris, out of a high point of honour, breaks off his match with Cloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which, Cloris, in despair, drowns herself; and prince Prettyman, disconsolately, walks by the river-side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone.

Most of the Players. Ay, por on it, let's go away.

[Exit.]

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on them both for me, they have made me sweat to run after them. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner, than see this play out, with a pox to them. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr.——a——where are you, Sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Enter

Enter Stage Keeper.

Stage-k. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage-k. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'Tis impossible! The players gone to dinner! 'Egad, if they are, I'll make them know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for them, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humourous, cross-grained persons, and all that. 'Egad, I'll make them the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. 'Egad, I'll be revenged on them; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage-k. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one, I must reserve this comfort to myself; my play and I shall go together; we will not part, indeed, Sir.

Stage-k. But what will the town say, Sir!

Bayes. The town! Why, what care I for the town? 'Egad the town used me as scurvily as the players have done; but I'll be revenged on them too; for I'll lampoon them all. And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satyrish I am. And so farewell to this stage, 'egad, for ever. [Exit Bayes.

Enter Players.

1st Play. Come then, let's set up bills for another play.

2d Play. Ay, ay; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1st Play. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practise the last dance; for that may serve us another time.

2d Play. I'll call them in: I think they are but in the tiring room.

The Dance done.

1st Play. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[Exeunt.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPI.

E P I L O G U E.

THE play is at an end; but where's the plot?
 That circumstance our poet Bayes forgot.
 And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting age,
 No place is freer from it than the stage.
 The antients plotted, though, and strove to please,
 With sense that might be understood with ease:
 They every scene with so much wit did store,
 That who brought any in, went out with more.
 But this new way of wit does so surprise,
 Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lies.
 If it be true, that monstrous births presage
 The following mischiefs that afflict the age,
 And sad disasters to the state proclaim,
 Plays without head or tail may do the same.
 Wherefore for ours, and for the kingdom's peace,
 May this prodigious way of writing cease.
 Let's have at least once in our lives a time,
 When we may hear some reason, not all rhyme.
 We have these ten years felt its influence;
 Pray let this prove a year of prose and sense.

A KEY

A

KEY TO THE REHEARSAL;

OR, A

CRITICAL REVIEW

OF THE

AUTHORS, AND THEIR WRITINGS,

That are exposed in that celebrated PLAY.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THOU canst not be ignorant that the town has had an eager expectation of a Key to the Rehearsal, ever since it first appeared in print, and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, though in vain; till lately, a gentleman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who, he believed, could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching after him.

It was my misfortune, over a pot of beer, to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors; and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name

F

of

of a good dramatic poet, or natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by outdoing them in their bombastic bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped e'er long Mr. Collier and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Johnson, Shakespeare, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman, my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his Cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged, saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over; and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, (said he) go to him again from me, take him to the tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction.

Not long after, I met him in Fleet-street, and carried him to the Old Devil: and ere we had emptied one bottle, found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English stage very well; and tho'

tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied any thing with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immoveable.

When I had discovered thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing to him. He desired my patience till he slept to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers which contain the following Notes.

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine; he assured me they were, and told me farther, that while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning as he himself had.

If any other person had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made public before now: but nothing of this nature having appeared these two and thirty years, (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great persons own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these annotations, to have a preface to them, under the name of him who was so well acquainted with the author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alleged for his excuse, that such an underraking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian,

storian, barely reciting the words he heard from our author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topics to be insisted on.

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.

2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any further direction in this matter meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on these two heads, and then take my leave of you: wishing you good success with your preface, and that your key may prove a golden one.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn preface, tho' against my will. And thus I set out.

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are any thing acquainted with the stage, know already: *viz.* That this farce was wrote by the most noble George Villiers, late duke of Buckingham, &c. a person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgment, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated poets of the late age; *viz.* Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Johnson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died), as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Friars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sydney Godolphin, (a near relation to the late Lord high treasurer of England, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel annuity during his

his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey, after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera and farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage, we being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be ever so vicious, fantastic, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (late bishop of Sarum) calls a correction, and an unmerciful exposing; and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities, both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time,

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, though not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of the Restoration, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries to which the king and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals, and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on it, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

F 3

Then

Then appeared such plays as these; The Siege of Rhodes, part I. acted at the Cock-pit; before the Restoration; The Playhouse to be let; The Slighted Maid, The United Kingdoms; The Wild Gallant; The English Monsieur; The Villain; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the United Kingdoms, (which was never printed) in the following notes; as you will find out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearance on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode and run down these plays, especially the United Kingdoms, which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the Cock-pit, during the acting it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately, at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid wait for him, as he came out: but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house, and the passages near it, he escaped; but he was threatened hard: however, the business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

After this, our author endeavoured by writing, to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays, in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue; and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finished before the end of 1664; because it had been several times rehearsed, the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great plague, 1665, which prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted, at the breaking out of the terrible sickness, was

very different from what you have since seen in print: in that he called his poet Bilboa; by which name, the town generally understood Sir Robert Howard to be the person pointed at. Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before-mentioned, at that time; and more than were in being, could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great plays came forth, writ in heroic rhyme; and on the death of Sir William D'Avenant, 1669, Mr. Dryden, a new Laureat, appeared on the stage, much admired, and highly applauded, which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bayes, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following Key:

Thus far, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeased him: I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence: I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world, but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission,

Your most obliged,

Humble servant.

PLAYS

PLAYS named in this KEY.

1. THE Lost Lady. By Sir William Bromley.
2. Love and Honour. By Sir W. D'Avenant.
3. Love and Friendship.
4. Pandora. Both by Sir William Killigrew.
6. Playhouse to be lett. By Col. Henry Howard.
5. Siege of Rhodes. Part. L. By Sir Wm. D'Avenant.
7. United Kingdoms.
8. Slighted Maid. By Sir Robert Stapleton.
9. Wild Gallant. By Mr. Dryden.
10. English Monsieur. By Mr. James Howard.
11. The Villain. By Major Thomas Porter.
12. The Prologue to the Maiden Queen. By Mr. Dryden.
13. The Amorous Prince. By Mrs. Behn.
14. Tyrannic Love, and Prologue. By Mr. Dryden.
15. Granada, Two Parts. By Mr. Dryden.
16. Marriage A-la-mode. By Mr. Dryden.
17. Love in a Nunnery. By Mr. Dryden.

The

The KEY to the REHEARSAL.

A C T I.

Note 1. p. 7.

Bayes. *[IN fine, it shall read, and write, and act and plot, and show; ay, and pit, box, and gallery it, 'egad, with any play, in Europe.*

The usual language of the honourable Edward Howard, Esq. at the rehearsal of his plays.

Note 2. p. 7.

Bayes. *These my rules.*

He who writ this, not without pain and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought

Th' exactest rules by which a play is wrought.

The unity of action, place and time;

The scenes unbroken, and a mingled chime

Of Johnson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

Prologue to the Maiden Queen.

Note 3. p. 9.

Bayes. *I writ that part only for her. 'Tou must know she is my mistress.*

The part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs. Anne Reeves, who, at that time, was kept by Mr. Bayes.

Note 4. p. 11.

Two kings of Brentford, supposed to be the two brothers, the king and the duke.

See note 1st on the fourth act.

Note

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Note 5. p. 11.

See the two prologues to the Maiden-Queen.

Note 6. p. 12.

I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes.

There were printed papers given the audience, before the acting the Indian Emperor, telling them, that it was the sequel of the Indian Queen; part of which play was written by Mr. Bayes, &c.

Note 7. p. 12.

Persons, 'egad, I vow to gad, and all that, is the constant stile of Failer in the Wild Gallant; for which, take this short speech instead of many.

Failer. Really, Madam, I look upon you, as a person of such worth, and all that, that I vow to gad, I honour you of all persons in the world; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the world, and all that, Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would.

Wild Gallant, p. 8.

Note 8. p. 13.

Bayes. No, Sir, there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from.

He contracted with the king's company of actors, in the year 1668, for a whole share, to write them four plays a year.

Note 9. p. 14.

*So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gathering in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot in chesnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves;
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.*

In ridicule of this.

So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky;
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves;
Perch'd on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 48.

Note 10. p. 14.

Thun. *I am the bold thunder.*

Light. *The brisk lightning I.*

I am the evening, dark as night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

Note 11. p. 14.

Let the men 'ware the ditches;
Maids look to their breeches;
We'll scratch them with briars and thistles.

Ibid. p. 49.

Note 12. p. 15.

Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts: but afterwards stupified himself so far, with drinking strong waters, that before the first acting of his farce, he was fit for nothing, but to go of errands: for which, and meer charity, the company allowed him a weekly salary.

A C T II.

Note 1. p. 15.

I *Begin this play with a whisper.*

Drake, sen. Draw up your men;

And in low whispers give our orders out.

Play-house to be lett, p. 100.

See the Amourous Prince, p. 29, 22, 39, 69; where
you

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you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

Note 1. p. 17.

Mr. William Wintershall was a most excellent judicious actor; and the best instructor of others. He died in July, 1679.

Note 3. p. 18.

Bayes. *If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets.* See Note 6. on Act III.

Note 4. p. 18.

Take snuff. He was a great-taker of snuff, and made most of it himself.

Note 5. p. 20.

Intrigue in a late play.

The Lost Lady, by Sir Robert Stapleton.

Note 6. p. 21.

*As some tall pine, which we on Aëna find
I have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play;
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies;
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies.
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears:
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.*

In imitation of this passage.

*As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up, and folds its filken arms to rest;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So shrouded up your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears:
The storm that caus'd your fright is past and gone.*

*Conquest of Granada; part I. p. 55.
Bayes.*

Note 7. p. 23.

Bayes. *The whole state's turn'd, &c.*

Such easy turns of state are frequent in our modern plays; where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions: particularly in *Marriage A-la-Mode*, a play writ since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dulness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our prince Prettyman, being sometimes a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's; and not to question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favourite, being but a lord) 'tis worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary princess.

Amalth. Oh! gentlemen, if you have loyalty,
Or courage, shew it now: Leonidas,
Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud,
He is our long-lost king, found for this moment;
But, if your valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,
Are turn'd for him; and there they stand at bay,
Against a host of foes. *Marriage A-la-mode*, p. 69.

This shews Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method; agreeable to what he says in the next act.

As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say?

Note 8. p. 24.

*Hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.
I know not what to say, or what to think.
I know not when I sleep, or when I wake.*

Love and Friendship, p. 46.

My doubts and fears my reason do dismay;
I know not what to do, or what to say.

Pandora, p. 46.

G

ACT

A C T III.

Note 1. page 26.

PRINCE Prettyman, and Tom Thimble ; Failer, and Bibber his taylor, in the Wild Gallant, p. 5, 6.

Note 2. p. 27.

Bayes. *There's a bob for the court.*

Nay, if that be all, there's no such haste. The courtiers are not so forward to pay their debts.

Wild Gallant, p. 9.

Note 3. p. 27.

Tom Thim. *Ay, Sir, in your own coin: you give me nothing but words.*

Take a little Bibber.

And throw him in the river ;

And if he will trust never,

Then there let him lie ever.

Bibber. Then say I,

Take a little Failer,

And throw him to the jaylor,

And there let him lie

Till he has paid his taylor. *Wild Gallant, p. 12.*

Note 4. p. 27.

Bayes. *Ay, pretty well ; but he does not top his part.*

A great word with Mr. Edward Howard.

Note 5. p. 28.

Bayes. *As long as I know my things are good, what care I ?*

See the 7th Note on the second Act.

Note 6. p. 29.

Song. *In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong castle remoted from thee !*

My

*My death's bruise pray think you give me, tho' a fall
 Did give it me more, from the top of a wall:
 For then if the mote on her mud would first lay,
 And after, before you my body convey.
 The blue on my breast, when you happen to see,
 You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true-blue for me.*

In Imitation of this:

On seas, and in battles, through bullets and fire,
 The danger is less, than in hopeless desire;
My death's wound you give me, though far off I bear
 My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
 But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
 And under your window my body would lay;
 When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
 You'd say, with a sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a song made by Mr. Bayes, on the death of Captain Digby, son of George earl of Bristol, who was a passionate admirer of the duchess dowager of Richmond, called by the author Armida. He lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the 28th of May, 1672.

Note 7. p. 29.

John. Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes!
Mr. Edward Howard's Words.

Note 8. p. 30.

Cordel. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Albert. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ear.

Cor. Any thing from Alberto is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

Note 9. p. 34.

Volsc. Harry, my boots! for I'll go range among
 My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.

Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll
 go out of town this evening.

G 2

Into

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Into the country I'll with speed;
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed, &c.
Now I'll away, a country life
Shall be my mistress and my wife.

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

Note 10, p. 35.

Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name.
And what's this maid's name?

Ibid. p. 40.

Note 11. p. 35.

Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.
I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.

Note 12. p. 35.

Ama. How! Prince Volscius in love! Ha, ha, ha!
Mr. Comely in love! *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

Note 13. p. 35.

Bayes. You shall see a combat betwixt love and honour.
An ancient author has writ a whole play on it.

Sir William D'Avenant's play of Love and Honour.

Note 14. p. 36.

Volf. Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay.
But honour says not so. *Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.*

Note 15. p. 36.

Bayes. I remember once in a play of mine, I set off a scene beyond expectation, only with a petticoat, and the belly-ach.
Love in a Nunnery, p. 34.

ACT

A C T IV.

Note 1. p. 38.

Bayes. *Gentlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last act beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I begin this with a funeral.*

Colonel Henry Howard, son of Thomas earl of Berkshire, made a play, called the United Kingdoms, which began with a funeral; and had also two kings in it. This gave the duke a just occasion to set up two kings in Brentford, as it is generally believed, though others are of opinion that his grace had our two brothers in his thoughts. It was acted at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, soon after the restoration; but miscarrying on the stage, the author had the modesty not to print it; and therefore the reader cannot reasonably expect any particular passages of it.—Others say, that they are Boahdelin and Abdalla, the two contending kings of Granada; and Mr. Dryden has, in most of his serious plays, two contending kings of the same place.

Note 2. p. 39.

I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, trumpet, shout, and battle, 'egad, with any of the most warlike tragedies, either ancient or modern. Conquest of Granada, in two parts.

Note 3. p. 40.

Smith. *Who is she?*

Bayes. *The sister of Dracuncanfir, a lady that was drowned at sea, and had a wave to her winding sheet.*

*On seas I bore thee, and on seas I dy'd;
I dy'd: and for a winding-sheet, a wave
I had; and all the ocean for my grave.*

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 113.

Note 4. p. 42.

Bayes. *Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humble bee to your chaste love:
With silent wings, I'll follow you, dear coz;
Or else before you in the sun-beams buz:*

G 3

And

*And when to melancholy groves you come,
 An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum:
 For sound being air, a ghost does well become.
 At night into your bosom I will creep,
 And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep;
 Yet in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
 And then both hum and buz before your eye.*

In ridicule of this :

————— My earthly part,
 Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
 I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
 With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
 Or else before you in the sun-beams play.
 I'll lead you hence to melancholy groves,
 And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
 At night I will within your curtains peep;
 With empty arms embrace you, while you sleep:
 In gentle dreams I often will be by,
 And sweep along before your closing eye;
 All dangers from your bed I will remove,
 But guard it most from any future love.
 And when at last in pity you will die,
 I'll watch your birth of immortality:
 Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
 And teach you your first flight in open air.

Tyrannic Love, p. 25.

Note 5. p. 43.

*Pal. Lo! from this conquering lance
 Does flow the purest wine of France:
 And to appease your hunger, I
 Have in my helmet brought a pie;
 Lastly, to bear a part with these,
 Behold my buckler made of cheese.*

See the Scene in the Villain, p. 47, 48, 49, 50,
 51, 52, 53,

Where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out
 of his clothes; a capon from his helmet, a tansy out of
 the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

I

Note

Note 6. p. 44.

K. Phyl. *What man is this that dares disturb our feast ?
Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die :
And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.*

In ridicule of this :

*Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private walk ?
Alman. He who dares love, and for that love must die ;
And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
Granada, part II. p. 114, 115.*

Note 7. p. 44.

Bayes. *Now there are some critics that have advised me
to put out the second Dare, and print Must in the place on't ;
but, 'egad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.
It was at first dares die. Ibid.*

Note 8. p. 44.

*Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay ;
But you shall know I'll take your boxes away.
Alman. I would not now, if thou would'st beg me, stay ;
But I will take my Almahide away.
Conquest of Granada, p. 32.*

Note 9. p. 44.

K. Ush. *Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.
Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll flare away his very pow'r to drink.*

In ridicule of this :

*Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in fight ;
With a bent bow, thy priest and thee I'll fright :
And, in that scene, which all thy hopes and wishes
should content,
The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent. Ib. p. 5.*

Note

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Note 10. p. 44.

*Draw. I drink, I buff, I strut, look big, and stare ;
And all this I can do, because I dare.*

*Spite of myself, I stay, fight, love, despair ;
And all this I can do, because I dare.*

Granada, Part II. p. 89.

Note 11. p. 46.

Gods would themselves ungod themselves to see.

In ridicule of this :

*Max. Thou liest : there's not a god inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear ;
Ev'n Jove would try new shapes her love to win,
And in new birds and unknown beasts would sin ;
At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.* }

Note 12. p. 47.

*Pret. Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.
Some god now, if he dare, relate what pass'd ;
Say but he's dead, that god shall mortal be.*

Ib. p. 7.

*Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
Reveng'd, at once, upon the gods and thee.*

p. 8.

What had the gods to do with me or mine ?

p. 57.

Note 13. p. 47.

*He is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I
assure you.*

*Poets, like lovers, should be bold, and dare ;
They spoil their business with an over-care ;
And he who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er can reach to excellence.*

Prologue to Tyrannick Love.

ACT

A C T V.

Note 1. p. 48.

K. Uth. *BUT* stay!—What sound is this invades our ears?

What various noises do my ears invade,
And have a concert of confusion made?

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

Note 2. p. 49.

1 King. *Haste, brother King, we are sent from above.*

2 King. *Let us move, let us move;
Move to remove the fate
Of Brentford's long united state.*

1 King. *Tarra, tan-tarra, full east and by south.*

2 King. *We sail with thunder in our mouth,
In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays
Busy, busy, busy, busy we bustle along,
Mounted upon warm Phœbus's rays,
Through the heavenly throng,
Hasting to those*

Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty-toes.

1 King. *And we'll fall with our plate
In an ollio of hate.*

2 King. *But now supper's done, the servitor's try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pie.*

1 King. *They gather, they gather hot custards in spoons:
But, alas! I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty dragoons.*

2 King. *Oh, stay! for you need not as yet go astray;
The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play;
Like maggots in filberts, we'll snug in our shell;
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
And farewell.*

1 King. *But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green-frogs croak out a cotanto of France.*

2 King.

82 THE KEY TO THE REHEARSAL.

2 King. *Now mortals that bear
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear,
The event of such things as shall never appear.*

1 King. *Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed.*

2 King. *Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.*

1 King. *So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King,
To save the distress'd, and help to them bring,
That e'er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.*

In ridicule of this :

Naker. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below.

Dam. Let us go, let us go ;

Go to relieve the care

Of longing lovers in despair.

*Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tipp'd at a rainbow feast.*

*Dam. In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud ;
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star.*

*Naker. And drop from above,
In a jelly of love.*

*Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head.*

*Naker. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air ;
Alas ! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light-horsemen repair.*

*Dam. Oh, stay ! for you need not to fear them to-night,
The wind is for us, and blows full in their fight :
And o'er the wide ocean we fight.
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
And hiss in the water——*

Both. And hiss in the water, and drown.

*Naker. But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,
And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud.*

*Dam. Now mortals that spy,
How we tilt in the sky,
With wonder will gaze,
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.*

Naker.

Naker. Stay you to perform what the man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air,
To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
That, silent and swift, that little soft god
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

Tyrannick Love, p. 24, 25.

Note 3. p. 50.

Bayes. This, Sir, you must know, I once thought to have brought in with a conjurer.

See *Tyrannick Love*, Act 4. Scene 1.

Note 4. p. 51.

What dreadful noise is this, that comes and goes?

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your royal persons save,
For the event of war no mortal knows:

*The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to swords, and then to bandy-blows.*

In ridicule of this:

What new misfortune do these cries preface?

1 *Mess.* Haste all you can their fury to assuage,
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

2 *Mess.* This minute, if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

Granada, Part II. p. 71.

Note 5. p. 53.

Bayes. True; and so, 'egad, I'll make it to a tragedy in a trice.

Alcatira and the Vestal Virgin are so contrived, by a little alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either as tragedies or comedies.

Note 6. p. 53.

The description of the Scene of Generals, &c.

There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this battle, than the perusal of the First Part of the Siege of

84 THE KEY TO THE REHEARSAL.

of Rhodes, which was performed in recitative music, by seven persons only; and the passage out of the Playhouse to be Let.

Note 7. p. 53.

Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm.

The Siege of Rhodes begins thus:

Admiral. Arm, arm, Valerius, arm.

Note 8. p. 53.

Gen. Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers.

The third entry thus:

*Solym. Pyrrhus, draw down our army wide;
Then from the grofs two strong reserves divide,
And spread the wings,
As if we were to fight
In the lost Rhodians' fight,
With all the western kings.
Each with Janizaries line;
The right and left to Haly's sons assign;
The grofs to Zangiban;
The main artillery
'To Mustapha shall be:
Bring thou the rear, we lead the van.*

Note 9. p. 53.

*Lieut. The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers,
Shall in my Putney pikes now meet their peers.
More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce
That squadron, and repulse the horse.*

Play-house to be lett, p. 72.

Note 10. p. 54.

*Lieut, Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.
Point all the cannon, and play fast;
Their fury is too hot to last.
That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.*

Pyr.

Pyr. March up with those reserves to that redoubt.
Faint slaves! the Janizaries reel!
They bend, they bend, and seem to feel
The terrors of a rout.

Must. Old Zangar halts, and reinforcement lacks.

Pyr. March on.

Must. Advance those pikes, and charge their backs.

Note 11. p. 55.

Orb. Who calls Terra Firma, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

In ridicule of this:

Phæb. Who calls the world's great light?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the night.

Phæb. Why does Aurora, from her cloud,

To drousy Phæbus cry so loud? *Slighted Maid*, p. 80.

Note 12. p. 56.

Luna. To-morrow soon, e'er it be noon.

On Mount Vesuvio.

The burning Mount Vesuvio.

Ibid. p. 81.

Note 13. p. 56.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine.

Drink, drink wine, Lippara wine.

Ibid. p. 81.

Note 14. p. 57.

*Come, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise,
Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now.*

Valeria, daughter to Maximin, having killed herself
for the love of Porphyrius, when she was to be carried off
by the bearers, strikes one of them a box on the ear, and
speaks to him thus:

Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?

I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

Tyrannical Love.

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 Not look upon her! I smell an old Dog Trick
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MDCCLXXVII.

P R O L O G U E.

OF all men, those have reason least to care
 For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their share :
 And that's a thing our author's apt to use,
 Upon occasion, when no man can chuse.
 Suppose now at this instant one of you
 Were tickled by a fool, what would you do ?
 'Tis ten to one you'd laugh : here's just the case,
 For there are fools that tickle with their face.
 Your gay fool tickles with his dress and motions,
 But your grave fool of fools with silly notions.
 Is it not then unjust that fops should still
 Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill ?
 Yet since perhaps to some it gives offence,
 That men are tickled at the want of sense ;
 Our author thinks he takes the readiest way
 To shew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
 For if ill writing be a folly thought,
 Correcting ill is sure a greater fault.
 Then, gallants, laugh ; but chuse the right place first,
 For judging ill is of all faults the worst.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ

M E N.

Drury-Lane.

Duke of Ferrara,	—	Mr. Packer.
<i>Petruchio</i> , Governor of Bologna,		Mr. Aickin.
Don <i>John</i> ,	} Two Spanish gentle-	{ Mr. Henderson.
Don <i>Frederick</i> ,		
<i>Antonio</i> , an old stout gentleman, kins-	men and comrades,	Mr. Jefferson.
man to <i>Petruchio</i> ,		Mr. Parfom.
Three Gentlemen, friends to the		
Duke.		
Two Gentlemen, friends to <i>Petruchio</i> .		
<i>Francisco</i> .	—	Mr. Wright.
Musician.		
<i>Antonio's</i> Boy.		
<i>Peter</i> and	} Two Sergeants to Don	{ Mr. W. Palmer.
<i>Anthony</i> ,		
Surgeon,	<i>John</i> and <i>Frederick</i> ,	Mr. Burton.
	—	Mr. Wright.

W O M E N.

<i>Constantia</i> , sister to <i>Petruchio</i> , and mis-		Miss Young.
tress to the Duke,	—	Miss Platt.
Gentlewoman, servant to <i>Constantia</i> ,		
Old Gentlewoman, landlady to Don		
<i>John</i> and <i>Frederick</i> ,	—	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Another <i>Constantia</i> , whore to <i>Antonio</i> ,		Mrs. Abington.
Bawd,	—	Mrs. Hopkins.

T H E

T H E C H A N C E S.

A C T I.

Enter Peter and Anthony, two Serving-men.

PETER.

WOULD we were remov'd from this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet ; for my mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams and revelations,
Of who knows whom or where. Serve wenching soldi-
I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes. [ers !

Ant. Thou art the frowardest fool—

Pet. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this ; to what end came we hither ?

Ant. To wait upon our masters.

Pet. But how, Anthony ?

Answer me that ; resolve me there, good Anthony.

Ant. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, Anthony.

Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No, Anthony,

Not any thing, I take it, nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands ;
A salt itch serve such uses ! in things of moment,
Concerning things I grant ye, not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon :
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case—

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended : this invisible
Of infinite report for shape and beauty, [woman,
That

A 3

That bred all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after what they know not where
To find; or if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains
Made now-a-days with malt, that their affections
Are never sober; but like drunken people
Pounder at every new fame? I do believe
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Ant. Pr'ythee, be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love: only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which since they find so
Lock'd up from their searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too; for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles
In their good worships' business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me. Here they come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don John and Don Frederick.

John. I would we could have seen her tho': for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies:
All men's reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen Constantia:
But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her;
But as she came a strange report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way—
But whither are you walking?

John:

John. My old round,
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will you not stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. I'd lay my life, this lady still—

Fred. Then you would lose it.

John. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence.

I will not miss to meet ye.

John. Where?

Fred. I th' high street:

For, not to lie, I have a few devotions.

To do first, then I am yours.

John. Remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.

1 Gent. Fie, Antonio.

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive:
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilt, [him.]

A surgeon may see through him.

1 Gent. You are too violent.

2 Gent. Too open, indiscreet.

Pet. Am I not ruin'd?

The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?
My credit and my name?

2 Gent. Be sure it be so.

Before you use this violence. Let not doubt

And a suspecting anger so much sway ye,

Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say, kill him.

And then dispute the cause; cut off what may be,

And what is shall be safe.

2 Gent. Hang up a true man,

Because 'tis possible he may be thievish:

Alas! is this good justice?

Pet. I know as certain

As day must come again, as clear as truth,

And open as belief can lay it to me,

I

That

That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
 Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
 In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
 But what is smear'd and shameful : I must kill him,
 Necessity compels me.

1 Gent. But think better.

Pet. There's no other cure left ; yet witness with me
 All that is fair in man, all that is noble ;
 I am not greedy for this life I seek for,
 Nor thirst to shed man's blood ; and would 'twere possible,
 I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
 T' offend the sacred image of my Maker,
 My sword should only kill his crimes : no, 'tis
 Honour, honour, my noble friends, that idol honour,
 That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
 Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
 And 'tis no matter, whether you or honour,
 Or both, be accessary.

2 Gent. Do you weigh, Petruchio,
 The value of the person, power, and greatness,
 And what this spark may kindle ?

Pet. To perform it,
 So much I am tied to reputation,
 And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires,
 And storms that toss me into everlasting ruin,
 Yet I must through ; if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare !

Petr. Y'are friends indeed, if not ?

2 Gent. Here's none flies from you ;
 Do it in what design you please, we'll back ye.

1 Gent. Is the cause so mortal ? nothing but his life ?

Pet. Believe me,
 A less offence has been the desolation
 Of a whole name.

1 Gent. No other way to purge it ?

Pet. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 Gent. Think an hour more,
 And if then you find no safer road to guide ye,
 We'll set our rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
 And hang him, for my part, goes less than life.

2 Gent.

a Gent. If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this city Naples
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside the wholesome seat and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers courteous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night, as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it [play:
Are close, and no lights stirring; there may be foul
I'll venture to look in. If there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Within. Signior!

John. What! how is this?

Within. Signior Fabritio!

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. Fabritio!

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good

Within. Who's there? Fabritio! [done.]

John. Ay.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O, come for heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter a Woman with a Child.

Wom. I have stay'd this long hour for you; make no
noise;

For things are in strange trouble. Here, be secret.

'Tis worth your care: be gone now; more eyes watch us
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye.

Wom. Peace; good night.

John. She's gone, and I am laden. Fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: by th' mass 'tis heavy!

If

If it be coin or jewels, it is worth welcome.
 I'll ne'er refuse a fortune ; I am confident
 'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging :
 If it be right, I'll bless this night.

[Exit.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
 I cannot meet him ; sure he has encounter'd
 Some light o' love or other, and there means
 To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,
 If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
 Till you claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-
 walks ;

You must be still a boot-haling. One round more,
 Tho' it be late, I'll venture to discover ye ;
 I do not like your out-leaps.

[Exit.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit ?

1 Gent. To point, Sir.

Duke. Where are the horses ?

2 Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private ; and whatsoever fortune
 Offer itself, let us stand sure.

3 Gent. Fear us not.

Ere you shall be endanger'd or deluded,
 We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it ;
 You know your quarters.

1 Gent. Will you go alone, Sir ?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me, the least noise
 Shall bring ye to my rescue.

2 Gent. We are counsell'd.

[Exit.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious ?
 Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
 As I am ? Did the devil lead me ? Must I needs be peep-
 Into men's houses where I had no business, [ing
 And make myself a mischief ? 'Tis well carry'd !
 I must take other men's occasions on me,
 And be I know not whom : most finely handled !
 What have I got by this now ? What's the purchase ?
 A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
 Indeed an infidel ! This comes of peeping !

A lump

A lump got out of laziness ! Good white bread,
 Let's have no bawling with ye. 'Sdeath, have I
 Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
 Their snares and subtilties ? Have I read over
 All their school learning, div'd into their quiddits,
 And am I now bumsiddled with a bastard ?
 Fetch'd over with a card o'five, and in my old days,
 After the dire massacre of a million
 Of maidenheads, caught the common way, i'th' night too
 Under another's name, to make the matter
 Carry more weight about it ? Well, Don John,
 You will be wiser one day, when ye've purchas'd
 A bevy of those butter prints together,
 With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
 Without commission. Why it would never grieve me,
 If I had got this gingerbread : never stirr'd me,
 So I had had a stroke for't : 't had been justice
 Then to have kept it ; but to raise a dairy,
 For other men's adultery, consume myself in caudles,
 And scouring work, in nurses, bells, and babies,
 Only for charity, for mere I thank you,
 A little troubles me : the least touch for it,
 Had but my breeches got it, it had contented me.
 Whose e'er it is, sure it had a wealthy mother,
 For 'tis well cloth'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
 Well lin'd within. To leave it here were barbarous,
 And ten to one would kill it ; a worse sin
 Than his that got it. Well, I will dispose on't,
 And keep it as they keep death's heads in rings,
 To cry *memento* to me—no more peeping.
 Now all the danger is to qualify
 The good old gentlewoman at whose house we live ;
 For she will fall upon me with a catechism
 Of four hours long : I must endure all ;
 For I will know this mother. Come, good wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging ; your starved treble
 Will waken the rude watch else. All that be
 Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee. [Exit.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home :
 I have beaten all the purlieus,
 But cannot bolt him : If he be a bobbing,

'Tis

'Tis not my care can cure him : to-morrow morning
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon,
Where he lies moor'd to mend his leaks.

Enter 1st Constantia.

Con. I am ready :
And through a world of dangers am flown to ye;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else;
Where are your people? Which way must we travel?
For heaven's sake stay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas! I am mistaken, lost; undone;
For ever perished! Sir, for heaven's sake, tell me,
Are ye a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their end,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I'm forc'd to trust ye.

Fred. Y' have charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me help ye :
And if I fail your trust—

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe ye,
Alas! I must believe ye. From this place,
Good noble, Sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me: What I am;
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand; the fear and dangers
That force me to this wild course; at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike through my life that takes you from me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Pet. He will sure come: are ye all well arm'd?

Ant. Never fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Pet.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close and home then.

1 Gent. Antonio,
You are thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? All physicians,
And penny almanacks, allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I will speak truly.
What should men do, ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him?—

2 Gent. You are as far o'th' bow-hand now.

Ant. And cry,
That's my fine boy, thou wilt do so no more, child?

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By St. Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough Andrew,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike them such a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on: I profess it,
Not to scare costermongers. If I lose my own,
My audit's lost, and farewell five and fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer. Place yourselves with silence
As I directed ye; and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it.

[Exeunt]

Enter Don John and his Landlady.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard—

John. Good mother—

Land. Good me no goods—Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and a fair carriage,
And so behaved myself—

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours' nostrils, your devices,

B

Your

Your brats got out of alligant and broken oaths,
 Your linsley-woolsey work, your hasty-puddings !
 I solter up your filch'd iniquities !
 You're deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
 Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
 'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it ?

Land. Ye found an easy fool that let you get it.

John. Will you hear me ? [ends ;

Land. Oaths ! what care you for oaths to gain your
 When ye are high and pamper'd ? What saint know ye ?
 Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
 Is to be look'd for of ye ? Nay, I will tell ye—
 You will then swear like accus'd cut-purses,
 As far off truth too ; and lie beyond all falconers :
 I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid, mother.

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there ?

Pet. [Within.] Sir !

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, heaven help me !

John. Haste-ye, firrah. [ther—

I muste'en make her drunk. [*Aside.*] Nay, gentle mo-

Land. Now fie upon ye ! was it for this purpose
 You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions ?
 For this pretended holiness ? No weather,
 Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
 Where these you bo-peep prayers ? Y'ave pray'd well,
 And with a learned zeal have watch'd well too ; your saint
 It seems was pleas'd as well. Still sicker, sicker !

Enter Peter with a bottle of wine.

John. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd
 her.

Give me. Here, mother, take a good round draught.
 It will purge spleen from your spirits : deeper, mother.

Land. I, I, son ; you imagine this will mend all.

John. All, i' faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine
 Will do his part.

John.

John. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But, son John——

[mores

John. I know your meaning, mother, touch it once
Alas! you look not well, take a round draught,
It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman!

A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of?

John. Nay, I will silence thee there. [stitch?

Land. One that should weigh his fair name!—Oh, a

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother,
Make no spare of it as you love you health;
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman

[nior?

Lodger'd in my house! Now heaven's my comfort, sig-

John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.

John. Dear, mother,

I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye. Where's
Come, let's see your workmanship. [the infant?

John. None of mine, mother:
But there 'tis and a lusty one.

Land. Heaven blefs thee,

Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune. As I live,
Your own eyes, Signior; and the nether lip
As like ye, as ye had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Land. Blefs me! what things are these?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost; 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right I hope.

Land. Well, well, son John,

I see ye're a wood-man; and can chuse
Your deer, tho' it be i'th' dark; all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clap'd aboard;
Here I am with ye now, when as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must needs do,

Do where you may be done to ; 'tis a wisdom
 Becomes a young man well : be sure of one thing,
 Lose not your labour and your time together ;
 It season's of a fool, son ; time is precious,
 Work wary whilst you have it. Since you must traffick
 Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Signior ;
 Trade with no broken merchants ; make your lading
 As you would make your rest, adventurously,
 But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, mother,
 The child wants looking to, wants meat and nurses.

Land. Now blessing o' thy heart, it shall have all ;
 And instantly I'll seek a nurse myself, son.

'Tis a sweet child—Ah, my young Spaniard !
 Take you no further care, Sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
 I must by your good leave, mother ; these are yours,
 To make your care the stronger : for the rest,
 I'll find a master ; the gold for bringing up on't,
 I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
 Nor no more children, good son, as you love me :
 This may do well.

John. I shall observe your morals.
 But where's Don Frederick, mother ?

Land. Ten to one,
 About the like adventure ; he told me,
 He was to find you out.

John. Why should he stay thus ?
 There may be some ill chance in't : sleep I will not,
 Before I have found him. Now this woman's pleas'd,
 I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eas'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
 As to move the city : the main faction
 Swarm thro' the streets like hornets, and with augers
 Able to ruin states, no safety left us,
 Nor means to die like men, if instantly
 You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn,
 And quarter'd too, that turns now ; were I surer

Of

Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——

1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not break my vow, start from my hon-
Because I may find danger ; wound my soul [our,
To keep my body safe.

1 *Gent.* I speak not, Sir,
Out of a baseness to ye..

Duke. No, nor do not:

Out of a baseness leave me. What is danger:
More than the weakness of our apprehensions ?
A poor cold part o'th' blood. Who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers : valiant minds
Were made masters of it : and as hearty seamen.
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean ;
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
As I am confident against it ; is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirits ; send his soul out
In sugar sops and syrups ? Give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy ;
Parting with mankind, by a man that's manly :
Let them be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with them, I will on..

2 *Gent.* You may, Sir,
But with what safety ?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, Sir, that here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave Sir.

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch.

Duke. No more dying,
There's no such danger in't. What's o'clock ?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

B 3

Enter

Enter Frederick and Anthony with a candle.

Fred. Give me the candle ; so, go you out that way.

Ant. What have we now to do ?

Fred. And on your life, firrah,

Let none come near the door without my knowledge ;
No not my landlady, nor my friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Ant. Is the wind there, again ?

Fred. Begone.

Ant. I am, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Fred. Now enter without fear——

Enter 1st Constantia with a jewel.

And, noble lady,
That safety and civility ye wish for
Shall truly here attend you : no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place ; no wishes,
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here. Your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect ye.

Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust : let it become me,
(I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
'To render with my thanks this worthless trifle——
I may be longer troublesome.

Fred. Fair offices.

Are still their own rewards : heavens bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies. May it please ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.

Con. It shall be ;

For I am truly confident ye are honest.
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me,

The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness !
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What eyes are there ! rather what little heavens,
To stir men's contemplation ! What a Paradise
Runs thro' each part she has ! Good blood, be temperate !
I must look off : too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it. Noble lady,

If

If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagements of whole families.

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy Sir.
Thus far I shall entreat—

Fred. Command me, lady :
You may make your power too poor.

Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you will retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will ; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure them.
Retire, this key will guide ye : all things necessary
Are there before ye.

Con. All my prayers go with ye. [Exit.]

Fred. Ye clasp on proof upon me. Men say, gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers :
Now I say, beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into : we are all like sea-charts,
All our endeavours and our motions
(As they do to the north) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest ; for a handsome woman,
(Setting my soul aside) it should go hard
But I will strain my body ; yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. [Exit.]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Duke pursued by Petruchio, Antonio, and that faction.

DUKE.

YOU will not all oppress me ?

Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton eye :
Let me come to him.

Duke. Then you shall buy me dearly.

Petr. Say you so, Sir ?

Ant. I say, cut his wezand, spoil his peeping :
Have at your love-sick heart, Sir.

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting !
My friend may be engaged. Fie, gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds.

[Duke falls ; Don John bestrides him.]

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, Sir.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely.
There's a plumb, Sir, to satisfy your longing. *[rescue.]*

Petr. Away ; I hope I have sped him : here comes
We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio ?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, Sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.

Petr. How is it ?

Ant. Well :

He's given me my *quietus est* ; I felt him
In my small guts ; I'm sure he's feez'd me ;
This comes of siding with you.

2 Gent. Can you go, Sir ?

Ant. I shall go, man, and my head were off ;
Never talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then.

I hear more rescue coming. *[Trampling within.]*

Enter the Duke's faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then ;
My scull's uncloven yet, let me kill.

Pet. Away for heaven's sake with him.

[Exit cum suis.]
John.

John. How is it?

Duke. Well, Sir,

Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's fact. Let's pursue them.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye. Thanks, good coat,
Thou hast sav'd me a shrew'd welcome: 'twas put home,
With a good mind too, I'm sure on't.

John. Are you safe then? [lour,

Duke. My thanks to you, brave Sir, whose timely va-
And manly courtesy came to my rescue.

John. Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall
That can pass by oppression. [him

Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But this much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the bond, Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie: to know me further,
Will little profit you; I am a stranger,
My country Spain, my name Don John, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.

Duke. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.

John. You are pleas'd, Sir,
To express your courtesy: may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon: you shall know me
Ere it be long, Sir, and nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, Sir. [thing?

Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? Have you lost any

John. Only my hat i'th' fustle; sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe me, Sir: pray use mine,
For'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, Sir.

Duke. Indeed you shall, I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.

John. Well, Sir, then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge,
Till when I love your memory. [*Exit cum suis.*]

Enter Frederick.

John. I'm yours.
This is some noble fellow !
Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.
Don John !

John. Don Frederick !
Fred. Y' are fairly met, Sir !
I thought ye had been a bat-fowling. Pr'ythee tell me
What revelation hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought on ?

John. Revelations !
I'll tell thee, Frederick : but before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.
John. Why then mark what shall follow :
This night, Frederick, this bawdy night—

Fred. I thought no less.
John. This blind night,
What dost thou think I have got ?

Fred. The pox, it may be.
John. Would 'twere no worse : ye talk of revelations,
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An errant coxcomb whilst I live.

Fred. What is't ?
Thou hast lost nothing ?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got ?
John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How !
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. Give you joy, Sir.
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick ; that's the truth
This town's abominable. [on't,

Fred. I still told ye, John,
Your whoring must come home ; I counsel'd ye :
But where no grace is—

John. 'Tis none of mine, man.

Fred.

Fred. Answer the parish so.

John. Cheated in troth
(Peeping into a house) by whom I know nor,
Nor where to find the place again ; no, Frederick,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.

Fred. Where is't ?

John. At home.

Fred. A saving voyage ; but what will you say, Sig-
To him that searching out your serious worship, [nior,
Has met a strange fortune ?

John. How, good Frederick ?
A militant girl to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture : what do you think,
Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty [Sir,
Would over-sell all Italy ?

John. Where is she ?—

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as admiration
Dwells round about her ; of that perfect spirit—

John. Ay marry, Sir.

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse ; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature ?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming.
I have her sure, boy.

John. Hark ye, Frederick ;
What truck betwixt my infant ?

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir ;
Stick to your charge, good Don John, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench ?

Fred. First tell me this ;
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence ?

John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave metal;
As I return'd to look you, I set into him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescu'd him.

Fred. My work's done then :
And now to satisfy you there is a woman,
Oh, John ! there is a woman—

John. Oh, where is she ?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I told ;
And which is more, fall'n under my protection.

John. I am glad of that ; forward, sweet Frederick.

Fred. And which is more than that, by this night's
wand'ring ;

And which is most of all, she is at home too, Sir.

John. Come, let's begone then.

Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
*You cannot see her, John.

John. Why ?

Fred. She has sworn me,
That none else shall come near her ; not my mother,
Till some doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her ? What chamber is she in ?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say :

A woman's oaths are wafers and break with making.
They must for modesty a little : We all know it.

Fred. No, I'll assure ye, Sir.

John. No see her !

I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
Ye talk'd to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish ye.

Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, Sir.

John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease ?

Fred. By all our friendship, John,
*Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I'm answer'd ;
But let me see her tho' : leave the door open
As you go in.

Fred.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.

Fred. That courtesy,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye : come, 'tis now near morning. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Pet. Nay, the old woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a cater-wauling
Amongst the gutters. But conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be.

Pet. Where they should be,
I do conceive ; but where they are, good Anthony —

Ant. Ay, there it goes : my master's bo-peep with me,
With his fly popping in and out again,
Argu'd a cause—Hark ! [*Lute sounds.*

Pet. What ?

Ant. Dost not hear a lute ?
Again !

Pet. Where is't ?

Ant. Above, in my master's chamber.

Pet. There's no creature : he hath the key himself,
Man.

Ant. This is his lute, let him have it.

[*Sings within a little.*

Pet. I grant ye ; but who strikes it ?

Ant. An admirable voice too, hark ye.

Pet. Anthony,

Art sure we are at home ?

Ant. Without all doubt, Peter.

Pet. Then this must be the devil.

Ant. Let it be.

Good devil, sing again : O dainty devil,

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil,

'The sweetest devil—

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.

John. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly ;

And as ybu love your faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised.

C

John.

John. Basco.

Fred. What makes you up so early, Sir?

John. You, Sir, in your contemplations?

Pet. O pray ye peace, Sir!

Fred. Why peace, Sir?

Pet. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute: he's a playing on't.

Ant. The house is haunted, Sir:

For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. Ye saw nothing?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, Sir.

Fred. Get your breakfast then,
And make no words on't: we'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.

Ant. This is no devil, Peter:

Mum! there be bats abroad.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Fred. Stay, now she sings.

John. An angel's voice, I'll swear.

Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?

Either allay this heat, or as I live,
I will not trust ye.

John. Pass, I warrant ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter 1st Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, to fall out with my fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas! I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts; our own desires
Are our own fates, and our own stars all our fortunes;
Which as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter Frederick and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out of the light.

Con. I crave your mercy, Sir!
My mind, o'er charg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray ye set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.

John. I like the body rare; a handsome body,
A wond'rous handsome body; would she would turn:
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis done,

As all that you command shall be :
The gentleman is safely off all danger.

John. Rare creature !

Con. How shall I thank ye, Sir ? how satisfy ?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like marmalade.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman that eyes e'er look'd on.

Fred. Has none disturb'd ye ?

Con. Not any, Sir, nor any sound came near me ;
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But the devil, and that flesh there o'th' world—
What are we made to suffer ?

Fred. He'll enter—
Pull in your head and be hang'd.

John. Hark ye, Frederick,
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

Fred. Pox upon ye.

Con. Nay, let him enter—Fie, my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your friends,

Fred. Ye are cozen'd, lady,
Here is no duke.

Con. I know him full well, Signior.

John. Hold thee there, wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

Con. I do beseech your grace come in.

John. My grace !

There was a word of comfort,

Fred. Shall he enter,

Whoe'er he be ?

John. Well follow'd, Frederick.

Con. With all my heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.

John. Bless ye, lady.

Fred. Nay, start not ; tho' he be a stranger to ye,
He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,

My countryman, and fellow-traveller ;
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,

And one faith free between us : do not fear him,
He's truly honest.

John. That's a lie.

Fred. And trusty,

Beyond your wishes : valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

John. Now may I hang myself ; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes : for now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and ay forsooth, and surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest.
He's done these things for nonce too ; for he knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest

This way : he's watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit ye.

Fred. Go salute her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations.

Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady ; thus I seal
My faith, and all my services.

Con. One word, Signior.

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest.
What points she at ? My leg, I warrant ; or
My well-knit body : fit fast, Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of ; his own being lost i'th' scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it : 'tis a right one,
I can assure ye, gentlemen ; and right happy
May he be in all fights for that noble service.

Fred. Why do you blush ?

Con. It had almost cozen'd me,
For, not to lie, when I say that, I look'd for
Another owner of it : but 'tis well.

Fred. Who's there ?
Stand ye a little close. Come in, Sir.

[Knocks within.]

[Exit Con.]

Enter Anthony.

Now, what's the news with you ?

Ant. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.

John. Who, Sir ?

Ant.

Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.

[*Exit Ant.*]

How do you like her, John?

John. As well as you, Frederick.
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an ass?

And modest as her blushes! What blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable;
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslack'd with service;
The same to-night, to-morrow night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures:
These had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have such a spiced consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things prick ye,
Which nature and the liberal world make custom;
And nothing but fair honour, O sweet honour,
Hang up your eunuch honour. That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! O, wit, were was't thou?

Fred. I am sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlemen
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my cod-piece point: fie on thee,
A man of thy discretion!

Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth ye shall have your due.

[*Enter Anthony.*]

John. I look for't. How now, who is't?

Ant. A gentleman of this city,
And calls himself Petruchio.

John. I'll attend him.

C. 1

[*Enter*]

Enter 1st Constantia.

Con. How did he call himself ?

Fred. Petruchio.

Does it concern ye ought ?

Con. O, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd; lost, left to my ruin—
As ever ye have pity——

John. Do not fear.

Let the great devil come, he shall come thro' me first :
Lost here, and we about ye !

Fred. Fall before us !

Con. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his——

Fred. Let his and all men's, [sake.
Whilst we have power and life, stand up for Heaven's

Con. I have offended Heaven too ; yet Heaven knows——

John. We are all evil :

Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts.
What is he ?

Con. Too, too near my offence, Sir :
O he will cut me piece-meal.

Fred. 'Tis no treason ?

John. Let it be what it will ; if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not :
By Heaven, I'll fire the town before ye perish,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping :
Spoil a sweet face for nothing ! My return
Shall end all this, I warrant ye.

Con. Heaven grant it may.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio with a letter.

Petr. This man should be of quality and worth
By Don Alvaro's letter, for he gives
No slight recommendations of him :
I'll e'en make use of him.

Enter Don John.

John. Save ye, Sir. I am sorry

My

My business was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, Sir :
But is your name Dohn John ?

John. It is, Sir.

Petr. Then,
First for your own brave sake I must embrace ye :
Next, for the credit of your noble friend,
Hernanda de Alvara, make ye mine :
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look ye out, and
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye ;
Which had I known sooner——

John. Noble, Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor : I wear a sword, Sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. That manly courtesy is half my business, Sir :
And to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth-like oracle.
This day, Petruchio,
A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then,
I do beseech ye mark me.

John. I shall, Sir.

Petr. Ferrara's Duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy ; this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house to stock our memories, [crafts,
My sister Constantia and myself ; with arts and witch-
Vows and such oaths heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid by stealth,
And secret passages I knew not of.
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,
I am ashamed to say the rest : this purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so.
He scap'd me yester-night;
Which if he dare again adventure for—

John. Pray, Sir what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only, thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A challenge from me, that so (if he have honour in him)
We may decide all difference between us.

John. Fair and noble,
And I will do it home. When shall I visit ye?

Petr. Please you this afternoon, I will ride with you,
For at the castle six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall wait here;
To conduct you to my house.

John. I shall not fail ye.

[Exit Petr.]

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well, and better than thou couldst expect,
for this wench here is certainly no maid: and I have
hoped she is the same that our two curious conceits
have been so long a hunting after.

Fred. Why do ye hope so?

John. Why, because first she is no maid, and next be-
cause she is handsome; there are two reasons for you:—
now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For
take this, Frederick, for a certain rule, since she loves the
sport, she'll never give it over; and therefore (if we have
good luck) in time may fall to our share.

Fred. Very pretty reasons indeed! But I thought you
had known some particular, that made you conclude this
to be the woman.

John. Yes, I know her name is Constance.

Fred. That now is something; but I cannot believe
her dishonest for all this: she has not one loose thought
about her.

John. It's no matter, she's loose i' th' hit, by heaven.
There has been stirring, fumbling with liars, Frederick.

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John.

John. And will be, Frederick, whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy too will prove hers I took up.

Fred. Good circumstances may cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick. Come, let's walk in, and comfort her—that she is here, is nothing yet suspected. Anon I shall tell thee why her brother came (who by this light is a noble fellow) and what honour he has done to me, a stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be irons heating for some, on my word, Frederick.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Landlady and Anthony.

LANDLADY.

COME, Sir, who is it keeps your master company?

Ant. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say what woman?

Ant. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Ant. I say 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a woman here.

Ant. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump't up with a fool? Well, saucy, firrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose.
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations. If this geer hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Signiors,
Here you may have lewdness at livery.

Enter Frederick.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How now?

What's the matter, Landlady?

Land. What's the matter!

Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her; You, Sir;

Land. Od's m witness,

I will not be thus toated, that I will not.

Ant.

Ant. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly ;

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,

As I had been a maukin, a flirt gillian :

And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,

Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, firrah ?

Ant. Let but the truth be known, Sir, I beseech ye—
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked var-
Thou instrument of evil. [let,

Ant. As I live, Sir, she's ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get ye in, I'll answer ye anon, Sir. [Exit Ant.
Now your grief, what is't ? for I can guess——

Land. Ye may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst you—nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house : not satisfy'd
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must kill your whores here too ; my patience,
Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say, am willing to groan under,
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady : for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger.
But turn it, presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, Sir.

Fred. Leave off your devil's matins, and your melan-
Or we shall leave our lodgings, [cholic,

Land. You have much need
To use the vagrant ways, and too much profit :
Ye had that might content,
(At home within yourselves too) right good, gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome. But you, gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye——

Fred. Leave your suspicion ;
For as I live there's no such thing.

Land. Mine honour ;
And 'twere not for mine honour——

Fred. Come, your honour.

Your

Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
 Are well enough: sleek up yourself, leave crying,
 For I must have ye entertain this lady
 With all civility, she well deserves it,
 Together with all service: I dare trust ye,
 For I have found ye faithful. When you know her,
 You will find your own fault; no more words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful lady,
 How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand
 Thou look'st most amiably. Now could I willingly
 (And 'twere not for abusing thy Genova print there)
 Venture my body with thee——

Land. You'll leave this roguery
 When ye come to my years.

John. By this light,
 Thou art not above fifteen yet; a mere girl,
 Thou hast not half thy teeth——

Fred. Pr'ythee, John,
 Let her alone, she has been vex'd already:
 She'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I would fain see her mad.
 An old mad woman——

Fred. Pr'ythee, be patient.

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with tooth-ach
 She makes the rarest faces——

Fred. Go, and do it,
 And do not mind this fellow.

[*Exit Landlady, and comes back again presently.*]

John. What, agen!
 Nay, then it is decreed; tho' hills were set on hills,
 And seas met seas, to guard thee, I would through.

Land. Od's my witness, if you rustle me, I'll spoil your
 sweet face for you, that I will. Go, go to the door,
 there's a gentleman there would speak with ye.

John. Upon my life, Petruchio. Good, dear Landlady,
 carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait upon
 him presently.

Land. Well, Don John, the time will come that I
 shall be even with you.

[*Exit.*
John.]

John. I must be gone ; yet if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind : I'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Frederick. By her face,

Enter 1st Constantia.

I feel her fears are working.

Con. Is there no way,
I do beseech ye, think yet, to divert
This certain danger ?

Fred. 'Tis impossible :
Their honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, Sir,
Make all go less.

John. Lady, were't mine own cause,
I could dispense ; but loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on, tho' general massacres
As much I fear——

Con. Do you hear, Sir ? for heaven's sake,
Let me request one favour of you.

Fred. Yes, any thing.

Con. This gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause : as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him : your fair temper,
A noble disposition, like with'd showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it :
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour. Hark ye, John,
I will go with ye.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will——
Ye go upon a hazard—no denial—
For as I live I'll go.

John. Then make ye ready,
For I am straight on horseback.

Fred. My sword on, and
I am as ready as you. What my best labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect a fair end : the old gentlewoman
Shall

Shall wait upon ye; she is discreet and secret,
Ye may trust her in all points.

Con. Ye are noble;
And so I take my leave.

Jahn. I hope, lady, a happy issue for all this.

Con. All heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers.

John. So,
Now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late, John.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antonio, Surgeon and a Gentleman.

Gent. What symptoms do ye find in him?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be ruled.

Gent. Why, what does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he should. First he will let no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy that he must be dressed always to the tune of John Dory.

Gent. How, to the tune of John Dory?

Sur. Why, he will have fiddlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy indeed.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. I told ye so——'Tis death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, Sir. Dost thou think I shall recover with the help of barley-water only?

Gent. Fie, Antonio, you must be governed.

Ant. Why, Sir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots and drowned chickens, stewed *pericraniums* and *piamaters*; and when I go to bed (by heaven 'tis true, Sir) he rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em, that I am just the man i'th' almanack, my head and face is in Aries' place.

Sur. Will it please ye, to let your friends see you opened.

Ant. Will it please you, Sir, to give me a brimmer? I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Sur. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why look ye, Sir, thus I am used still; I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canst thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

D

Ant.

Ant. I'll have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty. In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do it: that's the shorter, and there's more delight in it.

Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business—this foolish fellow hinders himself—I have a dozen rascals to hurt within these five days. Good man-mender, stop me up with parsley, like stuffed beef, and let me walk abroad.

Sur. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, Sir, and leave your fallads there, your green salves, and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, strong food, and rich wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I ever met with. [Exit.

Enter 1st Constantia and Landlady.

Con. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet Those gentlemen know of me. But are they Such strange creatures, say you?

Land. There's the younger, Don John, the errant'st Jack in all this city: The other time has blasted, yet he will stoop, If not o'er-flown, and freely, on the quarry— Has been a dragon in his days. But, Tarmont, Don Jenken, is the devil himself—the dog-days— The most incomprehensible whore-master— Twenty a night is nothing: the truth is, Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not, He flies at all—bastards, upon my conscience, He has now in making multitudes—The last night He brought home one; I pity her that bore it, But we are all weak vessels. Some rich woman (For wife I dare not call her) was the mother, For it was hung with jewels; the bearing cloth No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How!

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy; deliberation

And

And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him.
He's as well plac'd for that sport——

Con. May I see it?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it.

But what do you think of these men, now ye know 'em?
Be wise,

Ye may repent too late else; I but tell ye
For your own good, and as you will find it, lady.

Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of: be ready.
Don John, I'll fit ye for your frumps.

Con. 'It shall be.'

But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half hour,
Let's in, and think better.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Petruchio, Don John and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman

(If I that so much love him may commend him)
That's full of honour; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for filips.

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what troop

Is that below i'th' valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, gentle-
Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call ye. [men.
I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too,

He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still,

Within that covert, till I call. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him. To your places,

D 2

Petr.

Petr. I need no more instruct ye.

John. Fear me not. [*Exeunt Petr. and Fred.*]

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to-day. O my blest fortune,
Have I so fairly met the man?

John. Ye have, Sir,
And him ye know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love——

John. I do beseech your grace stay there.
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye.
Now, Sir, be plain.

John. I will, and short.
Ye have wrong'd a gentleman, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?

John. Petruchio;
The wrong, ye have dishonoured his sister.

Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me a little. This gentleman's
Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;
As true I have enjoy'd her: no less truth,
I have a child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures;
I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
And him in this cause when he pleases; for know, Sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven;
(A witness I owe more tie to than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous nature.

John. Your pardon, Sir, I am fully satisfied.

Duke. Dear, Sir, I knew I should convert ye.
Had we but that rough man here now to——

John. And ye shall, Sir.

What, ho, ho!

Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush?

Exit

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother, welcome.
Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly; the first priest
Shall put ye out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye,
And I beseech ye, pardon my suspicions;
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now goes it?

John. Why the man has his mare again, and all's well.
The Duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentleman. I must present ye.
May it please your grace,
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, among the rest of your servants.

Duke. O my brave friend, you shower your bounties
on me.

Amongst my best thoughts, Signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May freely place your friend.

Fred. Your grace does me a great deal of honour.

Petr. Why this is won'drous happy. But now, brother,

Now comes the bitter to our sweet——Constantia——

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know.

Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house, but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay, sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen:

Be free again, the lady's found. That smile, Sir,
Shews you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech ye——

John. Ye shall believe me ; by my soul she's safe.

Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, Sir.

Fred. Ye may safely.

John. And under noble usage. This gentleman Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard (Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person, Who waited on her to our lodging ; where all respect, Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. Ye may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.

Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
For ye have both preserv'd me ; when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious ;
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Francisco and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief—never fool was so fobb'd off as I am—made ridiculous, and to myself, to my own as—trust a woman ! I'll trust the devil first, for he dares be better than his word sometimes. Pray tell me, in what observance have I ever fail'd her ?

Man. Nay you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let me consider——

Enter Don Frederick and John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet Constantia and this woman ?

Fred. Constantia ! What are these fellows ? Stay by all means.

Man. Why, Sir, I met her in the great street that comes from the market-place, just at the turning, by a oldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, John.

Fran. Well, Constantia has spun herself a fair thread, now : what will her best friend think of this ?

Fred.

Fred. John, I smell some juggling, John.

John. Yes, Frederick, I fear it will be proved so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think, of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly I suspect she has been entic'd to it by a stranger.

John. Did you mark that, Frederick?

Fran. Stranger! who?

Man. A young gentleman that's newly come to town.

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do ye think so?

Man. I heard her grave conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

John. 'Tis she, Frederick.

Fred. But who that he is, John?

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt them out, for they must certainly be about the town. Ha! no more words. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Francisco and Man.*]

Fred. Well.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. Ye have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, Sir, I shall meet with them if ye have.

Fred. Is this fair?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double? I am no ass, Don Frederick.

Fred. And, Don John, it shall appear I am no fool: disgrace me to make yourself thus every woman's courtsey; 'tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false; I privy to this dog-trick! Clear yourself, for I know well enough where the wind sits; or as I have a life—

[*Trampling within.*]

Fred. No more; they are coming; shew no discontent, let's quietly away. If she be at home, our jealousies are over; if not, you and I must have a farther parley, John.

John. Yes, Don Frederick, ye may be sure we shall.

But

But where are these fellows? Pox on't, we have lost them too in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faster; Suppose you have all mistresses, and mend Your pace accordingly.

John. Sir, I should be as glad of a mistress as another man.

Fred. Yes, o' my conscience wouldst thou, and of any other man's mistress too, that I'll answer for.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antonio and his Man.

Ant. With all my gold?

Man. The trunk broke open, and all gone.

Ant. And the mother in the plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all; the mighty pox go with them, Belike they thought I was no more of this world, and those trifles would but disturb my conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you would not live to disturb them.

Ant. Well, my sweet mistress, I'll try how handsomely your Ladyship can hang upon a pair of gallows; there's your master-piece. No imagination where they should be?

Man. None, Sir; yet we have searched all places we suspected; I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Get me then a water-conjuror, one that can raise water-devils. I'll port them! play at duck and drake with my money! Get me a conjuror, I say; enquire out a man that let's out devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool; any blear-ey'd people with red heads and flat noses can perform it. Thou shalt know them by their half gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjuror, I say, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have them again if they be above ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick and Don John.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to Naples, so you are all, gentlemen.

John. Don Frederick, will you step in, and give the lady notice who comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste; we come to see no curious wench, a night-gown will serve our turn. Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, Sir. [Exit.

Petr. Now will the sport be, to observe her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave herself.

Duke. Dear brother, I must intreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir—I will not chide her.

Enter Frederick and Peter.

John. How now?

Fred. You may, Sir; not to abuse your patience longer, nor hold ye off with tedious circumstances; for ye must know——

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone; by heaven removed. The woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman that tired me with compliments?

Fred. The very same.

John. Well, Don Frederick.

Fred. Don John, it is not well—But——

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can satisfy I lie not.

Petr. A little after my master was departed, Sir, with this gentleman, my fellow and myself being sent on business, as we must think on purpose——

Petr. Hang these circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

John. Now could I eat that rogue, I am so angry. Gone!

Petr. Gone!

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted; what would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred.

Fred. For your dukedom, Sir, I would not be a knave.

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But, hark ye, gentlemen, are you sure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since ye are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Well, Sir, let it suffer.

Fred. How to convince ye, Sir, I can't imagine; but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then—for we may be all abused.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when if she be not found—

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worthy way we are called to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To-morrow certain.

John. If we out-live this night, Sir.

[*Exeunt Duke and Petruchio.*]

Fred. Come, Don John, we have somewhat now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die—

John. There's so much money saved in lechery.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter 2d Constantia, and her Mother.

MOTHER.

HOLD, Cons, hold, for goodness hold, I am in that desertion of spirit for want of breath, that I am almost reduced to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2d Con. Dear mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from Antonio: for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, till we are safe a ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Moth. Out of sight o' the shore! why, d'ye think I'll de-patriate?

2d Con. De-patriate! what's that?

Moth. Why, ye fool you, leave my country: what will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2d Con. O Lord, this hard word will unde us.

Moth. As I am a Christian, if it were to save my honour (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than my life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2d Con. Pray, mother, since your honour is so dear to ye, consider that if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Moth. Ay, Girl; but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should de-patriate?

2d Con. Ay, there's it; the world! why, mother, the world does not care a pin, if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if Antonio takes us, for running away with his gold.

Moth. Protest I care not, I'll ne'er depart from the demarches of a person of quality; and let come what will, I shall rather choose to submit myself to my fate, than strive to prevent by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree, to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honour.

2d Con. Would not this make one stark mad? Her style is not more out of the way, than her manner of reasoning: she first tells me to an ugly old fellow, then she runs away with

with me and all his gold, and now, like a strict practitioner of honour, resolves to be taken, rather than deprecate, as she calls it. *[Aside.]*

Moth. As I am a christian, Cons, here's a tavern, and a very decent sign: I'll in, I am resolv'd, tho' by it I should run a risco of never so stupendous a nature.

2d Con. There's no stopping her. What shall I do?

Moth. I'll send for my kinswoman and some music to revive me a little: for really, Cons, I am reduced to that sad imbecility by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I'm in a great incertitude, whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs, or no. *[Exit.]*

2d Con. This finning without pleasure, I cannot endure: to have always remorse, and ne'er do any thing that should cause it, is intolerable. If I lov'd money too, which I think I don't; my mother she has all that: I have nothing to comfort myself with, but Antonio's stiff beard; and that alone, for a woman of my years, is but a sorry kind of entertainment. I wonder why these old fumbling fellows should trouble themselves so much, only to trouble us more. They can do nothing, but put us in mind of our graves. Well, I'll no more on't; for to be frightened with death and damnation both at once, is a little too hard. I do here vow I'll live for ever chaste, or find out some handsome young fellow I can love; I think that's the better. *[Mother looks out at the window.]*

Moth. Come up, Cons, the fiddles are here.

2d Con. I come—— *[Mother goes from the window.]* I must be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell; These fiddles, and her discreet companions, will quickly make an end of all she has stolen; and then five hundred new pieces sell me to another old fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing: yet I am so, better than under her conduct: 'twill be at worst but begging for my life. And starving were to me an easier fate, Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

[Goes up to her Mother.]

Enter Don John.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don Frederick has sent away this wench, for all he carries it so gravely; yet methinks he should be honestest than so: but these

these grave men are never touch'd upon such occasions. Mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave man, especially if he pretend to be a precise man, will do ye forty things without remorse, that would startle one of us mad fellows to think of. Because they are familiar with Heaven in their prayers, they think they may be bold with it in any thing; now we that are not so well acquainted, bear greater reverence. *[Music plays above.]*

What's here, music and women? Wou'd I had one of 'em. *[One of 'em looks out at the window.]*

That's a whore; I know it by her smile. O' my conscience, take a woman masked and hooded, nay cover'd all o'er, so that you cannot see one bit of her, and at twelvescore yards distance, if she be a whore, as ten to one she is, I shall know it certainly; I have an instinct within me ne'er fails. *[Another looks out.]*

Ah, rogue! she's right to I'm sure on't.

Moth. above. Come, come, let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you so; what now if I should go up and dance too? It is a tavern; pox o'this business: I'll in, I am resolv'd, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As he goes to the door, 2d Constantia enters.

See here's one bolted already; fair lady, whither so fast?

2d Con. I don't know, Sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2d Con. Yes, if you please, Sir.

John. Whither;

2d Con. I tell you, I don't know.

John. She's very quick. Would I might be so happy as to know you, lady.

2d Con. I dare not let you see my face, Sir.

John. Why?

2d Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me; for to tell ye true, I have at this present very great need of you.

John. If thou hast half so much need of me, as I have of thee, lady, I'll be content to be hanged tho'.

2d Con. It's a proper handsome fellow this, if he'd but love me now, I would never seek out further. Sir I am young, and unexperienced in the world,

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John.

John. Nay, if thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2d Con. Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but, Sir, in short, I'm forced to fly from one I hate; if I should meet him, will you here promise he shall not take me from you.

John. Yes, that I will before I see your face, your shape has charmed me enough for that already; if any one takes ye from me, lady, I'll give him leave to take from me two—(I was going to name 'em) certain things of mine, that I would not lose, now I have you in my arms, for all the gains in Christendom.

2d Con. For Heaven's sake then conduct me to some place, where I may be secured a while from the sight of any one whatsoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2d Con. Well, Sir, I believe ye; for you have an honest look.

John. 'Slid! I am afraid Don Frederick has been giving her a character of me too. Come, pray unmask.

2d Con. Then turn away your face; for I'm resolved you shall not see a bit of mine till I have set it in order; and then——

John. What?

2d Con. I'll strike you dead.

John. A mettled whore, I warrant her: come if she be now young, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word. I'm e'en panting for breath already.

2d Con. Now stand your ground, if you dare.

John. By this light a rare creature! ten thousand times handsomer than her we seek for! This can be sure no common one: pray Heaven she be a whore.

2d Con. Well, Sir, what say you now?

John. Nothing; I'm so amazed I am not able to speak. I'd best fall to presently, tho' it be in the street; for fear of losing time. Pr'ythee, my dear sweet creature, go with me into that corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2d Con. No, Sir, no private dealing, I beseech you.

John,

John. 'Sheart, what shall I do? I'm out of my wits for her. Hark ye, my dear soul, can't thou love me!

2d Con. If I could, what then?

John. Why you know what then, and then should I be the happiest man alive.

2d Con. Ay, so you all say, till you have your desires, and then you leave us.

John. But, my dear heart, I am not made like other men: I never can love heartily till I have——

2d Con. Got their maidenheads; but suppose now I should be no maid.

John. Pr'ythee suppose me nothing, but let me try.

2d Con. Nay, good Sir, hold.

John. No maid! Why, so much the better, thou art then the more experienced; for my part, I hate a bungler at any thing.

2d Con. O dear, I like this fellow strangely. Hark ye, Sir, I am not worth a groat, but tho' you should not be so neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow ye all the world over: I'll work for ye, beg for ye, do any thing for ye, so you'll promise to do nothing with any body else.

John. O Heavens, I'm in another world, this wench sure was made a purpose for me, she is so just of my humour. My dear, 'tis impossible for me to say how much I will do for thee, or with thee, thou sweet bewitching woman; but let's make haste home, or I shall never be able to hold out till I come thither. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Frederick and Francisco.

Fred. And art thou sure it was Constantia, say'st thou, that he was leading;

Fran. Am I sure I live, Sir? Why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But didst thou see her face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I saw her face as plainly as I see yours just now, not two streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis even so: I suspected it at first, but then he forswore it with that confidence—Well, Don John, if these be your practices, you shall have no more a friend of me, Sir, I assure you. Perhaps tho' he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the Duke.

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Enter

Enter Don John and 2d Constantia.

A little time will shew—God-so, here he is ;
I'll step behind this shop, and observe what he says.

John. Here now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear Don John.

John. A pox o' your kindness. How the devil comes he here just at this time ? Now will he ask me forty foolish questions, and I have such a mind to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuse for my life.

Fred. Your servant, Sir : pray who's that you looked in just now at the door ?

John. Why a friend of mine that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book ! that's a quaint one, i'faith : pr'ythee, Don John, what library hast thou been buying this afternoon ? for i' the morning, to my knowledge, thou hadst never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, it's a book of his own, he brought along with him : a scholar that's given to reading.

Fred. And do scholars, Don John, wear petticoats now-a-days ?

John. Plague on him, he has seen her—Well, Don Frederick, thou know'st I am not good at lying ; 'tis a woman, I confess it, make your best on't : what then ?

Fred. Why then, Don John, I desire you'll be pleased to let me see her

John. Why faith, Frederick, I should not be against the thing, but ye know a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, John, you may remember when I met a lady so before, this very self-same lady too, that I got leave for you to see her, John.

John. Why, do you think then that this here is Constantia ?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, John, because I know it ; this fellow here saw her as you led her i'th' streets.

John. Well, and what then ? Who does he say it is ?

Fred. Ask him, Sir, and he'll tell ye.

John. Sweet-heart, dost thou know this lady ?

Fran. I think I should, Sir ; I have lived long enough in the house to know her sure.

John. And how do they call her, pr'ythee ?

Fran.

Fran. Constantia.

John. How! Constantia.

Fran. Yes, Sir, the woman's name is Constantia, that's flat.

John. Is it so, Sir? and so is this too. [*Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, Oh! [*Runs out.*

John. Now, firrah, you may safely say you have not borne false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don John, why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

John. Telling truth! thou talk'st as if thou hadst been hir'd to bear false witness too: you are a very fine gentleman.

Fred. What a strange confidence he has! but is there no shame in thee? nor any consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a woman thus against her will, that thou knowest is in love with another man too? Dost think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good, dear Frederick, do thou keep thy sentences and thy morals for some better opportunity; this here is not a fit subject for them: I tell thee, she is no more Constantia than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

John. Because I can't: besides, she's not for thy turn.

Fred. How so?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art for flames and darts, and those fine things: now I am for the old, plain, downright way; I am not so curious, Frederick, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is this worthy in you, to endeavour to debauch—

John. But is there no shame? but is this worthy? What a many buts are here? If I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast but one eye, and give thee reasons for it, wouldst thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, against my own knowledge.

John. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? You should do as you would be done by, Frederick.

Fred. And so I will, Sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the Duke and Petruchio, which I should expect from them upon the

like occasion: in short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of yours; I must tell ye, Sir, that I'm resolved to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are ye so, Sir? Why, I must then, sweet Sir, tell you again, I am resolved you shan't. Ne'er stare nor wonder, I have promised to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good: but that you may not think I mean an injury to Petruchio, or the Duke, know, Don Frederick, that tho' I love a wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base as much as you do. Once more upon my honour, this is not Constantia; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do—— [*Goes to the door.*]

John. No! why then this shall. [*Draws.*] Come not one step nearer, for if thou dost, by heaven, it is thy last.

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer—— Thus I throw off thy friendship, and since thy folly has provoked my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to save thyself.

John. That's to be tried, Sir, tho' by your favour [*Looks up to the windows*]—Mistress What-you-call-'em—pr'ythee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

John. O lord, Sir, your servant. [*Fight.*]

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, fighting? Let's part 'em. How! Don Frederick against Don John! How came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the cause?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock Constantia up into that house, and I desired to wait upon her to you; that's the cause.

Duke. O, it may be he designed to lay the obligation upon us himself, Sir. We are beholden to you for this favour beyond all possibility of——

John. Pray, Sir, do not throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deserved them or no. Oh, is that your design? Sir, you must not go in there.

[*Petruchio's going to the door.*]

Petr. How, Sir! not go in?

I:

John.

John. No, Sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my sister, and I will speak with her.

John. If she were your mother, Sir, you should not, tho' it were but to ask her blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive I'll try.

John. You shall find me a man of my word, Sir.

[*Fight.*]

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen hold; let me compose this matter. Why do you make a scruple of letting us see Constantia?

John. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear these fellows talk so; there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where Constantia is?

John. Not I, by heavens.

Fred. O monstrous impudence! Upon my life, Sir, I saw him shut her up into that house, and know his temper so, that if I had not stopped him, I dare swear by this time he would have ravished her.

John. Now that is two lies; for first, he did not see her; and next, the lady I led in, is not to be ravished, she is so willing.

Duke. But look ye, Sir, this doubt may easily be cleared; let either Petruchio or I bus see her, and if she be not Constantia, we engage our honours (tho' we should know her) never to discover who she is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now that I can never consent to.

Duke. Why?

John. Because I gave her my word to the contrary.

Duke. And did you never brake your word with a woman.

John. Never before I lay with her; and that's the case now.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter or I'll force my way.

Fred. No pray, Sir, let that be my office: I will be revenged on him for having betrayed me to his friendship.

[*Petruchio and Frederick offer to fight with John.*]

Duke. Nay, ye shall not offer him foul play neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, Sir.

John. Pox on't, would they would make an end of this

this business, that I might be with her again. Hark ye, gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair proposition, leave off this ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal threats against me; flip up cross or pile who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about somebody's ears for the loss of my gold. Ha! what's here to do, swords drawn? I must make one, tho' it cost me the fingering of ten John Dorios more. Courage, brave boy, I'll stand by thee as long as this tool here lasts: and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? Antonio! O, Sir, you are welcome, you shall be even judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, Sir, I thank ye; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolved to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me.

John. Well said, old Bilboa, i'faith.

[They put up their swords.]

Petr. Pray hear us, tho': this gentleman saw him lock up my sister into that house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true?

John. Nay, good Sir, let not our friendship be broken before it is well made. Look ye, gentlemen, to shew ye that you are all mistaken, and that my formal friend there is an ass——

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

John. I'll give you my consent that this gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

John. Then, Sir, go in here, if you please: I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do her either good or harm.

Fred. I wonder how my gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I shall be even with you, Sir, another time, for all your grinning.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

How now? Where is he?

Ser. He's run out of the back door, Sir.

John. How so?

Ser. Why, Sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath how durst you let her out?

Ser. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee. *[Beats him.]*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou dost, by heavens, I'll give thee as much; and would do so however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear sweet—a pox confound you all.

[Goes in, and shuts the door after him.]

Duke. What, he has shut the door!

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back way, by that corner, where we shall meet him. *[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Antonio's Servant, Constable and Officers.

SERVANT.

A Young woman, say'st thou, and her mother?

Man. Yes, just now come to the house; not an hour ago.

Ser. It must be they: here, friend, here's money for you; be sure you take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Con. But, neighbour; ho—hup—shall I now—hup—know these parties? for I would—hup—execute my office—hup—like—hup—a sober person.

Man. That's hard; but you may easily know the mother; for she is—hup—drunk.

Con. Nay—hup—if she be drunk, let—hup—me alone to maul her; for—hup—I abhor a drunkard—hup—let it be man, woman, or—hup—child.

Man.

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John. Plague o' my landlady, I meant t'other woman.

1st Const. Other woman, Sir! I have seen no other woman; never since I left your house!

John. S'heart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam your most humble —

1st Const. Good, Sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

John. No, no, no, I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

1st Const. But pray, Sir, hear me, I'm in that danger—

John. No, no, no; I vow to gad, Madam, no danger i'th' world. Let me alone, I warrant you. [*Exit.*]

1st Const. He's gone, and I a lost, wretched, miserable creature, for ever.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there she is,

1st Const. Who's this? Antonio! the fiercest enemy I have.

Ant. Are ye so nimble footed, gentlewoman? If I don't overtake you for all this, it shall go hard—

She'll break my wind, with a pox to her:

A plague confound all whores! [*Exit.*]

Enter Mother to the 2d Constantia, and Kinswoman.

Kins. But, Madam, be not so angry; perhaps she'll come again.

Moth. O kinswoman, never speak of her more; for she's an odious creature to leave me thus i'th lurch. I that have given her all her breeding, and instructed her with my own principles of education.

Kins. I protest, Madam, I think she's a person that knows as much of all that as — —

Moth. Knows, kinswoman! there's ne'er a woman in Italy, of thrice her years, knows so much the procedures of a true gallantry; and the infallible principles of an honourable friendship, as she does.

Kins. And therefore, Madam, you ought to love her.

Moth. No, fie, upon her, nothing at all; as I am a Christian. When once a person fails in fundamentals, she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, Constantia is but a fool, and calls all the *mignarderies* of a *bonne mien*, affectation.

Kins.

Kinf. Indeed, I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careless way.

Moth. Ay, there you have hit it, kinswoman; the careless way has quite undone her. Will ye believe me, kinswoman? as I am a Christian, I never could make her do this, nor carry her body thus, but just when my eye was upon her, as soon as ever my back was turned, whip her elbows were quite out again: would not you strange now at this?

Kinf. Bless me, sweet goodness! But pray, Madam, how came Constantia to fall out with your ladyship? Did she take any thing ill of you?

Moth. As I am a Christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first; but for that she must excuse me; I know she dances well; but there are others who perhaps understand the right swim of it as well as she:

Enter Don Frederick.

And tho' I love Constantia——

Fred. How's this? Constantia!

Moth. I know no reason why I should be debarred the privilege of shewing my own parts too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken, that other woman is she Don John and I were directed to, when we came first to town, to bring us acquainted with Constantia. I'll try to get some intelligence from her. Pray, Lady, have I never seen you before?

Kinf. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another stranger, a friend of yours, one day as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Moth. Why, Sir, of an inconsiderate inconsiderable person, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed! and is all this intended for the beautiful Constantia?

Moth. O fie upon her, Sir! an odious creature, as I'm a Christian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyship think her handsome?

Moth.

Moth. Seriously, Sir, I don't think she's ugly; but as I'm a Christian, my position is, that no true beauty can be lodg'd in that creature, who is not in some measure buoy'd up with a just sense of what is incumbent to the devoir of a person of quality.

Fred. That position, Madam, is a little severe: but however she has been incumbent formerly, as your ladyship is pleased to say; now that she's marry'd, and her husband owns the child, she is sufficiently justified for all she has done.

Moth. Sir, I must blushinglly beg leave to say you are there in an error. I know there has been passages of love between 'em, but with a temperament so innocent and so refined, as it did impose a negative upon the very possibility of her being with child.

Fred. Sure she is not well acquainted with her. Pray, Madam; how long have you known Constantia!

Moth. Long enough, I think, Sir, for I had the good fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her first to the light of the world.

Fred. Now cannot I discover by the fineness of this dialect, whether she be the mother or the midwife: I had best ask t'other woman.

Moth. No, Sir, I assure ye, my daughter Constantia, has never had a child: a child! ha, ha, ha! O goodness save us, a child!

Fred. O, then she is the mother, and it seems is not informed of the matter. Well, Madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your daughter; for her friend, I assure ye, is in great impatience to see her.

Moth. Friend, Sir, I know none she has. I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Moth. Why, of Antonio, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to say had got my daughter with child, Sir; ha, ha, ha!

Fred. Still worse and worse. 'Slife! cannot she be content with not letting me understand her; but must also resolve obstinately not to understand me, because I speak plain? Why, Madam, I cannot express myself your way, therefore be not offended at me for it. I tell

F

you

you I do not know Antonio, nor never named him to you? I told you that the Duke has owned Constantia for his wife, that her brother and he are friends, and are both now in search after her.

Moth. Then as I'm a Christian, I suspect we have both been equally involved in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir, I am in the dernier confusion to avow, that tho' my daughter Constantia has been liable to several addresses; yet she never has had the honour to be produced to his grace.

Fred. So then you put her to bed to——

Moth. Antonio, Sir, one whom my ebb of fortune forced me to enter into a negociation with, in reference to my daughter's person; but as I'm a Christian, with that candour in the action, as I was in no kind denied to be a witness of the thing.

Fred. So now the thing is out. This is a damn'd shawd, and I as damn'd a rogue for what I did to Don John; for o' my conscience, this is that Constantia the fellow told me of. I'll make him amends, whate'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Moth. Sir, I am so highly your obligee for the manner of your enquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon so just a basis, that I shall not be ashamed to own myself a votary to all your commands.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter 2d Constantia.

2d Con. So, I'm once more freed from Antonio: but whither to go now, that's the question: nothing troubles me, but that he was sent up by that young fellow, for I liked him with my soul, would he had liked me so too.

Enter Don John, and a Shop-keeper.

John. Which way went she?

Shop. Who?

John. The woman.

Shop. What woman?

John. Why, a young woman, a handsome woman, the handsomest woman thou ever saw'st in thy life; speak quickly, firrah, or thou shalt speak no more.

Shop.

Shop. Why, yonder's a woman: what a devil's this fellow. [Exit.]

John. O my dear soul, take pity on me, and give me comfort; for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2d Con. O you're a fine gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

John. Pray hear me.

2d Con. No, I will never hear you more after such an injury: what would ye have done, if I had been kind to ye, that could use me thus before?

John. By my troth, that's shrewdly urg'd.

2d Con. Besides, you basely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2d Con. Faith it may be it was so, for I remember I heard a noise; but suppose it was not so, what then? Why then I'll leave him however. Hark ye, Sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily. But I can't find in my heart to do it.

John. Then God's blessing on thy heart for it.

2d Con. But a—

John. What?

2d Con. I would fain—

John. Ay, so would I: come let's go.

2d Con. I would fain know, whether you can be kind to me?

John. That thou shalt presently. Come away.

2d Con. And will you always?

John. Always! I can't say so: but I will as often as I can.

2d Con. Phoo! I mean love me.

John. Well, I mean that too.

2d Con. Swear then.

John. That I will upon my knees. What shall I say?

2d Con. Nay, use what words you please, so they be but hearty, and not those that are spoken by the priest, for that charm seldom proves fortunate.

John. I swear then by thy fair self; that lookest so like

a deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying day.

2d Con. And here I'll vow, the minute thou dost leave me, I'll leave the world; that is, kill myself.

John. O my dear heavenly creature!—[*Kisses her.*] That kiss now has almost put me into a swoon. For heaven's sake, let's quickly out of the streets for fear of another scuffle. I durst encounter a whole army for thy sake, but yet methinks I had better try my courage another way; what thinkest thou?

2d Con. Well, well; why don't you then?

[*As they are going out, enter 1st Constantia, and just then Antonio seizes upon her.*]

John. Who's this my old new friend has got there!

Ant. O! have I caught you, gentlewoman, at last? Come, give me my gold.

1st Con. I hope he takes me for another, I won't answer; for I had rather he should take me for any one than who I am.

John. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A person of honour, Sir, that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold; yet I'll hold ten pounds I'll have it whipped out of her again.

2d Con. Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have reason; and, Lady, I ask your pardon. But I'll have it whipped out of you, then, gossip.

John. Hold, Sir, you must not meddle with my goods.

Ant. Your goods! how came she to be yours? I'm sure I bought her of her mother for five hundred good pieces of gold, and she was a-bed with me all night too. Deny that, if you dare.

2d Con. Well, and what did you do when I was a-bed with you all night? Confess that, if you dare.

Ant. Umph! say you so?

1st Con. I'll try if this lady will help me, for I know not whither else to go.

Ant. I shall be shamed I see utterly, except I make her hold her peace. Pray, Sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the speech of one word with your goods here, as you call her: 'tis but a small request.

John.

John. Ay, Sir, with all my heart; How, Constantia! Madam, now you have seen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault you must thank her for it.

1st Con. Sir, if you will for her sake be persuaded to protect me from the violence of my brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

John. May, Madam, now that I am in my wits again, and my heart's at ease, it shall go very hard, but I will see yours so too. I was before distracted, and 'tis not strange the love of her should hinder me from remembering what was due to you, since it made me forget myself.

1st Con. Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well then, I promise you, if you will but help me to my gold again (I mean that which you and your mother stole out of my trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2d Con. A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, Madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll stand by you, and see that your brother shall do you no harm.

2d Con. Hark ye, Sir, a word; how dare you talk of love, or standing by any lady but me, Sir?

John. By my troth that was a fault; but I did not mean in your way, I meant it only civilly.

2d Con. Ay, but if you are so very civil a gentleman, we shall not be long friends. I scorn to share your love with any one whatsoever: and for my part, I'm resolved either to have all or nothing.

John. Well, my dear little rogue, thou shalt have it all presently, as soon as we can but get rid of this company.

2d Con. Phoo! ye are always abusing me.

Enter Frederick and Mother.

Frede. Come, now, Madam, let not us speak one word more, but go quietly about our business; not but that I

think it the greatest pleasure in the world to hear you talk, but——

Moth. Do you indeed, Sir? I swear then good wits jump, Sir; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reason imaginable. O, Don John, I ask thy pardon, but I hope I shall make thee amends, for I have found out the mother, and she has promised me to help thee to thy mistress again.

John. Sir, you may save your labour, the business is done, and I am fully satisfied.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

John. No faith, I never asked her name.

Fred. Why then, I'll make thee yet more satisfied; this lady here is that very Constantia——

John. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knocked o'er the pate too, hast thou?

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither: but for certain this is that very self-same Constantia that thou and I so long looked after.

John. I thought she was something more than ordinary; but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

John. Why, I will never more touch any other woman for her sake.

Fred. Well, I submit; that indeed is stranger.

2d Con. Come, mother, deliver your purse; I have delivered myself up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow, so he may have his gold again, that all shall be well.

Moth. As I'm a Christian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again; for my hard fate having not bestowed upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity but by putting myself into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous design indeed! So now, I'll e'en turn a sober person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your Ladyship here ; we have been in a very great disorder since we saw you. What's here, our landlady and the child again !

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Landlady with the Child.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipped, in a drunken constable's hands that took her for another.

John. Why then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipped for herself, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

1st Con. Hark ye, dear landlady.

Land. O, sweet goodness ! is it you ? I have been in such a peck of troubles since I saw you ; they took me, and they tumbled me, and they halled me, and they pulled me, and they call me painted Jezable, and the poor little babe here did so take on. Come hither, my Lord, come hither : here is Constantia.

1st Con. For heaven's sake peace ; yonder is my brother, and if he discovers me, I'm certainly ruined.

Duke. No, Madam, there is no danger.

1st Con. Were there a thousand dangers in those arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O, my dear, it were not safe that any should be here at present ; for now my heart is so o'er-pressed with joy, that I should scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so ashamed of all the faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

1st Con. No, brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first ; but having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the consummation of our present joys blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

John. And when shall we consummate our joys ?

2d Con. Never :

We'll find out ways shall make them last for ever.

John. Now see the odds, 'twixt married folks and friends :

Our love begins just where their passion ends. [Exeunt.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

E. P I L O G U E.

PERHAPS you, gentlemen, expect to-day;
 The author of this sag-end of a play,
 According to the modern way of wit,
 Should strive to be before-hand with the pit;
 Begin to rail at you, and subtly too,
 Prevent th' affront by giving the first blow.
 He wants not precedents, which often sway,
 In matters far more weighty than a play:
 But he no grave admirer of a rule,
 Won't by example learn to play the fool.
 The end of plays should be to entertain,
 And not to keep the auditors in pain.
 Giving our price, and for what trash we please,
 He thinks the play being done, you should have ease.
 No wit, no sense, no freedom, and a box;
 Is much like paying money for the stocks.
 Besides, the author dreads the strut and main
 Of new-prais'd poets, having often seen
 Some of his fellows, who have writ before,
 When Nel has danc'd her jig, steal to the door,
 Hear the pit clap, and with conceit of that,
 Swell, and believe themselves the lord knows what.
 Most writers, now-a-days, are grown so vain,
 That once approv'd, they write, and write again,
 Till they have writ away the fame they got.
 Our friend this way of writing fancies not;
 And hope you will not tempt him with your praise,
 To rank himself with some that write new plays:
 For he knows ways enough to be undone,
 Without the help of poetry for one.



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